

R
THE MINSTRELL,
Being a New & Select Collection

of the most Admired
**ENGLISH SONGS, DUETS, &
CANTATAS,**

most of which have been Sung at the
PUBLIC THEATRES, & GARDENS.

With some of the most favorite Scotch Songs.
(Chiefly for the use of the Ladies.)



*Go tunefull Bird that glads the Skies,
To Daphne's Window Speed thy Way;
And there on quivering Pinions rise,
And there thy Vocal Art display.*

Shenstone

LONDON

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THERE is no Species of Poetry (perhaps) in which the English have more excelled than in that of Song Writing. Had the Collectors of these Pieces been as fortunate in their Choice, as the Writers have been happy in the Execution, there had been no Necessity for the present Attempt. But the very Reverse of this has happened; for the various Trifles that have been sung at the Public Gardens from Year to Year, seem to have been the only Objects of their Choice; while the very best Pieces in the Language have wholly escaped their Notice or Observation. To endeavour to remedy this Defect, and to form a Collection fit for the LADIES, not cold and insipid, it is to be hoped, but free from coarse Obscenity and Bacchanal Extravagance (in which many of these Collections so much abound) has been the Purpose of the Editor in forming this small Volume.



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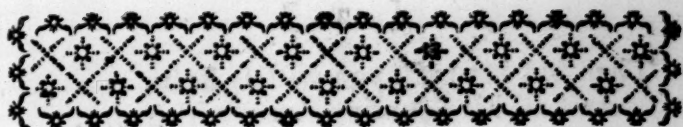
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A
COLLECTION
OF
SONGS.

SONG I.

THE SKY - LARK.

By Mr. Shenstone.

GO, tuneful bird, that glad'st the Skies,
To *Daphne's* window speed thy Way;
And there on quivering Pinions rise,
And there thy vocal Art display.

And if she deign thy Notes to hear,
And if she praise thy matin Song,
Tell her the Sounds that soothe her Ear
To *Damon's* native Plains belong.

Tell her, in livelier Plumes array'd,
The Bird from *Indian* Groves may shine;
But ask the lovely partial Maid,
What are his Notes compared to thine?

B

Then

Then bid her treat yon witlefs Beau,
 And all his flaunting Race, with Scorn,
 And lend an Ear to *Damon's* Woe,
 Who fings her Praise, and fings forlorn.

S O N G II.

SWEET are the Banks, when Spring perfumes
 The verdant Plants, and laughing Flowers,
 Fragrant the Violet as it blooms,
 And sweet the Blossoms after Showers ;
 Sweet is the soft, the sunny Breeze
 That fans the golden Orange-Grove ;
 But oh ! how sweeter far than these
 The Kisses are of her I love.
 Ye Roses ! blushing in your Beds,
 That with your Odours scent the Air ;
 Ye Lillies chaste ! with silver Heads,
 As my *Cleora's* Bosom fair :
 No more I court your balmy Sweets ;
 For I, and I alone, can prove,
 How sweeter, when each other meets,
 The Kisses are of her I love.
 Her tempting Eyes my Gaze inclin'd,
 Their pleasing Lesson first I caught ;
 Her Sense, her Friendship next confin'd
 The willing Pupil she had taught.
 Should Fortune, stooping from her Sky,
 Conduct me to her bright Alcove ;
 Yet like the Turtle I should die,
 Denied the Kifs of her I love.

S O N G III.

*The Moans of the Forest, after the Battle of
Floddon Field, an old Scotch Song.*

I HAVE heard a Lilting, at the Ewes milking,
A' the Lassies lilting before break of Day;
But now there's a Moaning in ilka green Loning,
Since the Flowers of the Forest are weeded away.
At Bughts in the Morning, nae blyth Lads are
scorning,
Our Lassies are lonely and dowie and wae;
Nae Daffing, nae Gabbing, but sighing and sobbing,
Ilka Lads lifts her Leglin and hies her away.
In Har'ft at the Shearing, nae Swankies are jeering,
Our Banisters are wrinkled and lyard and grey:
At a Fair or a Preaching, nae wooing nae fleetching,
Since the Flowers of the Forest are weeded away.
At E'en in the Gloming, nae Youngsters are roaming
Bout Stacks with the Lassies at Boggles to play;
But ilka Lads sits dreary, lamenting her Deary,
Since the Flowers of the Forest are weeded away.
Dool and wae fa' the Order—sent our Lads to the
Border,
The *English* for once, by a Guile won the Day;
The Flowers of the Forest that shone aye the foremost,
The Pride of our Lands now ligs cauld in the Clay.
We'll ha' nae mair lilting, at the Ewes milking,
Our Women and Bairns now sit dowie and wae;
There's nought heard but Moaning, in ilka green
Loning;
Since the Flowers of the Forest are weeded away.

SONG IV.

WHERE shall *Celia* fly for Shelter,
 In what secret Grove or Cave ?
 Sighs and Sonnets sent to melt her,
 From the Young, the Gay, the Brave :
 Tho' with prudish Airs she starch her,
 Still she longs, and still she burns ;
Cupid shoots like *Hayman's* Archer,
 Wherefoe'er the Damsel turns.

Virtue, Youth, good Sense, and Beauty,
 If Discretion guide us not,
 Sometimes are the Ruffian's Booty,
 Sometimes are the Booby's Lot ;
 Now they're purchas'd by the Trader,
 Now commanded by the Peer ;
 Now some subtle, mean Invader,
 Wins the Heart, or gains the Ear.

O Discretion, thou'rt a Jewel,
 Or our Grandmamas Mistake ;
 Stinting Flame by bating Fuel,
 Always careful and awake :
 Would you keep your Pearls from Trampers,
 Weigh the Licence, weigh the Banns ;
 Mark my Song upon your Samplers,
 Wear it on your Knots and Fans.

SONG V. By Mr. GARRICK.

ONCE more I'll tune the vocal Shell,
 To Hills and Dales my Passion tell,
 A Flame which Time can never quell,
 But burns for thee, my *Peggy*.

You,

You, greater Bards, your Lyre should hit;
 For say what Subject is more fit,
 Than to record the sparkling Wit
 And Bloom of lovely *Peggy*.

The Sun first rising in the Morn,
 That paints the dew-bespangled Thorn,
 Does not so much the Day adorn,
 As does my lovely *Peggy*.

And when in *Thetis'* Lap to rest,
 He streaks with Gold the ruddy West,
 He's not so beauteous as undrest
 Appears my lovely *Peggy*.

When Zephyr on the Vi'let blows,
 Or breathes upon the damask Rose,
 It does not half the Sweets disclose,
 As does my lovely *Peggy*.

I stole a Kiss the other Day,
 And (trust me) nought but Truth I say,
 The Fragrance of the blooming May
 Was not so sweet as *Peggy*.

Was she array'd in rustic Weed,
 With her the bleating Flocks I'd feed,
 And pipe upon the oaten Reed,
 To please my lovely *Peggy*.

With her a Cottage would delight;
 All's happy when she's in my Sight;
 But when she's gone, 'tis endless Night,
 All's dark without my *Peggy*.

While Bees from Flow'r to Flow'r still rove,
 And Linnets warble thro' the Grove,
 Or stately Swans the Water love,
 So long shall I love *Peggy*.

And when Death lifts his pointed Dart,
 To strike the Blow that rends my Heart,
 My Words shall be, when I depart,
 Adieu, my lovely *Peggy*!

SONG VI.

NO Nymph that trips the verdant Plains
 With *Sally* can compare ;
 She wins the Hearts of all the Swains,
 And rivals all the Fair :
 The Beams of Sol delight and cheer,
 While Summer Seasons roll ;
 But *Sally's* Smiles can all the Year
 Give Pleasure to the Soul.

When from the East the Morning Ray
 Illumes the World below,
 Her Presence bids the God of Day
 With Emulation glow :
 Fresh Beauties deck the painted Ground,
 Birds sweeter Notes prepare ;
 The playful Lambkins skip around,
 And hail their sister Fair.

The Lark but strains his liquid Throat
 To bid the Maid rejoice,
 And mimicks (while he swells his Note)
 The Sweetness of her Voice :

The

The fanning Zephyrs round her play,
 While *Flora* sheds perfume,
 And ev'ry Flowret seems to say,
 I but for *Sally* bloom.

The am'rous Youths her Charms proclaim,
 From Morn to Eve their Tale;
 Her Beauty and unspotted Fame
 Make vocal every Vale;
 The Stream meand'ring thro' the Mead,
 Her echo'd Name conveys;
 And ev'ry Voice, and ev'ry Reed,
 Is tun'd to *Sally's* Praise.

No more shall blithesome Lads and Swain
 To mirthful Wake resort,
 Nor ev'ry May Morn on the Plain
 Advance in rural Sport:
 No more shall gush the purling Rill,
 Nor Music wake the Grove,
 Nor Flocks look snow-like on the Hill,
 When I forget to love.

S O N G VII.

I Am marry'd and happy; with wonder hear this,
 Ye Rovers and Rakes of the Age;
 Who laugh at the mention of conjugal Blifs,
 And who only loose Pleasures engage:
 You may laugh; but believe me, you're all in the
 wrong,
 When you merrily Marriage deride;
 For to Marriage the permanent Pleasures belong,
 And in them we can only confide.

'The Joys which from lawless Connections arise,
 Are fugitive—never sincere ;
 Oft stolen with Haste, or snatch'd by Surprise,
 Interrupted by Doubts and by Fear :
 But those which in legal Attachments we find,
 When the Heart is with Innocence pure,
 Is from ev'ry embittering Reflection refin'd,
 And to Life's latest Hour will endure.

The Love which ye boast of deserves not that Name
 True Love is with Sentiment joined ;
 But your's is a Passion, a sev'rish Flame,
 Rais'd without the Consent of the Mind.
 When, dreading Confinement, ye Mistresses hire,
 With this, and with that ye are cloy'd ;
 Ye are led, and misled, by a flatt'ring false Fire,
 And are oft by that Fire destroy'd.

If you ask me from whence my Felicity flows,
 My Answer is short—" From a Wife,
 " Who for Cheerfulness, Sense, and Good-Na-
 " ture I chose,
 " Which are Beauties that charm us for Life :"
 To make Home the Seat of perpetual Delight,
 Ev'ry Hour each studies to seize ;
 And we find ourselves happy from Morning to Night
 By our mutual Endeavours to please.

S O N G VIII.

YE Fair, possess'd of ev'ry Charm
 To captivate the Will,
 Whose Smiles can Rage itself disarm,
 Whose Frowns at once can kill ;

Say,

Say, will you deign the Verse to hear,
 Where Flatt'ry bears no Part;
 An honest Verse, that flows sincere
 And candid from the Heart?

Great is your Pow'r; but, greater yet,
 Mankind it might engage;
 If, as ye all can make a Net,
 Ye all could make a Cage:
 Each Nymph a thousand Hearts may take;
 For who's to Beauty blind?
 But to what end a Pris'ner make,
 Unless we've Strength to bind?

Attend the Counfel often told,
 Too often told in vain;
 Learn that best Art, the Art to hold,
 And lock the Lover's Chain.
 Gamesters to little Purpose win,
 Who lose again as fast;
 Tho' Beauty may the Charm begin,
 'Tis Sweetness makes it last.

S O N G IX.

WHY heaves my fond Bosom? ah! what can
 it mean?
 Why flutters my Heart, that was once so serene?
 Why this sighing and trembling when *Daphne* is
 near?
 Or why, when she's absent, this sorrow and fear?

Methinks I for ever with Wonder could trace
 The thousand soft Charms that embellish thy Face:
 Each Moment I view thee, new Beauties I find!
 With thy Face I am charm'd, but enslav'd by thy
 Mind.

Untainted with Folly, unfully'd with Pride,
 There native Good-humour and Virtue preside;
 Pray Heaven that Virtue thy Soul may supply
 With Compassion for him, who without thee must
 die.

S O N G X.

THE Lads of *Peaty's* Mill,
 So bonny, blithe, and gay,
 In spite of all my Skill,
 Hath stole my Heart away.
 When tedding of the Hay,
 Bare-headed, on the Green,
 Love 'midst her Locks did play,
 And wanton'd in her Een.

Her Arms, white, round, and smooth;
 Breasts rising in their dawn;
 To Age it would give Youth,
 To press 'em with his Hand.
 Thro' all my Spirits ran
 An Ecstasy of Bliss,
 When I such Sweetness fand,
 Wrapt in a balmy Kiss.

Without

Without the Help of Art
 Like Flowers which grace the Wild,
 She did her Sweets impart
 Whene'er she spoke or smil'd :
 Her Looks they were so mild,
 Free from affected Pride,
 She me to Love beguil'd ;
 I wish'd her for my Bride.

Oh ! had I all that Wealth
Hopetoun's high Mountains fill,
 Insur'd long Life and Wealth,
 And Pleasures at my Will ;
 I'd promise and fulfil,
 That none but bonny she,
 The Lass of *Peaty's* Mill,
 Should share the same wi' me.

S O N G XI.

O *Bessy Bell* and *Mary Gray*,
 They are twa bonny Lasses ;
 They bigg'd a Bower on yon Burn Bray,
 And theek'd it over wi' Rashes.
 Fair *Bessy Bell* I loo'd Yestreen,
 And thought I ne'er could alter ;
 But *Mary Gray's* twa pawky Een
 They gar my Fancy falter.

Now *Bessy's* Hair's like a Lint-tap ;
 She smiles like a *May* Morning,
 When *Phæbus* starts frae *Thetis' Lap*,
 The Hills with Rays adorning :

White is her Neck, fast is her Hand ;
 Her Waist and Feet's fu genty ;
 With ilka Grace she can command,
 Her Lips, O wow ! they're dainty.

And *Mary's* Locks are like a Crow,
 Her Een like Di'monds glances ;
 She's a' fae clean, redd up and braw,
 She kills whene'er she dances :
 Blithe as a Kid, with Wit at will,
 She blooming, tight, and tall is ;
 And guides her Airs fae gracefu' still ;
 O *Jove* ! she's like thy *Pallas*.

Dear *Bessy Bell* and *Mary Gray*,
 Ye unco fair oppress us ;
 Our Fancies jee between ye twa,
 Ye are sic bonny Lassies ;
 Waes me ; for baith I canna get,
 To ane by Law we're stented ;
 Then I'll draw Cuts, and take my Fate.
 And be with ane contented.

S O N G XII.

Song in the English Opera of Artaxerxes.

Set by *Dr. Arne*.

IN Infancy our Hopes and Fears
 Were to each other known ;
 And Friendship, in our riper Years,
 Has twin'd our Hearts in one :

O!

O! clear him then from this Offence:
 Thy Love, thy Duty, prove;
 Restore him with that Innocence
 Which first inspir'd my Love.

S O N G XIII.

Sung in Thomas and Sally. Set by Dr. ARNE.

WHEN I was a young one, what Girl was
 like me!

So wanton, so airy, and brisk as a Bee;
 I tattled, I rambled, I laugh'd, and where-e'er
 A Fiddle was heard—to be sure I was there.

To all that came near I had something to say;
 'Twas this, Sir—and that, Sir—but scarce ever nay:
 And, *Sundays*, dress'd out in my Silk and my Lace,
 I warrant I stood by the best in the Place.

At Twenty I got me a Husband, poor Man!
 Well, rest him—we all are as good we can;
 Yet he was so peevish, he'd quarrel for Straws,
 And jealous—tho' truly I gave him some Cause.
 He snubb'd me, and huff'd me; but let me alone;
 Egad! I've a Tongue, and I paid him his own:
 Ye Wives, take the Hint, and when Spouse is
 untowr'd,

Stand firm to your Charter, and have the last Word.
 But now I'm quite alter'd, the more to my Woe;
 I'm not what I was forty Summers ago:
 This Time's a sore Foe; there's no shunning his
 Dart;

However, I keep up a pretty good Heart.

GROWN

Grown old, yet I hate to be sitting mum-chance ;
 I still love a Tune, tho' unable to dance ;
 And, Books of Devotion laid by on my Shelf,
 I teach that to others I once did myself.

S O N G XIV. *Sung by Miss Stevenson.*

A Dawn of Hope my Soul revives,
 And banishes Despair ;
 If yet my dearest *Damon* lives,
 Make him, ye Gods, your Care.

Dispel these gloomy Shades of Night,
 My tender Grief remove ;
 Oh ! send some cheering Ray of Light,
 And guide me to my Love.

Thus, in a secret friendly Shade,
 The penfive *Celia* mourn'd,
 While courteous Echo lent her Aid,
 And Sigh for Sigh return'd.

When, sudden, *Damon's* well-known Face
 Each rising Fear disarms,
 He eager springs to her Embrace,
 She sinks into his Arms.

S O N G XV. *Sung in Comus.*

WOULD you taste the Noon-tide Air,
 To yon fragrant Bow'r repair,
 Were woven with the Poplar Bow,
 The mantling Vine will shelter you :

Down

Down each Side a fountain flows,
Tinkling, murm'ring, as it goes,
Lightly o'er the mossy Ground,
Sultry *Phæbus* scorching round.

Round the languid Herds and Sheep,
Stretch'd o'er funny Hillocks, sleep;
While on the Hyacinth and Rose
The Fair does all alone repose;
All alone; yet in her Arms
Your Breast shall beat to Love's Alarms,
Till blest, and blessing, you shall own
The Joys of Love are Joys alone.

S O N G X V I .

Set by Dr. ARNE. In Eliza.

MY fond Shepherds of late were so blest,
Their fair Nymphs were so happy and gay,
That each Night they went safely to Rest,
And they merrily sung thro' the Day:
But, ah! what a Scene must appear!
Must the sweet rural Pastimes be o'er!
Shall the Tabor no more strike the Ear?
Shall the Dance on the Green be no more?

Must the Flocks from their Pastures be led?
Must the Herds go wild straying abroad?
Shall the Looms be all stopp'd in each Shed,
And the Ships be all moor'd in each Road?
Must the Arts be all scatter'd around,
And shall Commerce grow sick of her Tide?
Must Religion expire on the Ground,
And shall Virtue sink down by her Side?

S O N G

SONG XVII. *By CUNNINGHAM.**Set by Mr. WORGAN. Sung at Vauxhall.*

SINCE Wedlock's in Vogue, and stale Virgins
 despis'd,
 To all Batchelors greeting, these Lines are premis'd:
 I'm a Maid that would marry—ah! could I but find
 (I care not for Fortune) a Man to my Mind,
 (I care not for Fortune) a Man to my Mind.

Not the fair weather'd Fop, fond of Fashion and
 Dress;
 Not the 'Squire, who can relish no Joys but the
 Chace;
 Nor the free-thinking Rake whom no Morals can
 bind;
 Neither this, that, nor t'other's the Man to my
 Mind,
 Neither this, &c.

Not the ruby-fac'd Sot, who topos, world without
 end;
 Nor the Drone who can't relish his Bottle and
 Friend;
 Nor the Fool that's too fond, nor the Churl that's
 unkind;
 Neither this, that, nor t'other's the Man to my
 Mind,
 Neither this, &c.

Not

Not the Rich, with full Bags, without Breeding
 or Merit;
 Nor the Flash, that's all Fury, without any Spirit;
 Nor the fine master Fribble, the Scorn of Man-
 kind;
 Neither this, that, nor t'other's the Man to my
 Mind,
 Neither this, &c.

But the Youth whom good Sense and good Nature
 inspire;
 Whom the Brave must esteem, and the Fair should
 admire;
 In whose Heart Love and Truth are with Honour
 conjoin'd;
 This, this, and no other's the Man to my Mind,
 This, this, and no other's the Man to my Mind.

S O N G XVIII.

Sung by Mr. MATTOCKS, in Love in a Village.

O H! how shall I, in Language weak,
 My ardent Passion tell,
 Or form my fault'ring Tongue to speak,
 That cruel Word farewell!
 Farewel—but know, tho' thus we part,
 My Thoughts can never stray:
 Go where I will, my constant Heart
 Must with my Charmer stay.

S O N G

S O N G XIX.

Sung by Mrs. PINTO, in Love in a Village.

YOUNG I am, and fore afraid:
 Would you hurt a harmless Maid?
 Lead an Innocent astray?
 Tempt me not, kind Sir, I pray,
 Men too often we believe;
 And should you my Truth deceive,
 Ruin first, and then forsake,
 Sure my tender Heart would break.

S O N G XX. *By SHENSTONE.**H O P E: A Pastoral. Set by Mr. ARNE.*

MY Banks are all furnish'd with Bees,
 Whose Murmur invites one to Sleep;
 My Grottos are shaded with Trees,
 And my Hills are white over with Sheep:
 I seldom have met with a Lofs,
 Such Health do my Fountains bestow;
 My Fountains all border'd with Moss,
 Where the Hare-bells and Violets grow,
 Where the Hare-bells and Violets grow.

I have found out a Gift for my Fair,
 I have found where the Wood-pigeons breed;
 But let me that Plunder forbear;
 She'll say 'twas a barbarous Deed.

For

For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
 Who could rob a poor Bird of its young :
 I lov'd her the more when I heard
 Such Tendernefs fall from her Tongue,
 Such Tendernefs, &c.

But where does my *Phillida* stray,
 And where are her Grots and her Bow'rs ?
 Are the Groves and the Vallies as gay,
 And the Shepherds as gentle as ours ?
 The Groves may perhaps be as fair,
 And the Face of the Vallies as fine ;
 The Swains may in Manners compare,
 But their Love is not equal to mine,
 But their Love is not equal to mine.

S O N G XXI. *The Words by Mr. GAY.*

ALL in the *Downs* the Fleet was moor'd,
 The Streamers waving in the Wind,
 When black-ey'd *Susan* came on board,
 O ! where fhall I my true Love find ?
 Tell me, ye jovial Sailors, tell me true,
 If my sweet *William* fails among your Crew ?

William, who high upon the Yard,
 Rock'd by the Billows to and fro,
 Soon as her well known Voice he heard,
 He figh'd, and cast his Eyes below ;
 The Rope slides swiftly thro' his glowing Hands,
 And quick as Lightning on the Deck he ftands.

So the sweet Lark high-pois'd in Air,
 Shuts close his Pinions to his Breast,
 If chance his Mate's shrill Voice he hear,
 And drops at once into her Nest. —
 The noblest Captain in the *British* Fleet
 Might envy *William's* Lips those Kisses sweet.

O *Susan* ! *Susan* ! lovely Dear !
 My Vows shall ever true remain ;
 Let me kiss off that falling Tear :
 We only part to meet again.
 Change as ye list, ye Winds, my Heart shall be
 The faithful Compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the Landmen say,
 Who tempt with Doubts thy constant Mind ;
 They'll tell thee, Sailors when away,
 In ev'ry Port a Mistress find ;
 Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
 For thou art present wherefoe'er I go.

If to fair *India's* Coast we sail,
 Thine Eyes are seen in Di'monds bright ;
 Thy Breath is *Afric's* spicy Gale ;
 Thy Skin is Ivory so white :
 Thus ev'ry beauteous Object that I view,
 Wakes in my Soul some Charm of lovely *Sue*.

Tho' Battle calls me from thy Arms,
 Let not my pretty *Susan* mourn ;
 Tho' Cannons roar, yet safe from Harms
William shall to his Dear return :
 Love turns aside the Balls that round me fly,
 Lest precious Tears should drop from *Susan's* Eye.
 The

The Boatswain gave the dreadful Word,
 The Sails their swelling Bosoms spread;
 No longer must she stay on board;
 They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his Head:
 Her less'ning Boat unwilling rows to Land:
 Adieu! she cry'd and wav'd her lily Hand.

S O N G XXII. By SHENSTONE.

Sung by Mr. LOWE. Set by Mr. WORGAN.

THE western Sky was purpled o'er
 With ev'ry pleasing Ray,
 And Flocks reviving felt no more
 The sultry Heat of Day,
 When from an Hazle's artless Bow'r
 Soft warbled *Strephon's* Tongue;
 He blest'd the Scene, he blest'd the Hour,
 While *Nancy's* Praise he sung.

Let Fops with fickle falshood range
 The Paths of wanton Love,
 Whilst weeping Maids lament their Change,
 And sadden ev'ry Grove:
 But endless Blessings crown the Day
 I saw fair *E'sham's* Vale,
 And ev'ry Blessing finds its Way
 To *Nancy* of the Dale.

Her Shape was like the Reed, so sleek,
 So taper, strait, and fair;
 Her dimpled Smile, her blushing Cheek,
 How charming sweet they were!

Far

Far in the winding Vale retir'd,
 This peerless Bud I found ;
 And shadowing Rocks and Woods conspir'd
 To fence her Beauties round.

That Nature in so lone a Dell
 Should form a Nymph so sweet,
 Or Fortune to her secret Cell
 Conduct my wand'ring Feet !
 Gay Lordlings fought her for their Bride :
 But she would ne'er incline :
 " Prove to your Equals true," she cry'd,
 " As I will prove to mine."

" 'Tis *Strephon*, on the Mountain's Brow,
 " Has won my right Good-will ;
 " To him I gave my plighted Vow,
 " With him I'll climb the Hill."
 Struck with her Charms, and gentle Truth,
 I clasp'd the constant Fair ;
 To her alone I give my Youth,
 And vow my future Care.

S O N G XXIII.

THE MEN WILL ROMANCE.

WHEN I enter'd my Teens, and threw Play-
 things aside,
 I conceiv'd myself Woman, and fit for a Bride :
 By the Men I was flatter'd, my Pride to enhance,
 For the Maids will believe, and the Men will ro-
 mance.

They

They swore that my Eyes the bright Di'mond
 excell'd,
 Such a Face, and such Tresses, sure ne'er were
 beheld;
 That to gaze on my Neck was all Rapture and
 Trance;
 Oh! the Maids will believe, and the Men will
 romance.

Young *Polydore* saw me one Night at the Ball,
 And swore, to my Charms he a Conquest must fall;
 On his Knees he entreated my Hand for a Dance:
 Ah! the Maids will believe, and the Men will
 romance.

He conducted me Home, when the Pastime was
 o'er,
 And declar'd he ne'er saw so much Beauty before;
 He ogled and sigh'd, as he saw me advance:
 Ah! the Maids will believe, and the Men will
 romance.

Then Day after Day I his Company had;
 At length he declar'd all his Flame to my Dad;
 But my Father lov'd Money, and would not
 advance,
 And reply'd to my Lover, young Men will romance.

But tho' my Papa would not give us a Shilling,
 My *Polydore* swore he to wed me was willing;
 So to Church we both went, and at Night had a
 Dance,
 And, believe me, my *Polydore* did not romance.

SONG

SONG XXIV. In *Thomas and Sally*.

BEHOLD, from many a hostile Shore,
 And all the Dangers of the Main,
 Where Billows mount, and Tempests roar,
 Your faithful *Tom*'s return'd again;
 Returns, and with him brings a Heart
 That ne'er from *Sally* shall depart.

After long Toils and Troubles past,
 How sweet to tread our native Soil,
 With Conquest to return at last,
 And deck our Sweethearts with the Spoil,
 No one to Beauty should pretend,
 But such as dare its Rights defend.

SONG XXV. By Mr. THEOBALD.

ON a Bank of Flowers, in a Summer Day,
 Inviting and undress'd,
 In her Bloom of Youth, fair *Celia* lay,
 With Love and Sleep oppress'd:
 When a youthful Swain, with admiring Eyes,
 Wish'd that he durst the fair Maid surprize;
 With a fa, la, la, la, la, la;
 But fear'd approaching Spies.

As he gaz'd, a gentle Breeze arose,
 That fann'd her Robes aside;
 And the sleeping Nymph did those Charms disclose,
 Which waking she would hide;
 Then his Breath grew short, and his Pulse beat high,
 He long'd to touch what he chanc'd to spy;
 With a fa, la, &c.
 But durst not still draw nigh.

All

All amaz'd he stood, with her Beauties fir'd,
 And blest the courteous Wind;
 Then in Whispers sigh'd, and the Gods desir'd,
 That *Celia* might be kind;
 When with Hope grown bold, he advanc'd amain;
 And she laugh'd aloud in a Dream, and again,
 With a fa, la, &c.
 Repell'd the timorous Swain.

Yet the am'rous Youth, to relieve his Pain,
 The slumbering Maid caress'd:
 And with trembling Hand (O the simple Swain!)
 Her glowing Bosom press'd:
 When the Virgin wak'd, and affrighted flew,
 Yet look'd as wishing he would pursue:
 With a fa, la, &c.
 But *Damon* miss'd his Cue.

Now repenting that he had let her fly,
 Himself he thus accus'd,
 What a dull and stupid Fool was I,
 That such a Chance abus'd:
 To my Shame 'twill now on the Plain be said,
Damon a Virgin asleep betray'd,
 With a fa, la, &c.
 Yet let her go a Maid.

S O N G XXVI.

By Mr. WILLIAM HAMILTON.

Tune, *The Yellow-hair'd Laddie*.

YE Shepherds and Nymphs, that adorn the
 gay Plain,
 Approach from your Sports, and attend to my
 Strain;

C

Amongst

Amongst all your Number, a Lover so true
Was ne'er so undone, with such Blifs in his View:

Was ever a Nymph so hard-hearted as mine?
She knows me sincere, and she sees how I pine;
She does not disdain me, nor frown in her Wrath,
But calmly and mildly resigns me to Death.

She calls me her Friend, but her Lover denies:
She smiles when I'm cheerful, but hears not my
Sighs;

A Bosom so flinty, so gentle an Air,
Inspires me with Hope, and yet bids me despair.

I fall at her Feet, and implore her with Tears;
Her Answer confounds, while her Manner endears;
When softly she tells me to hope no Relief,
My trembling Lips bless her in spite of my Grief
By Night, while I slumber, still haunted with
Care,

I start up in Anguish, and sigh for the Fair:
The Fair sleeps in Peace, may she ever do so!
And only when dreaming imagine my Woe.

Then gaze at a Distance, no farther aspire,
Nor think she shou d love, when she cannot admire
Hush all thy complaining, and dying her Slave,
Commend her to Heav'n, and thyself to the Grave.

S O N G XXVII. By FRANCIS FAWKES.

WOMAN. *A Ballad. Sung by Mr. LOWE,*
at Vauxhall. Set by Mr. WORGAN.

NO longer let whimsical Songsters compare
The Merits of Wine with the Charms of the
Fair;

I appear

I appeal to the Men to determine between
A tun-belly'd *Bacchus* and Beauty's fair Queen.

The Pleasures of drinking henceforth I resign;
For tho' there is Mirth, yet there's Madness in
Wine:

Then let not false Sparkles our Senses beguile;
'Tis the Mention of *Chloe* that makes the Glass
smile.

Her Beauties with Rapture my Senses inspire,
And the more I behold her, the more I admire!
But the Charms of her Temper and Mind I adore;
These Virtues shall bless me when Beauty's no
more.

How happy our Days when with Love we engage!
'Tis the Transport of Youth, 'tis the Comfort of
Age:

But what are the Joys of the Bottle or Bowl?
Wine tickles the Taste, Love enraptures the Soul!

A Sot, as he riots in Liquor, will cry,
The longer I drink the more thirsty am I:
From this fair Confession, 'tis plain, my good
Friend,

You're a Toper eternal, and drink to no End.

Your big-belly'd Bottle may ravish your Eye,
But how foolish you look when your Bottle is dry!
From Woman, dear Woman, sweet Pleasure must
spring;

Nay, the Stoics must own it—she is the best Thing.

Yet some Praises to Wine we may justly afford;
For a Time it will make one as great as a Lord:
But Woman for ever gives Transport to Man,
And I'll love the dear Sex—aye, as long as I can.

SONG XXVIII. AN ADDRESS TO THE
LADIES.*By Mr. WHITEHEAD.—Sung at RANELAGH.*

YE Belles, and ye Flirts, and ye pert little
Things,

Who trip in this frolicksome Round,
Pray tell me from whence this Indecency springs,
The Sexes at once to confound ?

What means the cock'd Hat, and the masculine
Air,

With each Motion design'd to perplex ?
Bright Eyes were intended to languish, not stare,
And Softness the Test of your Sex—dear Girls,
And Softness the Test of your Sex.

The Girl who on Beauty depends for Support,
May call ev'ry Art to her Aid ;

The Bosom display'd, and the Petticoat short
Are Samples she gives of her Trade ;

But you, on whom Fortune indulgently shines,
And whom Pride has preserved from the Snare,
Should slyly attack us with Coyness and Wiles,
Not with open and insolent Air—brave Girls,
Not with, &c.

The *Venus*, whose Statue delights all Mankind,
Shrinks modestly back from the View,

And kindly should seem, by the Artist design'd,
To serve as a Model for you :

Then learn, with her Beauties, to copy her Air ;
Nor venture too much to reveal ;

Our Fancies will paint what you cover with care,
And double each Charm you conceal—sweet Girls,
And double, &c.

The

The Blushes of Morn, and the Mildness of May,
 Are Charms which no Art can procure ;
 Oh ! be but yourselves, and our Homage we'll pay,
 And your Empire is solid and sure ;
 But if, Amazon-like, you attack your Gallants,
 And put us in fear of our Lives,
 You may do very well for Sisters and Aunts ;
 But, believe me, you'll never be Wives—poor
 Girls,
 But, believe me, you'll never be Wives.

S O N G XXIX. The FAIRY.

IN Days of yore, when on the Plain
 Queen Mab, with all her fairy Train
 In sportive Gambols took Delight,
 By Cynthia's borrow'd silver Light ;
 If e'er your Grandames did amiss,
 The Punishment, ye Fair, was this.

Was Lady *Mary* ever known
 To toy with *Celadon* alone ;
 Did Avarice her Bosom fill
 With Passions strong for dear Quadrille ;
 Or did her Heart for dancing beat,
 Then blister'd were her Hands and Feet.

If once too small her Ruff she wore,
 Her Petticoat too short before ;
 Or if to catch the Gazer's Sight,
 She us'd the Arts of Red and White ;
 The little spiteful pigmy Crew
 Were sure to pinch her black and blue.

But far more happy Days ensue,
 The *British* Dames of sixty-two

Are not afraid of rigid Elves,
 They know no Guardians but themselves ;
 The tell-tale Race at length subdu'd,
 Hear me, nor think the Lesson rude.

Since present Times are just as bad,
 And ev'ry one at Pleasure mad :
 This Method I should think the best,
 To keep a Fairy in your Breast,
 Who ne'er for Trifles should make War,
 But when you chance to go too far.

S O N G X X X .

A favourite Song in TWELFTH-NIGHT.

Translated from the French.

Sung by Mrs. ABINGTON.

HOW imperfect is Expression,
 Some Emotions to impart !
 When we mean a soft Confession,
 And yet seek to hide the Heart ;
 When our Bosoms, all complying,
 With delicious Tumults swell,
 And beat what broken, falt'ring, dying
 Language would, but cannot tell.

Deep Confusion's rosy Terror,
 Quite expressive paints my Cheek.
 Ask no more—Behold your Error,
 Blushes eloquently speak.
 What tho' silent is my Anguish,
 Or breath'd only to the Air ;
 Mark my Eyes, and as they languish,
 Read what yours have written there.

O ! that

O! that you could once conceive me,
 Once my Soul's strong Feeling view:
 Love has nought more fond, believe me;
 Friendship nothing half so true.
 From you I am wild despairing,
 With you speechless as I touch;
 This is all that bears declaring,
 And perhaps declares too much.

S O N G XXXI. *By GAY.*

IF the Heart of a Man is depress'd with Cares,
 The Mist is dispell'd when a Woman appears;
 Like the Notes of a Fiddle, she sweetly, sweetly,
 Raises our Spirits, and charms our Ears,
 Roses and Lilies her Cheeks disclose,
 But her ripe Lips are more sweet than those,
 Press her,
 Carefs her,
 With Blisses,
 And Kisses,
 Dissolve us in Pleasure, and soft Repose.

S O N G XXXII. *By GAY.*

YOUTH's the Season made for Joys,
 Love is then our Duty,
 She alone who that employs,
 Well deserves her Beauty.
 Let's be gay,
 While we may,
 Beauty's a Flower despis'd in Decay.
 Youth's the Season, &c.

Let us drink and sport to-day,
 Our's is not To-morrow;
 Love with Youth flies swift away,
 Age is nought but Sorrow.
 Dance and sing,
 Time's on the wing,
 Life never knows the Return of Spring.
 Let us drink, &c.

S O N G XXXIII. *By GAY.*

THE Modes of the Court so common are
 grown,
 That a true Friend can hardly be met;
 Friendship for Interest is but a Loan,
 Which they let out for what they can get.
 'Tis true, you find
 Some Friends so kind,
 Who will give you good Counsel themselves to
 defend,
 In sorrowful Ditty,
 They promise, they pity;
 But shift you for Money from Friend to Friend.

S O N G XXXIV. *By GAY.*

THUS I stand, like a Turk, with my Doxies
 around;
 From all Sides their Glances his Passion confound!
 For black, brown, and fair his Inconstancy burns,
 And different Beauties subdue him by turns:
 Each calls forth her Charms to provoke his Desires,
 Though willing to all, with but one he retires;
 But think of this Maxim, and put off all Sorrow,
 The Wretch of To-day may be happy To-morrow,
 But think of this Maxim, &c.

S O N G

S O N G XXXV.

Sung by Mr. MATTOCKS, in Thomas and Sally.

FROM plowing the Ocean and thrashing
Monfieur,

In Old England we're landed once more;
Your Hands, my brave Shipmates, halloo Boys,
what Cheer,

For a Sailor that's juſt come on Shore?

Theſe hectoring Blades thought to ſcare us, no
doubt,

And to cut us and flaſh us—Morblieu!
But hold there, avaſt! they were plaguely out,
We have ſlic'd them and pepper'd them too.

Then Courage, my Hearts, your own Conſequence
know,

Yon Invaders ſhall ſoon do you right;
The Lion may rouse, when he hears the Cock crow,
But ſhould never be put in a Fright.

You've only to ſhun your nonſenſical Jars;
Your damn'd Party and idle Conteſt;
And let all your Strife be, like us honeſt Tars,
Who ſhall fight for his Country the beſt.

A ſea-faring Spark, if the Maids can affect,
Bid the timpering Gypſies look to't;
Sound Bottoms they'll find us in every Reſpect,
And our Pockets well laden to boot.

The Landſmen, mayhap, in the way of Diſcourſe,
Have more art to perſuade, and the like;
But 'ware thoſe fair Colours, for better for worſe,
Is the Bargain we're willing to ſtrike.

Now long live the King, may he prosperous reign,
 Of no Power, no Faction afraid :
 May *Britain's* proud Flag still exult o'er the Main,
 At all Points of the Compass display'd.

No Quickfands endanger, no Storm overwhelm :
 Steady, steady and safe may she fail :
 No ignorant Pilots e'er sit at the Helm,
 Or her Anchor of Liberty fail.

SONG XXXVI. *In* LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

STILL in Hopes to get the better
 Of my stubborn Fate I try ;
 Swear this Moment to forget her,
 And the next my Oath deny.

Now prepar'd with Scorn to meet her,
 Ev'ry Charm in Thought I brave ;
 Then relapsing fly to meet her,
 And confess myself her Slave.

SONG XXXVII.

WHEN you meet a tender Creature,
 Neat in Limb, and fair in Feature,
 Full of Kindness and Good-nature ;
 Prove as kind again to she ;
 Happy Mortal ! to possess her,
 In your Bosom, warm and press her,
 Morning, Noon, and Night, caress her,
 And be as fond, as fond can be.

But if one you meet that's froward,
 Saucy, jilting, and untoward,
 Should you act the whining Coward,
 'Tis to mend her ne'er a whit ;

Nothing's

Nothing's tough enough to bind her,
 Then agog, when once you find her,
 Let her go and never mind her;
 Heart alive you're fairly quit.

S O N G XXXVIII.

The Sailor. Sung by Mrs. VINCENT, at Marybone.

SINCE lost to Peace of Mind serene,
 I drag my Chain in fruitless Hope,
 I'll court each melancholy Scene,
 And give my Sorrows their full Scope.
 My lovely, sprightly, gallant Tar,
 Who sports with fierce destructive War,
 Think what I feel, where'er thou art,
 Think of thy *Mary's* breaking Heart.

Secure thy dancing Castle rides
 Upon the Bosom of the Deep,
 The stormy Wind and Wave abides,
 And Navigation bids thee sleep;
 But balmy Sleep and downy Rest
 Shall fly the Tempest in thy Breast,
 When jealous Fears like mine shall prove
 The Truth of my dear Sailor's Love.

Hope, Doubt, and Fear, and Winds and Waves
 More dreadful to the love-toss'd Mind,
 Than those the skilful Seaman braves,
 Who leaves pale Care and Grief behind.
 Th' adventurous Maid embark'd like me,
 That sails on such a troubl'd Sea,
 The Ocean's Rage would gladly meet,
 And in its Depths seek a Retreat.

Yet, O be still, my frantic Brain,
 Let Reason whisper to thy Fears,
 My Sailor may return again,
 Crown'd with Success to dry my Tears;
 When Fame, and all her gaudy Charms,
 Shall yield him to my longing Arms,
 And one blest'd Hour together blend
 The Lover, Hero, Husband, Friend.

C H O R U S.

Britannia, hail, thou mighty Queen,
 The Strength, the Power, the Seas are thine,
 Long may thy Pow'r on Justice lean,
 To be preserv'd they must combine:
 To Courage singly ne'er resort,
 For Virtue is thy true Support;
 'Tis that alone can Strength maintain,
 Be virtuous, and for ever reign.

S O N G XXXIX. By Mr. CUNNINGHAM.

The Sycamore Shade. A Ballad.

Sung by Mrs. PINTO. Set by Dr. ARNE.

T'Other Day as I sat in the Sycamore Shade,
 Young *Damon* came whistling along,
 I trembled—I blush'd—a poor innocent Maid!
 And my Heart caper'd up to my Tongue.
 Silly Heart, I cry'd, fie! What a Flutter is here!
 Young *Damon* designs you no Ill;
 The Shepherd's so civil you've nothing to fear,
 Then pr'ythee, fond Urchin, lie still.

Sly *Damon* drew near, and knelt down at my Feet,
 One Kiss he demanded— No more!
 But urg'd the soft Pressure with Ardour so sweet,
 I could not begrudge him a Score;

My

My Lambkins I've kifs'd, and no Change ever
found,

Many Times as we play'd on the Hill :
But *Damon's* dear Lips made my Heart gallop
round,

Nor would the fond Urchin lie still.

When the Sun blazes fierce, to the Sycamore Shade,
For Shelter I'm sure to repair ;

And, Virgins, in faith, I'm no longer afraid,
Altho' the dear Shepherd be there,

At ev'ry fond Kifs that with Freedom he takes,
My Heart may rebound if it will ;

There's something so sweet in the Buzzle it makes,
I'll die ere I bid it lie still.

S O N G XL.

Sung by Mr. VERNON. Set by Mr. ARNOLD.

ERE *Phæbus* shall peep on the fresh budding
Flow'r,

Or Blue-bells are robb'd of their Dew ;
Sleep on my *Maria* while I deck the Bow'r,
To make it more worthy of you.

There Roses and Jes'mine each other shall greet,
And mingle to copy thy Hue ;

The L'ly to match with thy Bosom so sweet,
How faint its Resemblance of you.

With Sweets of thy Breath, the Hedge Vi'let shall
vie

But weakly, and pay it it's Due ;
The Thorn shall be robb'd of the Sloe for thine
Eye,

Yet Nature paints nothing like you.

The

The Leaves of the sensitive Plant must declare
 The Truth of my well-belov'd she :
 Whose Hands, if to touch it bold Shepherds should
 dare,
 Would shrink from all others but me.

S O N G XLI.

The PILGRIM. From the original Italian.

IN Penance for past Folly,
 A Pilgrim blithe and jolly,
 Sworn Foe to Melancholy,
 Set out strange Lands to see ;
 With Cockle-shells on Hat-brim,
 Sticks, Beads, and Scrip, in that Trim,
 Befitting of a Pilgrim,
 Begging for Charity.

With unshod Feet he traces
 His Way thro' Wilds and Chafes,
 And sundry dismal Places,
 In Hopes some Roof to see ;
 But when that he could find no
 House nor Hut to go to,
 Was ever Pilgrim put so
 To it for Charity.

But now, when most dejected,
 Kind Heaven, when least expected,
 A Maiden's Steps directed,
 Whence come you, Sir ? says she.
 Full many a weary Step, Sweet,
 And all with these poor bare Feet,
 O could I by your Help, meet
 Lodging for Charity.

With

With courteous Voice and Accent,
 Says she, I see you're quite spent,
 Yet what I say is well meant,
 Pray lodge to Night with me.
 This Favour is excessive ;
 No Speeches, Sir, while I live,
 If I have aught I can give,
 'Tis given in Charity.

He ey'd her Charms whilst eating,
 And call'd her Love and Sweeting,
 And many a tender Greeting,
 So kind a Heart had he,
 Kind Sir, says she, you're tir'd,
 'Tis Time you were retir'd,
 Nor Beds nor Rooms are hir'd,
 But lent in Charity.

My Tenement is brittle,
 And is, I fear too little.
 It fits me to a Tittle,
 So in at once went he,
 Through many a Town and City
 I've been, and O! the Pity,
 Ne'er met a Room so pretty,
 Nor so much Charity.

Nine Days he past in Clover,
 So well he play'd the Lover :
 She thought it too soon over,
 And will you go ? said she.
 But gentle Pilgrim, should you
 Return, you know I would do
 As much as Woman could do,
 To shew my Charity.

S O N G XLII.

WOMAN for MAN : address'd to the Bachelors.

WINE, Wine we allow the brisk Fountain of
Mirth,

It frights away Care, and gives Jollity birth ;
Yet while we thus freely great *Bacchus* approve,
Let's pay the glad Tribute to *Venus* and Love ;
For do what you will, nay, or say what you can,
Who loves not a Woman, the Wretch is no Man.

To the Charms of that Sex let us cheerful resign
Our Youth and our Vigour, they're better than
Wine ;

There's Merit, I own, in a gay sparkling Glass,
But can it compare with a lovely kind Lass ?
No, it cannot compare, you may say what you can,
Who prefers not a Woman, the Wretch is no Man.

Th' Enchantments of Beauty what Force can repel,
The Eye's powerful Magic, the Bosom's soft Swell,
The Look so endearing, the kind melting Kifs ;
The Enjoyments of Love are all raptures and blifs ;
Then who Woman refuses rejects Nature's Plan,
He may say what he will, but the Wretch is no
Man.

May Scandal, Misfortune, and direful Disgrace,
Be the Portion of all the effeminate Race ;
Like *England* what Nation on Earth can they find,
Whose Nymphs are so fair, so inviting, and kind ?
Then who Woman refuses rejects Nature's Plan,
May they suffer like Brutes, nor be pity'd by Man.

From

From a striking Example my Moral shall spring,
 Who'd act like a Man, let him copy his King :
 Like *George*, in his Youth (the gay spring-tide of
 Life)

Let ev'ry good Fellow now take him a Wife ;
 When by Hymen you're blest, rest securely, for then
 You'll have nothing to do, but to prove yourselves
 Men.

S O N G XLIII. *Lochaber no more.*

FAREWEL to *Lochaber*, and farewell, my *Jean*,
 Where heartsome with thee I've many Days
 been :

For *Lochaber* no more, *Lochaber* no more,
 These Tears that I shed they are a' for my Dear,
 And no for the Danger attending on Weir ;
 Tho' bore on rough Seas to a far bloody Shore,
 May be to return to *Lochaber* no more.

Tho' Hurricanes rise, and tho' rise ev'ry Wind,
 They'll ne'er make a Tempest like that in my Mind ;
 Tho' loudest of Thunder on louder Waves roar,
 That's naething like leaving my Love on the
 Shore ;

To leave thee behind me my Heart is fair pain'd,
 By Ease that's inglorious no Fame can be gain'd ;
 And Beauty and Love's the Reward of the Brave,
 And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then Glory, my *Jenny*, maun plead my Excuse ;
 Since Honour commands me, how can I refuse ?
 Without it I ne'er can have Merit for thee,
 And, without thy Favour, I'd better not be !

I gae then, my Lads, to win Honour and Fame,
 And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,
 I'll bring a Heart to thee with Love running o'er,
 And then I'll leave thee and *Lochaber* no more.

S O N G XLIV.

WHAT Beauties does *Flora* disclose!
 How sweet are her Smiles upon *Tweed*!
 Yet *Moggy's* still sweeter than those,
 Both Nature and Fancy exceed:
 Nor Daisy, nor sweet blushing Rose,
 Nor all the gay Flowers of the Field,
 Nor *Tweed*, gliding gently thro' those,
 Such Beauty and Pleasure do yield.

The Warblers are heard in the Grove,
 The Linnet, the Lark, and the Thrush,
 The Black-bird, and sweet cooing Dove,
 With Music enchant ev'ry Bush;
 Come, let us go forth to the Mead,
 Let us see how the Primroses spring;
 We'll lodge in some Village on *Tweed*,
 And love while the feather'd Folks sing.

How does my Love pass the long Day?
 Does *Moggy* not tend a few Sheep?
 Do they never carelessly stray,
 While happily she lies asleep;
Tweed's Murmurs should lull her to Rest,
 Kind Nature indulging my Bliss,
 To relieve the soft Pains of my Breast,
 I'd steal an ambrosial Kiss.

'Tis she does the Virgins excel ;
 No Beauty with her may compare ;
 Love's Graces all round her do dwell,
 She's fairest where Thousands are fair :
 Say, Charmer, where do thy Flocks stray ?
 Oh tell me at Noon where they feed !
 Shall I seek them on sweet winding *Tay*,
 Or the pleasanter Banks of the *Tweed* ?

SONG XLV. DELIA. By CUNNINGHAM.

Sung by Mr. VERNON, at Vauxhall.

Set by Dr. ARNE.

THE gentle Swan, with graceful Pride,
 Her glossy Plumage laves ;
 And sailing down the silver Tide,
 Divides the whispering Waves :
 The silver Tide, that wandering flows,
 Sweet to the Bird must be ;
 But not so sweet, blithe *Cupid* knows,
 As *Delia* is to me.

A parent Bird, in plaintive Mood,
 On yonder Fruit-tree sung ;
 And still the pendant Nest she view'd,
 That held her callow young :
 Tho' dear to her maternal Heart
 The genial Brood must be ;
 They're not so dear, the thousandth Part,
 As *Delia* is to me.

The Roses that my Brow furround,
 Were Natives of the Dale;
 Scarce pluck'd, and in a Garland bound
 Before their Hue grew pale:
 My vital Blood would thus be froze,
 If luckless torn from thee;
 For what the Root is to the Rose
 My *Delia* is to me.

Two Doves I found like new-fallen Snow,
 So white the beauteous Pair:
 The Birds to *Delia* I'll bestow,
 They're like her Bosom, fair:
 May they of our connubial Love
 A happy Omen be;
 Then such fond Bliss as Turtles prove,
 Shall *Delia* share with me.

SONG XLVI. JOCKEY.

Sung by Mrs. Baddeley, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. POTTER.

YOUNG Jockey is the blithest Lad
 That ever Maiden woo'd;
 When he appears my Heart is glad,
 For he is kind and good:
 He talks of Love whene'er we meet,
 (His Words in Raptures flow)
 Then tunes his Pipes, and sings so sweet,
 I have no Power to go.

All other Lasses he forsakes,
 And flies to me alone;
 At ev'ry Fair, and all the Wakes,
 I hear them making Moan:

He buys me Toys, and Sweet-meats too,
 And Ribbons for my Hair;
 No Swain was ever half so true,
 Or half so kind and fair.

Where'er I go, I nothing fear,
 If *Jockey* is but by;
 For I alone am all his Care,
 Whenever Danger's nigh:
 He vows to wed next *Whitsunday*,
 And make me blest for Life;
 Can I refuse, ye Maidens say,
 To be young *Jockey's* Wife?

SONG XLVII. *Warwickshire.* - GARRICK.

Sung by Mr. VERNON, Mr. DIBDIN, &c.

YE *Warwickshire* Lads, and ye Lasses,
 See what at our Jubilee passes,
 Come revel away, rejoice and be glad,
 For the Lad of all Lads was a *Warwickshire* Lad,
 Warwickshire Lad,
 All be glad,
 For the Lad of all Lads was a *Warwickshire* Lad.

Be proud of the Charms of your County,
 Where Nature has lavish'd her Bounty,
 Where much she has giv'n, and some to be spar'd,
 For the Bard of all Bards was a *Warwickshire* Bard,
 Warwickshire Bard,
 Never pair'd,
 For the Bard of all Bards was a *Warwickshire* Bard.

Each

Each Shire has its different Pleasures,
 Each Shire has its different Treasures ;
 But to rare *Warwickshire* all must submit,
 For the Wit of all Wits was a *Warwickshire* Wit,
 Warwickshire Wit,

How he writ !

For the Wit of all Wits was a *Warwickshire* Wit.

Old *Ben*, *Thomas Otway*, *John Dryden*,
 And half a Score more we take Pride in,
 Of famous *Will Congreve* we boast too the Skill ;
 But the *Will* of all *Wills* was a *Warwickshire Will*,
 Warwickshire Will,
 Matchless still,

For the *Will* of all *Wills* was a *Warwickshire Will*.

Our SHAKESPEARE compar'd is to no Man,
 Nor *Frenchman*, nor *Grecian*, nor *Roman* ;
 Their Swans are all Geese, to the *Avon's* sweet
 Swan ;

And the Man of all Men was a *Warwickshire* Man,
 Warwickshire Man,
 Avon's Swan,

And the Man of all Men was a *Warwickshire* Man.

As Ven'fon is very inviting,
 To steal it our Bard took Delight in,
 To make his Friends merry he never was lag ;
 And the Wag of all Wags was a *Warwickshire* Wag,
 Warwickshire Wag,

Ever brag,

For the Wag of all Wags was a *Warwickshire* Wag.

There

There never was seen such a Creature,
 Of all she was worth he robb'd Nature !
 He took all her Smiles, and he took all her Grief ;
 And the Thief of all Thieves was a *Warwickshire*
 Thief,

Warwickshire Thief,
 He's the Chief,

For the Thief of all Thieves was a *Warwickshire*
 Thief.

S O N G XLVIII. By Mr. GARRICK.

Sung by Mrs. Baddeley.

THE Pride of all Nature was sweet *Willy O* *,
 The first of all Swains,
 He gladden'd the Plains ;
 None ever was like to the sweet *Willy O*.

He sung it so rarely did sweet *Willy O*,
 He melted each Maid,
 So skilful he play'd ;
 No Shepherd e'er pip'd like the sweet *Willy O*.

All Nature obey'd him, this sweet *Willy O*,
 Wherever he came,
 Whate'er had a Name,
 Whenever he sung followed sweet *Willy O*.

He wou'd be a † soldier, the sweet *Willy O*,
 When arm'd in the Field,
 With Sword and with Shield,
 The Laurel was won by the sweet *Willy O*.

He charm'd 'em when living, the sweet *Willy O*.
 And when *Willy* dy'd,
 'Twas Nature that sigh'd
 To part with her All in her sweet *Willy O*.

* SHAKESPEARE.

† The Writer of Tragedy.

S O N G XLIX.

*Sung by Mrs. BURCHELL, at Vauxhall.**Set by Dr. ARNE.*

HOW blithe was I each Morn to see
 My Swain come o'er the Hill!
 He leap'd the Brook, and flew to me;
 I met him with good Will:
 I neither wanted Ewe nor Lamb,
 When his Flocks near me lay;
 He gathered in my Sheep at Night,
 And cheer'd me all the Day.

Oh! the Broom, the bonny Broom,
 Where lost was my Repose;
 I wish I was with my dear Swain,
 With his Pipe and my Ewes.

He tun'd his Pipe and Reed so sweet,
 The Birds stood list'ning by;
 The fleecy Flock stood still and gaz'd,
 Charm'd with his Melody:
 While thus we spent our Time, by turns,
 Betwixt our Flocks and Play,
 I envy'd not the fairest Dame,
 Tho' e'er so rich and gay.

Oh! the Broom, &c.

He did oblige me ev'ry Hour:
 Cou'd I but faithful be?
 He stole my Heart, cou'd I refuse
 Whate'er he ask'd of me?

Hard Fate! that I must banish'd be,
 Gang heavily and mourn,
 Because I lov'd the kindest Swain
 That ever yet was born.
 Oh! the Broom, &c.

S O N G L.

Sung by Mr. LOWE, at Vauxhall. Set by Dr. Boyce.

HOW blest has my Time been! what Days
 have I known,
 Since Wedlock's soft Bondage made *Jessy* my own!
 So joyful my Heart is, so easy my Chain,
 That Freedom is tasteless, and roving a Pain,
 That Freedom, &c.

Thro' Walks grown with Woodbines, as often we
 stray,
 Around us our Boys and Girls frolic and play;
 How pleasing their Sport is, the wanton Ones see,
 And borrow their Looks from my *Jessy* and me,
 And borrow, &c.

To try her sweet Temper oft' Times am I seen
 In Revels all Day with the Nymphs of the Green;
 Tho' painful my Absence, my Doubt she beguiles,
 And meets me at Night with Compliance and
 Smiles,
 And meets, &c.

What though on her Cheeks the Rose loses its Hue,
 Her Ease and Good-humour bloom all the Year
 thro':
 Time still as he flies, adds Increase to her Truth,
 And gives to her Mind what he steals from her
 Youth,
 And gives, &c.

Ye Shepherds so gay, who make Love to ensnare,
 And cheat with false Vows the too credulous Fair;
 In search of true Pleasure, how vainly you roam!
 To hold it for Life you must find it at Home,
 To hold it, &c.

SONG LI. The GENEROUS DISTRESS.

Set by Dr. ARNE.

BLOW, ye bleak Winds, around my Head,
 And sooth my heart-corroding Care;
 Flash round my Brows, ye Light'nings red,
 And blast the Laurels planted there:
 But may the Maid, where'er she be,
 Think not of my Distress nor me.

May all the Traces of our Love
 Be ever blotted from her Mind;
 May from her Breast my Vows remove,
 And no Remembrance leave behind;
 But may the Maid, where'er she be,
 Think not of my Distress nor me.

O! may I ne'er behold her more,
 For she has robb'd my Soul of Rest:
 Wisdom's Assistance is too poor
 To calm the Tempest in my Breast:
 But may the Maid, where'er she be,
 Think not of my Distress nor me.

Come, Death, O! come, thou friendly Sleep,
 And with my Sorrows lay me low;
 And, should the gentle Virgin weep,
 Nor sharp, nor lasting be her Woe;
 But may she think, where'er she be,
 No more of my Distress nor me.

SONG

SONG LII. The CHOICE.

Set by Dr. ARNE.

IF e'er I should learn the sweet Lesson of Love,
 Let these be the Marks of the Man I approve;
 No Pedant yet learn'd, nor Rake-helly gay;
 Nor laughing, because he has nothing to say.
 To all my whole Sex still obliging and free,
 Yet never shew Fondness to any but me;
 In public preserve the Decorum that's just,
 And shew in his Eyes he is true to his Trust.

But when the long Hours of Observance are past,
 And we sweetly retreat to a welcome Repast,
 May ev'ry fond Pleasure that Moment endear,
 Be banish'd afar both Discretion and Fear:
 Forgetting and scorning the Airs of a Crowd,
 He may cease to be formal, and I to be proud,
 Till lost in the Joy, we confess that we live,
 And he may be rude, and yet I may forgive.

And that my Delight may be stedfastly fix'd,
 Let the Friend and the Lover be properly mix'd,
 In whose tender Bosom my Soul can confide,
 Whose Kindness can sooth me, whose Council can
 guide:

From such a dear Lover as here I describe,
 No Danger should fright me, no Millions should
 bribe,

But till I can find so uncommon a Swain,
 As I long have liv'd single, I'll single remain.

S O N G LIII.

*Sung by Mr. LOWE, at Vauxhall.**Set by Mr. WORGAN.*

YE Fair, who shine thro' *Britain's Isle*,
 And triumph o'er the Heart!
 For once attentive be a While
 To what I now impart:
 Would you obtain the Youth you love,
 The Precepts of a Friend approve,
 And learn the Way to keep him.

As soon as Nature has decreed
 The Bloom of eighteen Years,
 And *Isabel* from School is freed,
 Then Beauty's Force appears;
 The youthful Blood begins to flow,
 She hopes for Man, and longs to know
 The surest Way to keep him.

When first the pleasing Pain is felt
 Within the Lover's Breast;
 And you by strange Persuasion melt,
 Each wishing to be blest;
 Be not too bold nor yet too coy,
 With Prudence lure the happy Boy,
 And that's the Way to keep him.

At Court, at Ball, at Park or Play,
 Assume a modest Pride;
 And lest your Tongue your Mind betray,
 In fewer Words confide:
 The Maid who thinks to gain a Mate
 By giddy Chat, will find too late,
 That's not the Way to keep him.

In dressing ne'er the Hours kill,
 That Bane to all the Sex;
 Nor let the Arts of dear Spadille
 Your Innocence perplex,
 Be always decent as a Bride,
 By virtuous Rules your Reason guide;
 For that's the Way to keep him.

But when the Nuptial Knot is fast,
 And both its Blessings share,
 To make those Joys for ever last,
 Of Jealousy beware:
 His Love with kind Compliance meet,
 Let Constancy the Work complete,
 And you'll be sure to keep him.

S O N G . LIV. *The B I R D.*

Sung by Mr. RAWORTH, at Marybone-Gardens.

Set by Mr. S N O W.

THE Bird that hears her Nestlings cry,
 And flies abroad for Food,
 Returns impatient thro' the Sky,
 To nurse the callow Brood:
 The tender Mother knows no Joy,
 But bodes a thousand Harms;
 And sickens for the darling Boy,
 When absent from her Arms.

Such Fondness with Impatience join'd,
 My faithful Bosom fires;
 Now forc'd to leave my Fair behind,
 The Queen of my Desires:

The Pow'rs of Verfe too languid prove,
 All Similies are vain,
 To ſhew how ardently I love,
 Or to relieve my Pain.

The Saint with fervent Zeal inspir'd,
 For Heav'n and Joy divine :
 The Saint is not with Rapture 'fir'd,
 More pure, more warm than mine :
 I take what Liberty I dare,
 'Twere impious to ſay more ;
 Convey my Longing to the Fair,
 The Goddeſs I adore.

S O N G L V. C O N T E N T.

By Mr. CUNNINGHAM.

Sung by Mr. Hudſon. Set by Mr. Goodwin, jun.

O'ER Moorlands and Mountains, rude, barren,
 and bare,
 As wilder'd and wearied I roam,
 A gentle young Shepherdeſs ſees my Deſpair,
 And leads me o'er Lawns to her Home ;
 Yellow Sheaves, from rich *Ceres*, her Cottage had
 crown'd,
 Green Ruſhes were ſtrew'd on the Floor ;
 Her Caſement ſweet Woodbine crept wantonly
 round,
 And deck'd the ſod Seats at her Door.

We ſat ourſelves down to a cooling Repaſt,
 Fresh Fruits, and ſhe cull'd me the beſt ;
 Whiſt thrown from my Guard, by ſome Glances
 ſhe caſt,
 Love ſlily ſtole into my Breſt,

I told

I told my soft Wishes, she sweetly reply'd,
(Ye Virgins, her Voice was divine)

“ I’ve rich ones rejected, and great ones deny’d,
“ Yet take me, fond Shepherd, I’m thine.”

Her Air was so modest, her Aspect so meek,
So simple, yet sweet were her Charms ;
I kiss’d the ripe Roses that glow’d on her Cheek,
And lock’d the lov’d Maid in my Arms.
Now jocund together we tend a few Sheep,
And if on the Banks, by the Stream,
Reclin’d on her Bosom I sink into Sleep,
Her Image still softens my Dream.

Together we range o’er the flow-riſing Hills,
Delighted with pastoral Views ;
Or rest on the Rock where the Streamlet distils,
And mark out new Themes for my Muse.
To Pomp, or proud Titles, she ne’er did aspire ;
The Damsel’s of humble Descent :
The Cottager Peace is well known for her Sire,
And Shepherds have nam’d her Content.

S O N G LVI.

A favourite *Scotch* Song. *Sung by Mr. VERNON.*

LOVE never more shall give me Pain,
My Fancy’s fix’d on thee,
Nor ever Maid my Heart shall gain,
My *Peggy* if thou die.
Thy Beauty did such Pleasure give,
Thy Love so true to me,
Without thee I shall never live,
My deary if thou die.

If Fate should tear thee from my Breast,
 How shall I lonely stray !
 In dreary Dreams the Nights I'll waste,
 In Sighs, the silent Day':
 I ne'er can so much Virtue find,
 Nor such Perfection see ;
 Then I'll renounce all Woman kind,
 My *Peggy* after thee.

No new-blown Beauty fires my Heart
 With *Cupid's* raving Rage,
 But thine, which can such Sweets impart,
 Must all the World engage ;
 'Twas this that, like the morning Sun,
 Gave Joy to Life and me,
 And when its destin'd Day is done,
 With *Peggy* let me die.

Ye Pow'rs that smile on virtuous Love,
 And in such Pleasure share,
 You who its faithful Flames approve,
 With Pity view the Fair ;
 Restore my *Peggy's* wonted Charms,
 Those Charms so dear to me,
 Oh ! never rob them from those Arms,
 I'm lost if *Peggy* die.

SONG LVII. The ENGLISH PADLOCK.

Sung by Mr. VERNON, at Vauxhall.

SINCE Artists who sue for the Trophies of
 Fame,
 Their Wit, and their Taste, and their Genius
 proclaim,
 Attend to my Song, where you'll certainly find,
 A Secret disclos'd for the Good of Mankind,
 And

And deny it who can, sure the Laurel's my Due,
 I've found out a Padlock to keep the Wife true,
 I've found out a Padlock to keep the Wife true.
 Shou'd the am'rous Goddess preside o'er the Dame,
 With the Ardours of Youth all her Passions in-
 flame,
 Shou'd her Beauty lead Captive each softer Desire,
 And languishing Lovers still sigh and admire,
 Yet fearless you'll trust her tho' Thousands may sue,
 When I tell you a Padlock to keep a Wife true.
 Tho' the Husband may think that he wisely re-
 frains,
 With his Bars, and his Bolts, his Confinement
 and Chains,
 How fatally weak must this Artifice prove,
 Can Fetters of Steel bind like Fetters of Love,
 Throw Jealousy hence! bid Suspicion adieu,
 Restraint's not the Padlock to keep a Wife true.
 Shou'd her Fancy invite to the Park or the Play,
 All complying and kind you must give her her
 Way,
 While her Taste and her Judgment you fondly
 approve,
 'Tis Reason secures you the Treasures of Love,
 And believe me no Coxcomb Admission can find,
 For the Fair-one is safe if you padlock her Mind.
 Tho' her Virtues with Foibles should frequently
 blend,
 Let the Husband be lost in the Lover and Friend,
 Let Doubts and Surmises no longer perplex,
 'Tis the Charm of Indulgence that binds the soft
 Sex,
 They ne'er can prove false whilst this Maxim's in
 View,
 Good-humour's the Padlock to keep a Wife true.

SONG LVIII. JEMMY and NANNY.

*Sung by Mr. ARNE, at Ranelagh, and Master
BROWNE, at Marybone-Gardens.*

Set by Dr. ARNE.

WHEN innocent Pastime our Pleasure did
crown,

Upon a green Meadow or under a Tree,
E'er Nanny became a fine Lady in Town,
How lovely and loving and bonny was she,
Rouze up thy Reason my beautiful Nanny,
Let no new Whim take thy Fancy from me,
Oh! as thou art bonny, be faithful as any,
Favour thy *Jemmy*, favour thy *Jemmy*,
Favour thy *Jemmy*, who doats upon thee.

Can the Death of a Linnet give Nanny the Spleen,
Can losing of Trifles a Heart-aching be,
Can Lap-dogs and Monkies draw Tears from those
E'en,

That look with Indifference on poor dying me?
Rouze up thy Reason my beautiful Nanny,
Scorn to prefer a vile Parrot to me,
Oh! as thou art bonny, be faithful as any,
Think on thy *Jemmy*, think on thy *Jemmy*,
Think on thy *Jemmy*, who doats upon thee.

O think my dear Charmer, on ev'ry sweet Hour
That slid away softly between thee and me,
E'er Squirrels and Beaux and their sop'ry had pow'r,
To rival my Love and impose upon thee,
Rouze up thy Reason my beautiful Nanny,
Let thy Desires be all center'd in me,
Oh! as thou art bonny, be prudent as any,
Love thy own *Jemmy*, love thy own *Jemmy*,
Love thy own *Jemmy*, who doats upon thee.

SONG

SONG LIX. In the WATERMAN.

AND did you not hear of a jolly young
Waterman,

Who at *Black-friars* Bridge us'd for to ply?
He feather'd his Oars with such Skill and Dexterity,
Winning each Heart, and delighting each Eye:
He look'd so neat, and row'd so steadily;
The Maidens all flock'd in his Boat so readily;
And he ey'd the young Rogues with so charming
an Air,

That this Waterman ne'er was in want of a Fare.

What Sights of fine Folks he oft row'd in his
Wherry,

'Twas clean'd out so neat, and so painted withal!
He was always first Oars, when the fine city Ladies,
In a Party to *Ranelagh* went, or *Vauxhall*.

And oftentimes would they be giggling and leering,
But 'twas all one to *Tom*, their gibing and jeering;
For loving, or liking, he little did care,
For this Waterman ne'er was in want of a Fare.

And yet, but to see how strangely Things happen;
As he row'd along, thinking of nothing at all,
He was ply'd by a Damsel so lovely and charming,
That she smil'd, and so straightway in Love he
did fall.

And would this young Damsel but banish his
Sorrow,

He'd wed her To-night, before it was Morrow:
And how should this Waterman ever know Care,
When he's marry'd, and never in want of a Fare?

SONG LX. GRAMACHREE MOLLY.

An Irish Air.

AS down on *Banna's* Banks I stray'd, one
 Ev'ning in *May*,
 The little Birds, in blytheft Notes, made vocal
 ev'ry Lay :
 They sung their little Tales of Love, they sung
 them o'er and o'er.
 Ah ! gramachree, ma cholleenouge, ma *Molly*
 ashore !

The Daify py'd, and all the Sweets the Dawn of
 Nature yields,
 The Primrose pale, and Vi'let blue, lay scatter'd
 o'er the Fields ;
 Such Fragrance in the Bosom lies of her whom I
 adore.
 Ah ! gramachree, &c.

I laid me down upon a Bank, bewailing my sad
 Fate,
 That doom'd me thus the Slave of Love, and
 cruel *Molly's* Hate ;
 How can she break the honest Heart that wears
 her in its Core ?
 Ah ! gramachree, &c.

You said you lov'd me, *Molly* dear : Ah ! why
 did I believe ?
 Yet who could think such tender Words were
 meant but to deceive ?
 That Love was all I ask'd on Earth, nay, Heav'n
 could give no more.
 Ah ! gramachree, &c.

O ! had

O! had I all the Flocks that graze on yonder
 yellow Hill,
 Or low'd for me the num'rous Herds that yon
 green Pasture fill;
 With her I love, I'd gladly share my Kine and
 fleecy Store.
 Ah! gramachree, &c.

Two Turtle-doves, above my Head, sat courting
 on a Bough,
 I envy'd them their Happiness, to see them bill
 and coo;
 Such Fondness once for me she shew'd, but now,
 alas! 'tis o'er.
 Ah! gramachree, &c.

Then fare thee well, my *Molly* dear, thy Loss I
 e'er shall mourn;
 While Life remains in *Strepbon's* Heart, 'twill
 beat for thee alone;
 Tho' thou art false, may Heav'n on thee its
 choicest Blessings pour.
 Ah! gramachree, ma cholleenouge, ma *Molly*
 ashore!

S O N G LXI. *In the DUENNA.*

HAD I a Heart for Falshood fram'd,
 I ne'er could injure you:
 For tho' your Tongue no Promise claim'd,
 Your Charms would make me true.

To you no Soul shall bear Deceit,
 No Stranger offer Wrong:
 But Friends in all the Ag'd you'll meet,
 And Lovers in the Young.

But

But when they learn that you have blest
Another with your Heart,
They'll bid aspiring Passion rest,
And act a Brother's Part.

Then, Lady, dread not here Deceit,
Nor fear to suffer Wrong :
For Friends in all the Ag'd you'll meet,
And Brothers in the Young.

S O N G LXII. *In the DUENNA.*

HOW oft, *Louisa*, hast thou said,
(Nor wilt thou the fond Boast disown)
Thou would'st not lose *Anthony's* Love,
To reign the Partner of a Throne.

And by those Lips that spoke so kind !
And by that Hand I press'd to mine !
To gain a subject Nation's Love,
I swear I would not part with thine.

Then how, my Soul, can we be poor,
Who own what Kingdoms could not buy ?
Of this true Heart thou shalt be Queen,
And, serving thee, a Monarch I.

Thus uncontroll'd in mutual Bliss,
And rich in Love's exhaustless Mine,
Do thou snatch Treasures from my Lips,
And I'll take Kingdoms back from thine.

SONG LXIII. *In the PADLOCK.*

SAY, little foolish, flutt'ring Thing,
 Whither, ah! whither would you wing
 Your airy Flight?
 Stay here and sing,
 Your Mistress to delight.
 No, no, no,
 Sweet *Robin*, you shall not go!
 Where, you Wanton, could you be
 Half so happy as with me?

SONG LXIV. *In the QUAKER.*

WHILE the Lads of the Village shall merrily
 ah!
 Sound the Tabors, I'll hand thee along;
 And I say unto thee, that verily, ah!
 Thou and I will be first in the Throng.
 While the Lads, &c.

Just then, when the Swain who last Year won the
 Dow'r,
 With his Mates shall the Sports have begun,
 When the gay Voice of Gladness resounds from
 each Bow'r,
 And thou long'st in thy Heart to make one.
 While the Lads, &c.

Those Joys which are harmless, what Mortal can
 blame?
 'Tis my Maxim, that Youth should be free;
 And to prove that my Words and my Deeds are
 the same,
 Believe me, thou'lt presently see.
 While the Lads, &c.

SONG

SONG LXV. DOWN THE BURN DAVY,
LOVE.

A favourite Scotch Song, *sung at Vauxhall.*

WHEN Trees did bud, and Fields were green,
And Broom bloom'd fair to see ;
When *Mary* was complete fifteen,
And Love laugh'd in her Eye ;
Blithe *Davy's* Blinks her Heart did move
To speak her Mind thus free :
Gang down the Burn *Davy*, love,
And I will follow thee.

Now *Davy* did each Lad surpass,
That dwelt on this Burn Side,
And *Mary* was the bonniest Lass,
Just meet to be a Bride :
Blithe *Davy's* Blinks, &c.

Her Cheeks were rosy Red and White,
Her Een were bonny Blue,
Her Looks were like *Aurora* bright,
Her Lips like dropping Dew ;
Blithe *Davy's* Blinks, &c.

As Fate had dealt to him a Routh,
Strait to the Kirk he led her,
There plighted her his Faith and Truth,
And a bonny Bride he made her ;
No more asham'd to own her Love,
Or speak her Mind thus free,
Gang down the Burn *Davy*, love,
And I will follow thee.

SONG

SONG LXVI. FEMALE LIBERTY REGAIN'D.

A favourite Song. *Sung by Mr. VERNON at Vauxhall. Set by Mr. BREWSTER.*

THO' Man has long boasted an absolute Sway,
While Woman's hard Fate was love, honour,
obey ;
At length over Wedlock fair Liberty dawns,
And the Lords of Creation must pull in their Horns ;
For *Hymen* among ye proclaims his Decree,
When Husbands are Tyrants, their Wives will be
free.

Away with your Doubts, your Surmises, and Fears,
'Tis *Venus* beats up for her gay Volunteers ;
Enlist at her Banner, you'll vanquish with Ease,
And make of your Husbands what Creatures you
please :
To Arms then, ye fair Ones, and let the World see,
When Husbands are Tyrants, their Wives will be
free.

The Rights of your Sex wou'd you e'er see restor'd,
Your Tongues should be us'd as a two-edged Sword ;
That Ear-piercing Weapon each Husband must
dread,
Who thinks on the Marks you may place on his
Head :

Then wisely unite, till the Men all agree,
That Woman, dear Woman, shall ever be free.

No more shall the Wife, all meek as a Lamb,
Be subject to, Zounds, do you know who I am ?

Domestic

Domestic Politeness shall flourish again,
 When Women take Courage to govern the Men ;
 Then stand to your Charter, and let the World see,
 Tho' Husbands are Tyrants, their Wives will be
 free.

S O N G LXVII.

Damon and Florella. A DIALOGUE.

Sung in the SORCERER.

He. **C**AST, my Love, thine Eyes around,
 See the sportive Lambkins play ;
 Nature gaily decks the Ground,
 All in Honour of the *May* :
 Like the Sparrow and the Dove,
 Listen to the Voice of Love.

She. *Damon*, thou hast found me long
 List'ning to thy soothing Tale,
 And thy soft persuasive Tongue
 Often held me in the Dale :
 Take, oh ! *Damon*, while I live,
 All which Virtue ought to give.

He. Not the Verdure of the Grove,
 Not the Garden's fairest Flow'r,
 Nor the Meads, where Lovers rove,
 Tempted by the vernal Hour,
 Can delight thy *Damon's* Eye,
 If *Florella* is not by.

She. Not the Water's gentle Fall,
 By the Bank with Poplars crown'd,
 Not the feather'd Songsters all,
 Nor the Flute's melodious Sound,

Can

Can delight *Florella's* Ear,
If her *Damon* is not near.

Both. Let us love, and let us live,
Like the chearful Season gay,
Banish Care, and let us give
Tribute to the fragrant *May*:
Like the Sparrow and the Dove,
Listen to the Voice of Love.

S O N G LXVIII. SOGER LADDIE.

Sung by Miss HARPER, at Marybone-Gardens.

Set by Mr. Theodore Smith.

MY soger Laddie is over the Sea,
And he will bring Gold and Money to me;
And when he comes home he'll make me a Lady,
My Blessing gang with my soger Laddie.

My doughty Laddie is handsome and brave,
And can as a Soger and Lover behave;
True to his Country, to Love he is steady,
There's few to compare with my soger Laddie.

Shield him, ye Angels, frae Death in Alarms,
Return him with Laurels to my langing Arms;
Syne frae all my Care he'll presently free me,
When back to my Wishes my Soger ye gie me.

O soon may his Honours bloom fair on his Brow,
As quickly they must, if he get his Due;
For in noble Actions his Courage is ready,
Which makes me delight in my soger Laddie.

S O N G

SONG LXIX. *A Scotch Song.**Music by Mr. FISHER.**Sung by Miss COWPER, at Vauxhall.*

THE Lowland Lads think they are fine,
 But O they're vain and idly gaudy ;
 How much unlike the graceful Mein,
 And manly Looks of my Highland Laddie.
 O my bonny Highland Laddie ;
 My handsome, charming Highland Laddie ;
 May Heav'n still guard, and Love reward,
 The Lowland Lads and her Highland Laddie.

If I were free at will to chuse
 To be the wealthiest Lowland Lady ;
 I'd take young *Donald* in his Trews,
 With Bonnet blue and belted Plaidie.
 O my bonny, &c.

No greater Joy I'll e'er pretend,
 Than that his Love prove true and steady ;
 Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
 While Heav'n preserves my Highland Laddie.
 O my bonny, &c.

SONG LXX. WINTER.

A Pastoral Ballad.

WHEN the Trees are all bare, not a Leaf to
 to be seen,
 And the Meadows their Beauties have lost ;
 When Nature's disrob'd of her Mantle of Green,
 And the Streams are fast bound with the Frost :
 While

While the Peasant, inactive, stands shivering with
Cold,

As bleak the Winds northerly blow ;
And the innocent Flocks run for Ease to their Fold,
With their Fleeces besprinkled with Snow.

In the Yard when the Cattle are fodder'd with
Straw ;

And they send forth their Breath like a Steam ;
And the neat looking dairy Maid sees she must thaw
Flakes of Ice that she finds in the Cream :
When the sweet country Maiden, as fresh as a Rose,
As she carelessly trips, often slides ;
And the Rustics laugh loud, if, by falling, she shews
All the Charms that her Modesty hides.

When the Lads and the Lasses, for Company join'd,
In a Croud round the Embers are met ;
Talk of Fairies and Witches that ride on the Wind,
And of Ghosts 'till they're all in a Sweat :
When the Birds to the Barn come hovering for
Food,

Or they silently sit on the Spray ;
And the poor timid Hare in vain seeks the Wood,
Lest her Footsteps her Course should betray.

Heav'n grant in this Season it may prove my Lot,
With the Nymph whom I love and admire,
While the Icicles hang from the Eves of my Cot,
I may thither in Safety retire !
Where in Neatness and Quiet, and free from
Surprise,

We may live, and no Hardships endure ;
Nor feel any turbulent Passions arise,
Such such as each other may cure.

S O N G

SONG LXXI. *From Shakespeare's Cymbeline.**By Mr. WILLIAM COLLINS.*

TO fair *Fidele's* grassy Tomb
 Soft Maids, and village Hinds, shall bring
 Each op'ning Sweet, of earliest Bloom,
 And rifle all the breathing Spring.

No wailing Ghost shall dare appear
 To vex with Shrieks this quiet Grove:
 But Shepherd Lads assemble here,
 And melting Virgins own their Love.

No wither'd Witch shall here be seen,
 No Goblins lead their nightly Crew:
 The female Fays shall haunt the Green,
 And dress thy Grave with pearly Dew!

The Red-breast oft at ev'ning Hours
 Shall kindly lend his little Aid,
 With hoary Moss, and gather'd Flow'rs,
 To deck the Ground where thou art laid.

When howling Winds, and beating Rain,
 In Tempests shake the sylvan Cell;
 Or 'midst the Chace on ev'ry Plain,
 The tender Thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely Scene shall thee restore,
 For thee the Tear be duly shed:
 Belov'd, till Life could charm no more;
 And mourn'd, till Pity's self be dead.

SONG LXXII. To SYLVIA.

By DAVID GARRICK, Esq;

IF Truth can fix thy wav'ring Heart,
 Let *Damon* urge his Claim;
 He feels the Passion, void of Art,
 The pure, the constant Flame.

Tho' fighting Swains their Torments tell,
 Their sensual Love contemn;
 They only prize the beauteous Shell,
 But slight the inward Gem.

Possession cures the wounded Heart,
 Destroys the transient Fire;
 But when the Mind receives the Dart,
 Enjoyment whets Desire.

By Age your Beauty will decay,
 Your Mind improves with Years;
 As when the Blossoms fade away,
 The rip'ning Fruit appears.

May Heav'n and *Sylvia* grant my Suit,
 And bless the future Hour,
 That *Damon*, who can taste the Fruit,
 May gather ev'ry Flow'r!

SONG LXXIII.

By WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, Esq; Poet Laureat.

IN Story we're told
 How our Monarchs of old
 O'er *France* spread their royal Domain;

But

But no Annals can shew
 Their Pride laid so low
 As when brave *George* the Second did reign, brave
 Boys !
 As when brave *George* the Second did reign.

Of *Roman* and *Greek*
 Let Fame no more speak,
 How their Arms the old World did subdue ;
 Thro' the Nations around
 Let our Trumpets now sound,
 How *Britons* have conquer'd the new, brave Boys!
 How *Britons* have conquer'd the new.

East, West, North, and South,
 Our Cannon's loud Mouth
 Shall the Right of our Monarch maintain :
 On *America's* Strand
Amherst limits the Land,
Boscawen gave Law on the Main, brave Boys !
Boscawen gave Law on the Main.

Each Port and each Town
 We still make our own ;
Cape Breton, *Crown Point*, *Niagar*,
Guadeloupe, *Senegal*,
Quebec's mighty Fall,
 Shall prove we've no equal in War, brave Boys !
 Shall prove we've no equal in War.

Though *Conflans* did boast,
 He'd conquer our Coast,
 Our Thunder soon made Monsieur mute :
 Brave *Harwe* wing'd his Way,
 Then pounc'd on his Prey,
 And gave him an *English* Salute, brave Boys !
 And gave him an *English* Salute.

At *Minden* you know
 How we conquer'd the Foe,
 While homeward their Army now steals ;
 Tho' they cry'd *British* Bands
 Are too hard for our Hands,
 Begar we can beat them in Heels, *Morbleu* !
 Begar we can beat them in Heels.

While our Heroes from Home
 For Laurels now roam,
 Should their flat-bottom'd Boats but appear ;
 Our Militia shall shew
 No wooden shoe Foe
 Can with Freeman in Battle compare, brave Boys !
 Can with Freeman in Battle compare.

Our Fortunes and Lives,
 Our Children and Wives,
 To defend is the Time now or never ;
 Then let each Volunteer
 To the Drum-head repair ;
 King *George* and Old *England* for ever, brave Boys !
 King *George* and Old *England* for ever.

S O N G LXXIV.

As *Colin* rang'd early one Morning in Spring,
 To hear the wood Choristers warble and
 sing,
 Young *Phæbe* he saw supinely was laid ;
 And thus in sweet Melody sung the fair Maid :

Of all my Experience how vast the Amount,
 Since fifteen long Winters I fairly can count ;
 Was ever poor Damsel so sadly betray'd,
 To live to these Years, and yet still be a Maid ?

E

Ye

Ye Heroes, triumphant by Land and by Sea,
Sworn Vot'ries to Love, yet unmindful of me;
Of Prowess approv'd, of no Dangers afraid,
Will you stand by like Dastards, and see me a Maid?

Ye Counsellors sage, who with eloquent Tongue
Can do what you please, both with Right and with
Wrong;
Can it be by Law or by Equity said
That a comely young Girl ought to die an old
Maid?

Ye learned Physicians, whose excellent Skill
Can save or demolish, can heal or can kill;
To a poor forlorn Damsel contribute your Aid,
Who is sick, very sick of remaining a Maid.

Ye Fops, I invoke not to list to my Song,
Who answer no end, and to no Sex belong;
Ye Echo of Echoes, and Shadows of Shade,
For if I had you, I might still be a Maid.

Poor *Colin* was melted to hear her complain,
Then whisper'd Relief like a kind-hearted Swain;
And *Phæbe* well pleas'd is no longer afraid
Of being neglected, and dying a Maid.

S O N G LXXV. *In the JOVIAL CREW.*

I Made love to *Kate*, long I sigh'd for she,
Till I heard of late, she'd a Mind to me:
I met her on the Green in her best Array,
So pretty she did seem, she stole my Heart away;
Oh then we kiss'd and press'd, were we much to
blame?
Had you been in my Place, you'd have done the
same.

As

As I fonder grew, she began to prate,
 Quoth she, I'll marry you, if you will marry *Kate*;
 But then I laugh'd, and swore I lov'd her more
 than so,
 For ty'd each to a Rope's end, 'tis tugging to and
 fro:
 Again we kiss'd and press'd, were we much to
 blame?
 Had you been in my Place, you'd have done the
 same.

Then she sigh'd, and said, she was wond'rous
 sick,
Dicky Katy led, *Katy* she led *Dick*;
 Long we toy'd and play'd, under yonder Oak,
Katy lost the Game, though she play'd in Joke;
 For there we did, alas! what I dare not name,
 Had you been in my Place, you'd have done the
 same.

SONG LXXVI. FAIR HEBE.

FAIR *Hebe* I left with a cautious Design,
 To escape from her Charms, and to drown
 'em in Wine:

I try'd it, but found, when I came to depart,
 The Wine in my Head, and still Love in my Heart.
 I repair'd to my Reason, intreated her Aid,
 Who paus'd on my Case, and each Circumstance
 weigh'd,

Then gravely pronounc'd in Return to my Pray'r,
 That *Hebe* was fairest of all that was fair.

That's a Truth, reply'd I, I've no Need to be taught,
 I came for your Counsel to find out a Fault;
 If that's all, quoth Reason, return as you came,
 To find Fault with *Hebe* would forfeit my Name.

What Hopes then, alas ! of Relief from my Pain,
 While like Lightning she darts thro' each throbbing Vein,
 My Senses surpriz'd in her Favour took Arms,
 And Reason confirms me a Slave to her Charms.

S O N G LXXVII.

RESOLV'D, as her Poet, of *Celia* to sing,
 For Emblems of Beauty I search'd through
 the Spring ;

To Flowers soft blooming compar'd the sweet
 Maid,

But Flowers, tho' blooming, at Evening may fade :
 Of Sunshine and Breezes, I next thought to write,
 Of Breezes so calm, and of Sunshine so bright ;
 But these with my Fair no Resemblance will hold,
 For Sun sets at Night, and the Breezes grow cold.

The Clouds of mild Evening array'd in pale Blue,
 While the Sun-beams behind them peep'd glitter-
 ing thro' ;

Tho' to rival her Charms can they never arise,
 Yet methought they look'd something like *Celia's*
 sweet Eyes.

These Beauties are transient, but *Celia's* will last,
 When Spring, and when Summer, and Autumn
 are past ;

For Sense and good Humour, no Season disarms,
 And the Soul of my *Celia* enlivens her Charms.

At length on a Fruit-tree, a Blossom I found,
 Which Beauty display'd, and shed Fragrance
 around,

I then thought the Muses had smil'd on my Prayer,
 This Blossom, I cry'd, will resemble my Fair ;

These

These Colours so gay, and united so well,
 This delicate Feature, and ravishing Smell,
 Be her Person's dear Emblem; but where shall I
 find
 In Nature a Beauty that equals her Mind?

This Blossom now pleasing, at Summer's gay
 Call,
 Must languish at first, and must afterward, fall;
 But behind it the Fruit, its Successor, shall rise,
 By Nature disrob'd of its beauteous Disguise:
 So *Celia*, when Youth, that gay Blossom, is o'er,
 By her Virtues improv'd shall engage me the more;
 Shall recal ev'ry Beauty that brighten'd her Prime,
 When her Merit is ripen'd by Love and by Time.

SONG LXXVIII. *Colin's Complaint.* By Rowe.
 An ancient Ballad, new set by Dr. ARNE.

DEspairing beside a clear Stream,
 A Shepherd forsaken was laid,
 And whilst a false Nymph was his Theme,
 A Willow supported his Head;
 The Wind that blew over the Plain
 To his Sighs with a Sigh did reply,
 And the Brook in return to his Pain
 Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas! silly Swain that I was,
 Thus sadly complaining he cry'd,
 When first I beheld that fair Face,
 'Twere better by far I had dy'd;
 She talk'd, and I blest'd the dear Tongue,
 When she smil'd, 'twas a Pleasure too great;
 I listen'd, and cry'd, when she sung,
 Was Nightingale ever so sweet?

How foolish was I to believe,
 She could doat on so lowly a Clown?
 Or that her fond Heart would not grieve
 To forsake the fine Folks of the Town:
 To think that a Beauty so gay,
 So kind and so constant would prove,
 To go clad like our Maidens in grey,
 And live in a Cottage on Love.

What tho' I have Skill to complain,
 Tho' the Muses my Temples have crown'd?
 What tho' when they hear my soft Strain,
 The Virgins sit weeping around;
 Ah! *Colin* thy Hopes are in vain,
 Thy Pipe and thy Laurel resign;
 Thy fair One inclines to a Swain,
 Whose Music is sweeter than thine.

And you, my Companions so dear,
 Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
 Whatever I suffer, forbear,
 Forbear to accuse the false Maid:
 If thro' the wide World I should range,
 'Tis in vain from my Fortune to fly;
 'Twas hers to be false, and to change,
 'Tis mine to be constant, and die.

If while my hard Fate I sustain,
 In her Breast any Pity is found,
 Let her come with the Nymphs of the Plain,
 And see me laid low in the Ground;
 The last humble Boon that I crave,
 Is to shade me with Cypress and Yew;
 And when she looks down on my Grave,
 Let her own that her Shepherd was true.

Then

Then to her new Love let her go,
 And deck her in golden Array,
 Be finest at every fine Show,
 And frolic it all the long Day;
 While *Colin*, forgotten and gone,
 No more shall be heard of, or seen,
 Unless when beneath the pale Moon,
 His Ghost shall glide over the Green.

S O N G LXXIX. *Written by Mr. Garrick.*

Sung in The Way to keep Him.

YE fair married Dames, who so often deplore
 That a Lover once blest'd is a Lover no more,
 Attend to my Counsel, nor blush to be taught,
 That Prudence must cherish what Beauty has
 caught.

The Bloom of your Cheek, and the Glance of
 your Eye,
 Your Roses and Lilies may make the Men sigh;
 But Roses and Lilies, and Sighs pass away,
 And Passion will die as your Beauties decay.

Use the Man that you wed like your fav'rite Guitar,
 Tho' Music in both, they are both apt to jar;
 How tuneful and soft from a delicate Touch,
 Not handled too roughly, nor play'd on too much!

The Sparrow and Linnet will feed from your Hand,
 Grow tame by your Kindness, and come at Com-
 mand,
 Exert with your Husband the same happy Skill,
 For Hearts, like your Birds, may be tam'd to
 your Will.

Be gay and good humour'd, complying and kind,
 Turn the chief of your Care from your Face to
 your Mind,
 'Tis there that a Wife may her Conquests improve,
 And Hymen shall rivet the Fetters of Love.

S O N G LXXX. HEAVY HOURS.

By Lord LYTTLETON.

THE heavy Hours are almost past,
 That part my Love and me ;
 My longing Eyes may hope at last
 Their only Wish to see.
 But how, my *Delia*, will you meet
 The Man you've lost so long ?
 Will Love in all your Pulses beat,
 And tremble on your Tongue ?

Will you in ev'ry Look declare
 Your Heart is still the same,
 And heal each idly anxious Care,
 Our Fears in Absence frame ?
 Thus, *Delia*, thus I paint the Scene,
 When we shall shortly meet,
 And try what yet remains between
 Of loit'ring Time the Cheat.

But if the Dream that soothes my Mind
 Shall false and groundless prove ;
 If I am doom'd at length to find
 You have forgot to love ;
 All I of *Venus* ask is this,
 No more to let us join,
 But grant me here the flatt'ring Bliss,
 To die and think thee mine.

S O N G

SONG LXXXI. *The ATTIC FIRE.*

WHEN all the *Attic* Fire was fled
 And all the *Roman* Virtue dead,
 Poor Freedom lost her Seat;
 The *Gothic* Mantle spread a Night
 That damp'd fair Virtue's fading Light,
 The Muses lost their Mate.

Where should they wander, what new Shore
 Has yet a Laurel left in Store?
 To this blest Isle they steer;
 Soon the *Parnassian* Choir was heard,
 Soon Virtue's sacred Form appear'd,
 And Freedom soon was here.

The lazy Monk has left his Cell,
 Religion rings her hallow'd Bell,
 She calls thee now by me:
 Hark! her sweet Voice all plaintive sounds,
 See, she receives a thousand Wounds,
 If shielded not by thee.

SONG LXXXII. *The Yellow hair'd Laddie.*

*The last Verse of this Song is not to be met with
 in any other late Collection of Songs.*

IN *April*, when Primroses paint the sweet Plain,
 And Summer approaching rejoiceth the Swain,
 The yellow-hair'd Laddie would oftentimes go
 To wild and deep Glens, where the Hawthorn-
 trees grow.

There under the Shade of an old sacred Thorn,
 With Freedom he sung his Loves Evening and
 Morn ;

He sang with so soft and enchanting a Sound,
 That Sylvans and Fairies, unseen, danc'd around.

The Shepherd thus sung ; tho' young *Maya* be fair,
 Her Beauty is dash'd with a proud scornful Air ;
 But *Susie* was handsome, and sweetly could sing,
 Her Breath like the Breezes, perfum'd in the
 Spring.

That *Maddie*, in all the gay Bloom of her Youth,
 Like the Moon was inconstant, and never spoke
 Truth ;

But *Susie* was faithful, good-humour'd, and free,
 And fair as the Goddess that sprung from the Sea.

That Mamma's fine Daughter, with all her great
 Dow'r

Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour :
 Then sighing, he wish'd, would Parents agree,
 The witty, sweet *Susie* his Mistress might be.

SONG LXXXIII. In THOMAS AND SALLY.

Sung by a 'Squire.

WHEN late I wander'd o'er the Plain,
 From Nymph to Nymph, I strove in vain
 My wild Desires to rally ;
 But now they're of themselves come Home,
 And, strange ! no longer seek to roam,
 They center all in *Sally*.

Yet she, unkind one, damps my Joy,
And cries, I court but to destroy :

Can Love with Ruin tally ?
By those dear Lips, those Eyes, I swear,
I would all Deaths, all Torments bear,
Rather than injure *Sally*.

Can the weak Taper's feeble Rays,
Or Lamps transmit the Sun's bright Blaze ?

Oh ! no — then say how shall I
In Words be able to express
My Love ? — it burns to such Excess,
I almost die for *Sally*.

Come then, oh ! come, thou sweeter far
Than Jessamine and Roses are,
Or Lilies of the Valley ;
O follow, Love, and quit your Fear,
He'll guide you to these Arms, my Dear,
And make me blest in *Sally*.

S O N G LXXXIV. LAZY JOHNNY.

WHERE's my Swain, so blithe and clever ?
Why d'ye leave me all in Sorrow ?
Three whole Days are gone for ever,
Since you said you'd come To-morrow.
If you lov'd but half as I do,
You'd been here with Looks so bonny :
Love has flying Wings, I well know,
Not for ling'ring lazy *Johnny*.

What can he be now a doing !
Is he with the Lasses Maying ?
He had better here be wooing,
Than with others fondly playing.

Tell me truly where he's roving,
 That I may no longer sorrow;
 If he's weary grown of loving,
 Let him tell me so To-morrow.

Does some fav'rite Rival hide thee,
 Let her be the happy Creature,
 I'll not plague myself to chide thee,
 Nor dispute with her a Feature;
 But I can not will not tarry,
 Nor will kill myself with Sorrow,
 I may lose the Time to marry,
 If I wait beyond To-morrow.

Think not, Shepherd, thus to brave me,
 If I'm yours, away no longer:
 If you won't, another'll have me,
 I may cool, but not grow fonder.
 If your Lovers, Girls, forsake ye,
 Whine not in Despair and Sorrow,
 Bless'd another Lad may make ye;
 Stay for none beyond To-morrow.

SONG LXXXV. Friendship. *By Mr. POPE.*

THE World, my dear *Myra*, is full of Deceit,
 And Friendship's a Jewel we seldom can
 meet;
 How strange does it seem that in searching around,
 This Source of Content is so rare to be found.
 O Friendship! thou Balm and rich Sweetner of Life,
 Kind Parent of Ease, and Composer of Strife;
 Without thee, alas! what are Riches and Pow'r,
 But empty Delusions, the Joys of an Hour.

How

How much to be priz'd and esteem'd is a Friend,
 On whom we may always with Safety depend!
 Our Joys when extended will always encrease,
 And Griefs when divided are hush'd into Peace:
 When Fortune is smiling what Crowds will appear,
 Their Kindness to offer and Friendship sincere;
 Yet change but the Prospect, and point out Distress,
 No longer to court you they eagerly press.

S O N G LXXXVI. The NUN.

SURE a Lass in her Bloom at the Age of nine-
 teen
 Was ne'er so distress'd as of late I have been;
 I know not, I vow, any Harm I have done,
 But Mother oft tells me, she'll have me a Nun,
 But Mother, &c.

Don't you think it a Pity a Girl such as I
 Shou'd be sentenc'd to pray, and to fast, and to
 cry;
 With Ways so devout I'm not like to be won,
 And my Heart it loves Frolic too well for a Nun.

To hear the Men flatter, and promise, and
 swear,
 Is a thousand Times better, to me, I declare;
 I can keep myself chaste, nor by Wiles be undone;
 Nay, besides I'm too handsome, I think, for a
 Nun.

Not to love, nor be lov'd, oh I never can bear!
 Nor yield to be sent to —— one cannot tell where;
 To live or to die in this case were all one;
 Nay, I sooner would die than be reckon'd a Nun.

Perhaps

Perhaps but to teaze me, she threatens me so,
 I'm sure were she me, she would stoutly say No:
 But if she's in Earnest, I from her will run,
 And be marry'd in Spite, that I mayn't be a Nun.

S O N G LXXXVII. CHLOE'S KISSES.

By Sir CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS.

DEAR *Chloe*, come give me sweet Kisses,
 For sweeter no Girl ever gave;
 But why, in the Midst of my Blissess,
 Do you ask me how many I'd have?
 I am not to be stinted in Pleasure,
 Then prithee, dear *Chloe* be kind;
 For since I lovè thee beyond Measure,
 To Numbers I'll ne'er be confin'd.

Count the Bees that on *Hybla* are playing,
 Count the Flowers that enamel the Fields;
 Count the Flocks that on *Tempè* are straying,
 Or the Grain that rich *Sicily* yields;
 Count how many Stars are in Heaven,
 Go number the Sands on the Shore,
 And when so many Kisses you've given,
 I still shall be asking for more.

To a Heart full of Love let me hold thee,
 A Heart which, dear *Chloe*, is thine;
 In my Arms I'd for ever enfold thee,
 And twist round thy Neck like a Vine:
 What Joy can be greater than this is!
 My Life on thy Lips shall be spent:
 But the Wretch who can number his Kisses
 Will always with few be content.

S O N G

SONG LXXXVIII. The FEMALE PHAETON.

Written by MATT. PRIOR, Esq;

FAIR *Kitty*, beautiful and young,
 And wild as Colt untam'd,
 Bespoke the Fair from whom she sprung,
 With little Rage inflam'd :
 Inflam'd with Rage at sad Restraint,
 Which wise Mamma ordain'd ;
 And forely vex'd to play the Saint,
 Whilst Wit and Beauty reign'd.

Must Lady *Jenny* frisk about,
 And visit with her Cousins ?
 At Balls must she make all the Rout,
 And bring home Hearts by Dozens ?
 What has she better, pray, than I ?
 What hidden Charms to boast ?
 That all Mankind for her should die,
 Whilst I am scarce a Toast.

Dearest Mamma, for once let me
 Unchain'd my Fortune try !
 I'll have my Earl as well as she,
 Or know the Reason why.
 Fondness prevail'd, Mamma gave way,
Kitty, at heart's Desire,
 Obtain'd the Chariot for a Day,
 And set the World on fire.

SONG LXXXIX. BALANCE A STRAW.

FROM the Man whom I love, though my
 Heart I disguise,
 will freely describe the Wretch I despise ;

And

And if he has Sense but to balance a Straw,
He will sure take a Hint from the Picture I draw.

A Wit without Sense, without Fancy a Beau;
Like a Parrot he chatters, and struts like a Crow;
A Peacock in Pride, in Grimace a Baboon;
In Courage a Hind, in Conceit a Gascoon.

As a Vulture rapacious, in Falshood a Fox;
Inconstant as Waves, and unfeeling as Rocks;
As a Tyger ferocious, perverse as a Hog;
In Mischief an Ape, and in fawning a Dog.

In a Word, to sum up all his Talents together,
His Heart is of Lead, and his Brains are of Feather;
Yet if he has Sense but to balance a Straw,
He will sure take a Hint from the Picture I draw.

S O N G X C.

DEAREST *Kitty*, kind and fair,
Tell me when, and tell me where;
Tell thy fond and faithful Swain
When we thus shall meet again?
When shall *Strephon* fondly see
Beauties only found in thee?
Kiss thee, press thee, toy and play,
All the happy live long Day:
Dearest *Kitty*! kind and fair,
Tell me when, and tell me where?

All the happy Day, 'tis true,
Bless'd, but only when with you,
Nightly *Strephon* sings alone,
Sighs till *Hymen* makes us one.

Tell

Tell me then, and ease my Pain,
 Tell thy fond and faithful Swain,
 When the Priest shall kindly join
Kitty's trembling Hand to mine?
 Dearest *Kitty*! kind and fair,
 Tell me when—I care not where.

S O N G XCI.

Sung by Mrs. PINTO, in Love in a Village.

IN Love should there meet a fond Pair,
 Untutor'd by Fashion or Art,
 Whose Wishes are warm and sincere,
 Whose Words are th'Excess of the Heart;

If aught of substantial Delight
 On this Side the Stars can be found,
 'Tis sure, when that Couple unite,
 And *Cupid* by *Hymen* is crown'd.

S O N G XCII.

ASK if yon damask Rose be sweet
 That scents the ambient Air;
 Then ask each Shepherd that you meet,
 If dear *Susanna's* fair.

Say, will the Vulture leave his Prey,
 And warble thro' the Grove!
 Bid wanton Linnets quit the Spray;
 Then doubt thy Shepherd's Love.

The Spoils of War let Heroes share,
 Let Pride in Splendor shine;
 Ye Bards, unenvy'd Laurels wear,
 Be fair *Susanna* mine.

S O N G

S O N G XCIII.

THAT *Jenny's* my Friend, my Delight and
 my Pride,
 I always have boasted, and seek not to hide;
 I dwell on her Praises wherever I go:
 They say I'm in Love, but I answer, no, no,
 They say I'm in Love, &c.

At Evening oft-times with what Pleasure I see
 A Note from her Hand—I'll be with you at Tea!
 My Heart how it bounds when I hear her below;
 But say not 'tis Love, for I answer, no, no.

She sings me a Song, and I echo its Strain,
 Again I cry, *Jenny, sweet Jenny*, again;
 I kiss her sweet Lips, as if there I would grow;
 But say not 'tis Love, for I answer, no, no.

She tells me her Faults, as she sits on my Knee,
 I chide her, and swear she's an Angel to me;
 My Shoulder she taps, and still bids me think so;
 Who knows but she loves, tho' she answers, no, no.

From Beauty and Wit and good Humour how I,
 Should Prudence advise, and compel me to fly;
 Thy Bounty, O Fortune! make haste to bestow,
 And let me deserve her, or still I'll say no.

S O N G XCIV. Tune, Farewel to Lochabar.

THE Sportsman may boast of his well-scented
 Hound;
 Each Day let the Coxcomb in dawdling confound;
 The Statesman may vaunt of political Schemes;
 Let Poets be fool'd by their fancy-form'd Dreams:
 Let

Let night-wasting Learned their Volumes unfold,
 Give the Toper his Bottle, the Miser his Gold;
 'Gainst Learning, Wealth, drinking, Wit, State,
 I protest,
 'Tis Woman, dear Woman, she's worth all the rest.

Tho' Birds, in shrill Symphonies, sing o'er our
 Heads,
 And *Flora's* gay Paintings enamel the Meads;
 Tho' the Fruits are so pleasant, so thick grow the
 Trees,
 So warm shines the Sun, and so cool breathes each
 Breeze;
 The Odour of Spices, the pure Crystal Stream,
 Each nice Gift of Nature, I nobly esteem;
 Ye Birds, Fruits, Spice, Flowers, can ne'er stand
 the Test
 With Woman, dear Woman, she's worth all the
 rest.

In Sickness, in Prison, in Want, in Despair,
 What Woe can we feel, if fond Woman is there?
 The Nostrum of Nature, the Med'cine of Life,
 In ev'ry Affliction, the Cure is a Wife:
 But think not, ye Fair, that these Praises are paid
 To the miser-like Virgin, the green-sickness Maid;
 Tho' so delicate shap'd, yet imperfect's your Plan,
 And you useless exist, till you're finish'd by MAN.

SONG XCV. *In the Beggar's Opera, by GAY.*

Tune, O! Bessy Bell.

A CURSE attends that Woman's Love,
 Who always wou'd be pleasing:
 The Pertness of the billing Dove,
 Like tickling, is but teasing.

What

What then in Love can Woman do?
 If we grow fond they shun us;
 And when we fly them, they pursue,
 But leave us when they've won us.

S O N G XCVI. *Tune, Omnia vincit Amor.*

AS I went forth to view the Spring,
 Which *Flora* had adorned
 In Raiment fair; now ev'ry Thing
 The Rage of Winter scorned;
 I cast mine Eye, and did espy
 A Youth who made great Clamour,
 And drawing nigh, I heard him cry,
 Ah! Omnia vincit Amor.

Upon his Breast he lay along,
 Hard by a murm'ring River,
 And mournfully his doleful Song
 With Sighs he did deliver.
 Ah! *Jenny's* Face, and comely Grace,
 Her Looks that shin'd like Lammer,
 With burning Rays have cut my Days;
 For, Omnia vincit Amor.

Her glancy Een, like Comets sheen,
 The morning Sun out-shining,
 Have caught my Heart in *Cupid's* Net,
 And make me die with pining.
 Durst I complain, Nature's to blame,
 So curiously to frame her,
 Whose Beauties rare, make me with Care,
 Cry Omnia vincit Amor.

Ye crystal Streams that swiftly glide,
 Be Partners of my Mourning!
 Ye fragrant Fields, and Meadows wide,
 Condemn her for her scorning:
 Let ev'ry Tree a Witness be,
 How justly I may blame her:
 Ye chanting Birds, note these my Words,
 Ah! Omnia vincit Amor.

Had she been kind as she was fair,
 She long had been admir'd,
 And been ador'd for Virtues rare,
 Wh' of Life now makes me tir'd.
 Thus said, his Breath began to fail,
 He could not speak, but stammer;
 He sigh'd full fore, and said no more,
 But, Omnia vincit Amor.

When I observ'd him near to Death,
 I ran in Haste to save him;
 But quickly he resign'd his Breath;
 So deep the Wound Love gave him.
 Now, for his Sake, this Vow I'll make,
 My Tongue shall ay defame her:
 While on his Hearse I'll write this Verse,
 Ah! Omnia vincit Amor.

Straight I consider'd in my Mind
 Upon the Matter rightly,
 And found, tho' *Cupid* he be blind,
 He proves in Pith most mighty.
 For warlike *Mars*, and thund'ring *Jove*,
 And *Vulcan* with his Hammer,
 Did ever prove the Slave of Love,
 For, Omnia vincit Amor.

Henc

Hence we may see th' Effects of Love,
 Which Gods and Men keep under,
 That nothing can his Bonds remove,
 Or Torments break afunder :
 Nor Wife, nor Fool, need go to School,
 To learn this from his Grammar ;
 His Heart's the Book where he's to look,
 For, Omnia vincit Amor.

S O N G XCVII.

BLEST as th' immortal Gods is he,
 The Youth who fondly sits by thee,
 And hears and sees thee all the while,
 Softly speak, and sweetly smile !
 So spoke the eastern Maid ;
 (Like thine, seraphic were her Charms)
 That in *Circassia's* Vineyard stray'd,
 And blest the wisest Monarch's Arms.

A thousand Fair, of high desert,
 Strove to inchant the am'rous King ;
 But the *Circassian* gain'd his Heart,
 And taught the royal Bard to sing.
Clarinda thus our Song inspires,
 And claims the smooth and softest Lays :
 But while each Charm our Bosom fires,
 Words seem too few to sound her Praise.

Her Mind, in ev'ry Grace complete,
 To paint, surpasses human Skill :
 Her Majesty, mix'd with the sweet,
 Let Seraphs sing her, if they will.
 Whilst wand'ring, with a ravish'd Eye,
 We all that's perfect in her view,
 Viewing a Sister of the Sky,
 To whom an Adoration's due.

S O N G

S O N G XCVIII.

CAN Love be controul'd by Advice?
 Can Madnefs and Reason agree?
O Molly! who'd ever be wife,
 If Madnefs is loving of thee?

Let Sages pretend to defpife
 The Joys they want Spirits to tafte;
 Let me feize on old Time as he flies,
 And the Bleffings of Life while they laft.

Dull Wifdom but adds to our Cares;
 Brisk Love will improve ev'ry Joy:
 Too foon we may meet with grey Hairs;
 Too late may repent being coy.

Then *Molly* for what fhould we ftay,
 Till all our beft Blood does run cold?
 Our Youth we can have but To-day,
 We may always find Time to grow old.

S O N G XCIX.

DEAR *Chloe*, while thus beyond Measure
 You treat me with Doubts and Difdain,
 You rob all your Youth of its Pleasure,
 And hoard up an Old Age of Pain:
 Your Maxim, that Love is ftill founded
 On Charms that will quickly decay,
 You'll find to be very ill grounded,
 When once you its Dictates obey.

The Paffion from Beauty firft drawn,
 Your Kindnefs would vafly improve;
 Your Sighs and your Smiles are the Dawn,
 Fruition's the Sun-fhine of Love:

And

And tho' the bright Beams of your Eyes
 Shou'd be clouded, that now are so gay,
 And Darkneſs poſſeſs all the Skies,
 Yet we ne'er can forget it was Day.
 Old *Darby*, with *Joan* by his Side,
 You've often regarded with Wonder ;
 He's dropſical, ſhe is fore-ey'd,
 Yet they're ever uneaſy aſunder ;
 Together they totter about,
 Or ſit in the Sun at the Door,
 And at Night, when old *Darby's* Pot's out,
 His *Joan* will not ſmoak a Whiff more.
 No Beauty nor Wit they poſſeſs,
 Their ſeveral Failings to ſmother ;
 Then, what are the Charms, can you gueſs,
 That make them ſo fond of each other ;
 'Tis the pleaſing Remembrance of Youth,
 The Endearments which Youth did beſtow ;
 The Thoughts of paſt Pleaſure and Truth,
 The beſt of our Bleſſings below.
 Thoſe Traces for ever will laſt,
 Nor Sickneſs nor Time can remove ;
 For when Youth and Beauty are paſt,
 And Age brings the Winter of Love,
 A Friendſhip inſenſibly grows,
 By Reviews of ſuch Raptures as theſe ;
 The Current of Fondneſs ſtill flows,
 Which decrepid old Age cannot freeze.

S O N G C.

Guardian Angels now protect me,
 Send to me the Swain I love ;
Cupid with thy Bow direct me,
 Help me, all ye Pow'rs above.

Bear him my Sighs, ye gentle Breezes,
 Tell him I love and I despair ;
 Tell him, for him I grieve,
 Say 'tis for him I live ;
 O may the Shepherd be sincere !

Thro' the shady Groves I'll wander,
 Silent as the Bird of Night ;
 Near the Brink of yonder Fountain
 First *Leander* blest'd my Sight ;
 Witness, ye Groves and Falls of Water,
 Echoes, repeat the Vows he swore :
 Can he forget me
 Will he neglect me,
 Shall I never see him more !

Does he love and yet forsake me,
 To admire a Nymph more fair ?
 If 'tis so I'll wear the Willow,
 And esteem the happy Pair.
 Some lonely Cave I'll make my Dwelling,
 Ne'er more the Cares of Life pursue :
 The Lark and Philomel
 Only shall hear me tell
 What makes me bid the World adieu.

S O N G C I. By GAY.

GO, Rose, my *Chloe's* Bosom grace,
 How happy should I prove,
 Might I supply that envy'd Place
 With never-fading Love,
 There, Phoenix-like, beneath her Eye,
 Involv'd in Fragrance, burn and die.

F

Know,

Know, hapless Flow'r, that thou shalt find
 More fragrant Roses there,
 I see thy with'ring Head reclin'd
 With Envy and Despair,
 One common Fate we both must prove,
 You die with Envy, I with Love,
 You die, &c.

S O N G CII.

LOVE's a gentle, gen'rous Passion,
 Source of all sublime Delights;
 Which, with mutual Inclination,
 Two fond Hearts in one unites.

What are Titles, Pomp, or Riches,
 If compar'd with true Content?
 That false Joy which now bewitches,
 When obtain'd, we may repent.

Lawless Passion brings Vexation,
 But a chaste and constant Love
 Is a glorious Emulation
 Of the blissful State above.

S O N G CIII.

HAPPY's the Love which meets Return,
 When in soft Flames Souls equal burn;
 But Words are wanting to discover
 The Torments of a hopeless Lover,
 Ye Registers of Heav'n, relate,
 If looking o'er the Rolls of Fate,
 Did you there see me mark'd to marrow
Mary Scot, the Flower of Yarrow?

Ah no! her Form's too heavenly fair,
 Her Love the Gods above must share;
 While Mortals with Despair explore her,
 And at a Distance due adore her.
 O lovely Maid! my Doubts beguile,
 Revive and bless me with a Smile:
 Alas! if not, you'll soon debar a
 Sighing Swain the Banks of Yarrow.

But hush, ye Fears, I'll not despair,
 My *Mary's* tender as she's fair;
 Then I'll go tell her all my Anguish,
 She is too good to let me languish:
 With Success crown'd, I'll not envy
 The Folks that dwell above the Sky;
 When *Mary Scot's* become my Marrow
 We'll make a Paradise on Yarrow.

S O N G CIV. LOVE and AFFECTION.

Sung by Mr. VERNON, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. YATES.

WHEN Youth mature to Manhood grew,
 Soon Beauty touch'd my Heart;
 From Vein to Vein Love's Light'ning flew,
 With pleasing, painful Smart:
 My Bosom dear Content forsook,
 And sooth'd the soft Dejection:
 The melting Eye, the speaking Look,
 Prov'd Love and sweet Affection.

Unus'd to Arts which win the Fair,
 What could a Shepherd do?
 And to submit to sad Despair,
 Was not the Way to woo.

At length I told the lovely Maid,
I hop'd she'd no Objection
To talk (while round her Lambkins play'd)
Of Love and sweet Affection.

A Blush my *Chloe's* Cheek bedeck'd,
A Blush devoid of Guile,
“ And what from me, can you expect ?”
She answer'd with a Smile,
“ How many Nymphs have been betray'd,
“ Through want of calm Reflection ?
“ Then don't my Peace of Mind invade
“ With Love and sweet Affection.”

Dear Maid, I cry'd, mistrust me not,
In Wedlock's Bands let's join ;
My Kids, my Kine, my Herds, my Cot,
My Soul itself is thine.
To Church I led the charming Fair,
To *Hymen's* kind Protection ;
And now Life's dearest Joys we share
With Love and sweet Affection.

SONG CV. *Sung by Mrs. MATTOCKS,*
In LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

CUPID, God of soft Persuasion,
Take the helpless Lover's Part :
Seize, oh seize, some kind Occasion
To reward a faithful Heart.

Justly those we Tyrants call,
Who the Body would enthrall ;
Tyrants of more cruel Kind,
Those who would enslave the Mind.
Cupid, God, &c.

What

What is Grandeur ? Foe to Rest ;
 Childish Mummery at best.
 Happy I in humble State !
 Catch ye Fools, the glitt'ring Bait.
 Cupid, God of, &c.

S O N G C V I.

Sung by Mrs. PINTO, in ARTAXERXES.

IF o'er the cruel Tyrant, Love,
 A Conquest I believ'd,
 The flatt'ring Error cease to prove,
 O ! let me be deceiv'd.

Forbear to fan the gentle Flame,
 Which Love did first create ;
 What was my Pride is now my Shame,
 And must be turn'd to hate.

Then call not to my wav'ring Mind
 The Weakness of my Heart,
 Which, ah ! I feel too much inclin'd
 To take a Traitor's Part.

S O N G C V I I.

Sung by Mrs. PINTO, in ARTAXERXES.

LET not Rage, thy Bosom firing,
 Pity's softer Claim remove :
 Spare a Heart that's just expiring,
 Forc'd by Duty, rack'd by Love.

Each ungentle Thought suspending,
 Judge of mine by thy soft Breast :
 Nor, with Rancour never ending,
 Heap fresh Sorrows on th' oppress'd.

Let not Rage, thy Bosom firing,
 Pity's softer Claim remove:
 Spare a Heart that's just expiring,
 Forc'd by Duty, rack'd by Love.

Heav'n, that ev'ry Joy has cross'd,
 Ne'er my wretched State can mend;
 I, alas, at once have lost
 Father, Brother, Lover, Friend!

Let not Rage, thy Bosom firing,
 Pity's softer Claim remove:
 Spare a Heart that's just expiring,
 Forc'd by Duty, rack'd by Love.

SONG CVIII. MAY, *the Mother of Love.*

Written by Mr. Cunningham. Set by Mr. Long.

THE Virgin, when soften'd by *May*,
 Attends to the Villager's Vows,
 The Birds fondly bill on the Spray,
 And Poplars embrace with their Boughs.
 On *Ida* bright *Venus* may reign,
 Ador'd for her Beauty above;
 We Shepherds, that dwell on the Plain,
 Hail *May*, as the Mother of Love.

From the West, as it wantonly blows,
 Fond Zephyr caresses the Vine;
 The Bee steals a Kiss from the Rose,
 And Willows and Woodbines entwine;
 The Pinks by the Rivulet's Side,
 That border the vernal Alcove,
 Bend downward, and kiss the soft Tide,
 For *May* is the Mother of Love.

May

May tinges the Butterfly's Wing,
 He flutters in bridal Array;
 If the Larks and the Linnets now sing,
 Their Music is taught them by *May*:
 The Stock-dove, recluse with her Mate,
 Conceals her fond Bliss in the Grove,
 And, murmuring, seems to repeat,
 That *May* is the Mother of Love.

The Goddesses will visit ye soon,
 Ye Virgins, be sportive and gay;
 Get your Pipes, oh! ye Shepherds in tune,
 For Music must welcome the *May*:
 Would *Damon* have *Phyllis* prove kind,
 And all his keen Anguish remove,
 Let him tell her soft Tales, and he'll find
 That *May* is the Mother of Love.

S O N G C I X.

*A favourite Song, sung by Mrs. SCOT, in the
 Conscious Lovers. Set by Mr. BAILDON.*

IF Love's a sweet Passion, how can it torment?
 If bitter, O tell me whence comes my Content;
 Since I suffer with Pleasure, why should I complain,
 Or grieve at my Fate, since I know 'tis in vain?
 Yet so pleasing the Pain is, so soft is the Dart,
 That at once it both wounds me and tickles my
 Heart.

I grasp her Hand gently, look languishing down,
 And by passionate Silence I make my Love known:
 But oh! how I'm blest when so kind she does prove,
 By some willing Mistake to discover her Love;

When, in striving to hide, she reveals all her Flame,
And our Eyes tell each other what neither dare
name !

How pleasing is Beauty ! how sweet are her Charms !
Her Embraces how joyful ! how peaceful her
Arms !

Sure there's nothing so easy as learning to love ;
'Tis taught us on Earth, and by all Things above :
And to Beauty's bright Standard all Heroes must
yield ;

For 'tis Beauty that conquers and keeps the fair
Field.

S O N G CX.

*The Words made to a favourite Scotch Air, in the
Overture of THOMAS AND SALLY.*

Sung by Mrs. PINTO at RANELAGH.

Set by Dr. ARNE.

TO ease his Heart, and own his Flame,
Blithe Jockey to young Jenny came :
But, tho' she lik'd him passing weel,
She careless turn'd her Spinning-wheel.

Her milk-white Hand he did extol,
And prais'd her Fingers long and small ;
Unusual Joy her Heart did feel ;
But still she turn'd her Spinning-wheel.

Then round about her slender Waist,
He clasp'd his Arms, and her embrac'd ;
To kiss her Hand he down did kneel :
But yet she turn'd her Spinning wheel.

With

With gentle Voice she bid him rise;
 He bless'd her Neck, her Lips, and Eyes:
 Her Fondness she could scarce conceal;
 Yet still she turn'd her Spinning-wheel.

Till, bolder grown, so close he press'd,
 His wanton Thought she quickly guess'd:
 Then push'd him from the Rock and Reel,
 And angry turn'd her Spinning-wheel.

At last, when she began to chide,
 He swore he meant her for his Bride:
 'Twas then her Love she did reveal,
 And flung away her Spinning-wheel.

SONG CXI. *Cymon and Iphigenia. A Cantata.*

Sung by Mr. BEARD Set by Dr. ARNE.

RECITATIVE.

NEAR a thick Grove, whose deep embow'ring
 Shade
 Seem'd most for Love and Contemplation made,
 A crystal Stream with gentle Murmurs flows,
 Whose flow'ry Banks are form'd for soft Repose:
 Thither retir'd from *Phæbus'* sultry Ray,
 And lull'd in Sleep, fair *Iphigenia* lay.
Cymon, a Clown, who never dreamt of Love,
 By chance was stumping to the neighb'ring Grove:
 He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,
 And whistled as he went for want of Thought:
 But when he first beheld the sleeping Maid,
 He gap'd—he star'd! her lovely Form survey'd;
 And while with artless Voice he sweetly sung,
 Beauty and Nature thus inform'd his Tongue.

AIR.

The Stream that glides in Murmurs by,
 Whose glassy Bosom shews the Sky,
 Completes the rural Scene,
 Completes the rural Scene:
 But in thy Bosom, charming Maid,
 All Heav'n itself is sure display'd,
 Too lovely *Iphigene*,
 Too lovely *Iphigene*!

RECITATIVE.

Shewakes and starts—poor *Cymon* trembling stands;
 Down falls the Staff from his unnerved Hands:
 Bright Excellence, said he, dispel all Fear;
 Where Honour's present, sure no Danger's near.
 Half-rais'd, with gentle Accent she replies,
 Oh, *Cymon*! if 'tis you, I need not rise;
 Thy honest Heart no Wrong can entertain;
 Pursue thy Way, and let me sleep again.
 The Clown, transported, was not silent long,
 But thus with Ecstasy pursu'd his Song:

AIR.

Thy jetty Locks, that careless break,
 In wanton Ringlets, down thy Neck;
 Thy love-inspiring Mien,
 Thy love-inspiring Mien;
 Thy swelling Bosom, Skin of Snow,
 And taper Shape, inchant me so,
 I die for *Iphigene*,
 I die for *Iphigene*.

RECITATIVE.

Amaz'd, she listens, nor can trace from whence
 The former Clod is thus inspir'd with Sense;
She

She gazes—finds him comely, tall, and strait,
 And thinks he might improve his auk'ard Gait ;
 Bids him be secret, and next Day attend,
 At the same Hour, to meet his faithful Friend.
 Thus mighty Love could teach a Clown to plead ;
 And Nature's Language surest will succeed.

A I R.

Love's a pure, a sacred Fire,
 Kindling gentle, chaste Desire ;
 Love can Rage itself controul,
 And elevate, and elevate the human Soul :
 Depriv'd of that, our wretched State
 Had made our Lives of too long Date ;
 But blest with Beauty, and with Love,
 Blest with Beauty, and with Love,
 We taste what Angels do above,
 What Angels do above.

S O N G CXII. D U E T.

Sung by Mr. BEARD and Miss YOUNG.

WHEN Phœbus the Tops of the Hills does
 adorn,
 How sweet is the Sound of the echoing Horn !
 When the antling Stag is rous'd with the Sound,
 Erecting his Ears, nimbly sweeps o'er the Ground,
 And thinks he has left us behind on the Plain :
 But still we pursue, and now come in View of the
 glorious Game.

O see how again he rears up his Head,
 And, winged with Fear, he redoubles his Speed :

But, oh! 'tis in vain, 'tis in vain that he flies,
 That his Eyes lose the Huntsman, his Ears lose
 the Cries;
 For now his Strength fails him, he heavily flies,
 And he pants till with well-scented Hounds sur-
 rounded he dies.

S O N G CXIII.

Sung at Vauxhall. Set by Dr. ARNE.

SURE *Sally* is the loveliest Lass
 That e'er gave Shepherd Glee;
 Not *May-day* in its Morning-dress
 Is half so fair as she;
 Let Poets paint the *Paphian* Queen,
 And fancy'd Forms adore;
 Ye Bards, had ye my *Sally* seen,
 You'd think on those no more.

No more ye'd prate of *Hybla's* Hill,
 Where Bees their Honey sip,
 Did you but know the Sweets, that dwell
 On *Sally's* love-taught Lip:
 But, ah! take Heed, ye tuneful Swains,
 The ripe Temptation shun;
 Or else like me you'll wear her Chains,
 Like me you'll be undone.

Once in my Cot secure I slept,
 And Lark-like hail'd the Morn;
 More sportive than the Kids I kept,
 I wanton'd o'er the Lawn:
 To ev'ry Maid Love-tales I told,
 And did my Truth aver;
 Yet ere the parting Kiss was cold
 I laugh'd at Love and her.

But

But now the gloomy Grove I seek,
 Where Love-lorn Shepherds stray;
 There to the Winds my Grief I speak,
 And sigh my Soul away:
 Nought but Despair my Fancy paints,
 No Dawn of Hope I see;
 For *Sally's* pleas'd with my Complaints,
 And laughs at Love and me.

Since these my poor neglected Lambs,
 So late my only Care,
 Have lost their tender fleecy Dams,
 And stray'd I know not where:
 Alas! my Ewes, in vain ye bleat;
 My Lambkins lost, adieu!
 No more we on the Plains shall meet,
 For lost's your Shepherd too.

SONG CXIV. *Sung in LETHE.*

YE Mortals, whom Fancies and Troubles
 perplex,
 Whom Folly misguides, and Infirmities vex;
 Whose Lives hardly know what it is to be blest;
 Who rise without Joy, and lie down without Rest;
 Obey the glad Summons, to *Lethe* repair,
 Drink deep of the Stream, and forget all your
 Care,
 Drink deep of the Stream, and forget all your
 Care.

Old Maids shall forget what they wish for in vain,
 And young ones the Rover they cannot regain;
 The Rake shall forget how last Night he was cloy'd,
 And *Chloe* again be with Passion enjoy'd:

Obey

Obey then the Summons, to *Letbe* repair,
 And drink an Oblivion to Trouble and Care,
 And drink an Oblivion to Trouble and Care.

The Wife at one Draught may forget all her Wants,
 Or drench her fond Fool to forget her Gallants;
 The Troubled in Mind shall go cheerful away,
 And Yesterday's Wretch be quite happy To-day :
 Obey then the Summons, to *Letbe* repair :
 Drink deep of the Stream, and forget all your
 Care,
 Drink deep of the Stream, and forget all your
 Care.

SONG CXV.

Sung by Mr. BEARD, at Ranelagh.

THE Breed came forth frae the Barn,
 And she was diting her Cheeks ;
 How can I be married To-day,
 That ha' neither Blankets, ne Sheets ?
 That ha' neither Blankets, ne Sheets,
 And wants a Covering too ?
 The Breed that has aw Things to borrow,
 Has e'en right muckle to do.
 Woo'd and marry'd and aw,
 Marry'd and woo'd and aw ;
 And was she not very weel off,
 To be woo'd and marry'd and aw ?

What is the Matter ? quoth *Wolly*,
 Though we be scant o' Claiths,
 We's creep the claifer together,
 And drive away the Flees,

The

The Summer is coming on,
 And we's get Pickles a woo ;
 We's fee a Lafs of our ain,
 And she'll spin Blankets enow.
 Woo'd and marry'd, &c.

Then up spake the Breed's Mother,
 The Deel stick aw this Preed !
 I had ne a Plack in my Pocket
 The Day I was made a Breed.
 My Gown was Linfey-winfey,
 And ne'er a Sark at aw ;
 And you ha' Gowns and Buskins,
 Mair than ane or twa.
 Woo'd and marry'd, &c.

Then up spake the Breed's Fether,
 As he came in frae the Plough :
 Hawd your Tongue, my Daughter,
 And yese get Geer enough ;
 The Stirk that gaus in the Tether,
 And our brawd bassen yade,
 To lade your Corn in Harvest :
 What wad ye ha', you Jade ?
 Woo'd and marry'd, &c.

Then up spake the Breed's Brother,
 As he came Home frae the Kye ;
Wolly wou'd ne'er ha' had you,
 Had he known you as weel as I ;
 For you're baith proud, and saucy,
 Ne fit for a poor Mon's Wife ;
 Gin I ne'er ha' a better than you,
 I'se ne'er ha' ane in my Life.
 Woo'd and marry'd, &c.

Then

Then up spake the Breed's Sister,
 As she sat down by the Fire;
 O gin I married To-neet,
 'Tis aw that I'd desire;
 But I, pure Girl, must live single,
 And do the best I can;
 I did not care what came o' me,
 So I had but a Gude-man.
 Woo'd and marry'd and aw,
 Marry'd and woo'd and aw;
 And was she not very weel off,
 To be woo'd and married and aw?

SONG CXVI. *La Meilleure Medicine.*

SICK of the Town, fair *Delia* flew
 To Contemplation's rural Seat:
 Adieu, she cry'd, vain World, adieu,
 Fools only study to be great.
 The Book, the Lamp, the Hermit's Cell,
 The moss-grown Roof, the matted Floor;
 All these she had—'twas mighty well;
 But yet she wanted something more.
 Back to the busy World again
 She soon return'd, in Hopes to find
 Ease for imaginary Pain,
 Quiet of Heart, and Peace of Mind:
 Gay Scenes of Grandeur ev'ry Hour
 By Turns her fickle Fancy fill;
 The World seem'd all within her Pow'r;
 But yet she wanted something still.

Cities and Groves by Turns were try'd:
 'Twas all, ye Fair, an idle Tale,
Delia at length became a Bride,
 A Bride to *Damon* of the Vale:

Behold,

Behold, at once the Gloom was clear'd ;
Damon was kind ; and from that Hour
 Each Place a Paradise appear'd,
 And *Delia* wanted nothing more.

S O N G CXVII.

Sung at Vauxhall. Set by Mr. WORGAN.

YOUNG *Colin* protests I'm his Joy and Delight ;
 He's ever unhappy when I'm from his Sight ;
 He wants to be with me where-ever I go ;
 The Deuce sure is in him for plaguing me so,
 The Deuce sure is in him for plaguing me so.

His Pleasure all Day is to sit by my Side ;
 He pipes and he sings, tho' I frown and I chide ;
 I bid him depart ; but he, smiling, says, No :
 The Deuce sure is in him for plaguing me so,
 The Deuce, &c.

He often requests me his Flame to relieve ;
 I ask him, what Favour he hopes to receive ?
 His Answer's a Sigh, while in Blushes I glow :
 What Mortal besides him would plague a Maid so ?
 What Mortal, &c.

This Breast-knot he Yesterday brought from the
 Wake,
 And softly entreated I'd wear for his Sake :
 Such Trifles 'tis easy enough to bestow ;
 I sure deserve more for his plaguing me so,
 I sure, &c.

He

He hands me each Eve from the Cot to the Plain,
 And meets me each Morn to conduct me again:
 But what's his Intention I wish I could know,
 For I'd rather be marry'd than plagu'd with him so,
 For I'd rather be marry'd, &c.

S O N G CXVIII.

Set by Dr. ARNE. The Words by Mr. PRIOR.

AS *Chloe* came into the Room t'other Day,
 I peevish began, Where so long could you
 stay?

In your Life-time you never regarded your Hour;
 You promis'd at two,—look, Child! it is four;
 A Lady's Watch needs neither Figures or Wheels;
 'Tis enough that 'tis loaded with Baubles and Seals:
 A Temper so heedless no Mortal can bear.—
 Thus far I went on with a resolute air,
 Thus far I went on with a resolute air.

Lord, blefs me! says she, let a Body but speak;
 Here's an ugly hard Rose-bud fall'n into my Neck:
 It has hurt me, and vex'd me, to such a Degree;
 Look here! for you never believe me, pray see,
 On the left Side my Breast what a Mark it has made!
 So saying, her Bosom she careless display'd:
 That Scene of Delight I with Wonder survey'd,
 And forgot ev'ry Word I design'd to have said.

S O N G CXIX.

Sung by Mr. BEARD, in The Maid of the Mill.

WHEN a Maid, in Way of Marriage,
 First is courted by a Man,
 Let 'un do the best he can,
 She's so shame-fac'd in her Carriage,
 'Tis with Pain the Suit's began.

Tho'f

Tho'f mayhap ſhe likes him mainly,
 Still ſhe ſhams it coy and cold ;
 Fearing to confeſs it plainly,
 Left the Folks ſhould think her bold!
 But the Parſon comes in Sight,
 Gives the Word to bill and coo ;
 'Tis a different Story quite,
 And ſhe quickly buckles to.

S O N G CXX.

Sung by Mrs. CIBBER, in The Winter's Tale.

Set by Mr. MICHAEL ARNE.

COME, come, my good Shepherds, our Flocks
 we muſt ſhear,
 In your holiday Suits with your Lasses appear :
 The happieſt of Folks are the guiltleſs and free ;
 And who are ſo guiltleſs, ſo happy, as we ?

We harbour no Paſſions by Luxury taught ;
 We praſtiſe no Arts with Hypocriſy fraught :
 What we think in our Hearts you may read in our
 Eyes,
 For, knowing no Falſehood, we need no Diſguiſe.

By Mode and Caprice are the City Dames led ;
 But we all the Children of Nature are bred :
 By her Hands alone we are painted and dreſs'd,
 For the Roſes will bloom when there's Peace in
 the Breaſt.

The Giant, Ambition, we never can dread ;
 Our Roofs are too low for ſo lofty a Head ;
 Content and ſweet Cheerfulneſs open your Door ;
 They ſmile with the Simple, and feed with the
 Poor.

When

When Love has possess'd us, that Love we reveal;
 Like the Flocks that we feed are the Passions we
 feel;
 So harmless and simple we sport and we play,
 And leave to fine Folk to deceive and betray.

S O N G CXXI.

Sung by Mr. LOWE and Mrs. LAMPE.

NOW the happy Knot is ty'd,
Betsy is my charming Bride,
 Ring the Bells, and fill the Bowl,
 Revel all without Controul.
 Who so fair as lovely *Bet* !
 Who so blest'd as *Colinet* !
 Who so fair as lovely *Bet* !
 Who so blest'd as *Colinet* !

Now adieu to maiden Arts,
 Angling for unguarded Hearts ;
 Welcome *Hymen's* lasting Joys ;
 Lissping wanton Girls and Boys ;
 Girls as fair as lovely *Bet*,
 Boys as sweet as *Colinet*.

Tho' ripe Sheaves of yellow Corn
 Now my plenteous Barn adorn ;
 Tho' I've deck'd my myrtle Bow'rs
 With the fairest, sweetest Flow'rs ;
 Riper, fairer, sweeter yet
 Are the Charms of lovely *Bet*.

Tho' on *Sundays* I was seen
 Dress'd like any *May-day Queen* ;
 Tho' six Sweethearts daily strove
 To deserve thy *Betty's* Love,

Them

Them I quit without Regret,
All my Joy's in *Colinet*.

Strike up then the rustic Lay,
Crown with Sports our bridal Day;
May each Lad a Mistress find,
Like my *Betsy*, fair and kind;
And each Lass a Husband get,
Fond and true as *Colinet*.

Ring the Bells, and fill the Bowl,
Revel all without Controul;
May the Sun ne'er rise or set,
But with Joy to happy *Bet*,
And her faithful *Colinet*.

SONG CXXII. *The Country Wedding.*

Sung at Ranelagh. Set by Mr. HOWARD.

WELL met, pretty Nymph, says a jolly
young Swain
To a lovely young Shepherdess crossing the Plain;
Why so much in haste? (now the Month it was
May)
Shall I venture to ask you, fair Maiden, which
Way?
Then straight to this Question the Nymph did
reply,
With a Smile in her Look and a Leer in her Eye,
I came from the Village, and homeward I go;
And now gentle Shepherd, pray why would you
know?

I hope,

I hope, pretty Maid, you won't take it amiss,
 If I tell you the Reason of asking you this;
 I would see you safe Home (the Swain was in Love)
 Of such a Companion if you would approve.
 Your Offer, kind Shepherd, is civil, I own,
 But I see no great Danger in going alone;
 Nor yet can I hinder, the Road being free
 For one as another, for you as for me.

No Danger in going alone, it is true,
 But yet a Companion is pleasanter too:
 And if you would like (now the Swain he took
 Heart)

Such a Sweetheart as me, we never would part.
 Oh! that's a long Word, said the Shepherdess then;
 I've often heard say, there's no minding you Men;
 You'll say and unsay, and you'll flatter, 'tis true;
 Then leave a young Maiden the first Thing you do.

Oh! judge not so harshly, the Shepherd reply'd;
 To prove what I say, I will make you my Bride;
 To-morrow the Parion (well said, little Swain)
 Shall join both our Hands, and make one of us
 twain:

Then what the Nymph answer'd to this is not said;
 The very next Morn to be sure they were wed:
 Sing hey diddle, ho diddle, hey diddle down;
 Now when shall we see such a Wedding in Town.

S O N G CXXIII.

Sung by Miss STEVENSON, at Vauxhall.

GAY Damon long study'd my Heart to obtain,
 The prettiest young Shepherd that pipes on
 the Plain;

I'd

I'd hear his soft Tale, then declare 'twas amiss,
And I'd often say No, when I long'd to say Yes.

Last *Valentine's* Day to our Cottage he came,
And brought me two Lambkins to witness his
Flame:

Oh! take these, he cry'd, thou more fair than
their Fleece;

I could hardly say No, tho' ashamed to say Yes.
I could hardly, &c.

Soon after, one Morning, we sat in the Grove;
He press'd my Hand hard, and in Sighs breath'd
his Love;

Then tenderly ask'd if I'd grant him a Kiss?
I design'd to've said No, but mistook, and said
Yes.

I design'd, &c.

At this, with Delight, his Heart danc'd in his
Breast;

Ye Gods, he cry'd, *Chloe* will now make me blest;
Come, let's to the Church, and share conjugal Bliss:
To prevent being teaz'd, I was forc'd to say Yes.
To prevent, &c.

I ne'er was so pleas'd with a Word in my Life;

I ne'er was so happy as since I'm a Wife:

Then take, ye young Damsels, my Counsel in this,
You must all die Old Maids, if you will not say
Yes;

You must all die Old Maids, if you will not say
Yes.

SONG

SONG CXXIV. The Non-Pareille.

Set by Dr. Boyce.

THE Nymph that I lov'd was as cheerful as
Day,

And as sweet as the blossoming Hawthorn in May;
Her Temper was smooth as the Down on the Dove;
And her Face was as fair as the Mother of Love;
Tho' mild as the pleasantest Zephyr that sheds
And receives gentle Odours from flow'ry beds;
Yet warm in Affection as Phœbus at Noon,
And as chaste as the silver-white Beams of the Moon.

Her Mind was unsully'd as new-fall'n Snow,
And as lively as Tints from young *Iris* his Bow;
As clear as the Streams, and as deep as the Flood;
She, tho' witty, was wise, and, tho' beautiful,
good;

The Sweets that each Virtue, or Grace had in Store,
She cull'd as the Bee does, the Bloom of each Flower,
Which treasur'd for me, Oh! how happy was I;
For tho' her's to collect, it was mine to enjoy!

SONG CXXV. *Sung by Mrs. PINTO, in
the Beggar's Opera. By Mr. GAY.*

VIRGINS are like the fair Flow'r in its Lustre,
Which in the Garden enamels the Ground;
Near it the Bees in Play flutter and cluster,
And gaudy Butterflies frolic around.

But when once pluck'd, 'tis no longer alluring;
To *Covent-Garden* 'tis sent, as yet sweet;
There fades and shrinks, and grows past all
enduring,

Rots, stinks, and dies, and is trod under Feet.

SONG

SONG CXXVI. *The Contented Miller.**By Mr. CUNNINGHAM.**Sung by Mr. HUDSON, at Ranelagh.*

IN a plain pleasant Cottage, conveniently neat,
With a Mill and some Meadows—(a freehold
Estate)

A well-meaning Miller by Labour supplies
Those Blessings that Nature to grand Ones denies;
No Passions to plague him, no Cares to torment,
His constant Companions are Health and Content:
Their Lordships, in Lace, may take note, if they
will.

For he's honest—tho' daub'd with the Dust of his
Mill.

Ere the Lark's early Carrol salutes the new Day,
He springs from his Cottage as jocund as May;
He cheerfully whistles, regardless of Care,
Or sings the last Ballad he bought at the Fair:
While Courtiers are toil'd in the Cobwebs of State;
Of bribing Elections, in hopes to be great;
No Fraud nor Ambition his Bosom does fill,
Contented he works if there's Grist for his Mill.

On Sunday, bedeck'd in his home-spun Array,
At Church he's the loudest to chant or to pray;
Sits down to a Dinner of plain English Food;
And, tho' simple the Pudding, his Appetite's good:
At Night, when the Priest and Exciseman are gone,
He quaffs at the Ale-house with *Roger* and *John*;
Then returns to his Pillow, and dreams of no Ill,
—No Monarch's more blest than the Man of the
Mill.

SONG CXXVII. *Through the Wood, Laddie.*

Sung by Mrs. ARNE, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. MICHAEL ARNE.

O *Sandy*, why leav'st thou thy *Nelly* to mourn;
 Thy Presence could ease me,
 When naething can please me;
 Now dowie I figh on the Banks of the Burn,
 Or through the Wood, Laddie, until thou return.

Tho' Woods now are bonny, and Mornings are
 clear,

While Lav'rocks are singing,
 And Primroses springing,
 Yet nane of them pleases mine Eye nor mine Ear,
 When through the Wood, Laddie, ye dinna appear.

That I am forsaken some spare not to tell;
 I'm fash'd with their Scorning
 Baith Ev'ning and Morning;
 Their Jeering goes aft to my Heart wi' a Knell,
 When through the Wood, Laddie, I wander my
 fel.

Then stay, my dear *Sandy*, no longer away,
 But quick as an Arrow
 Haste here to thy Marrow,
 Wha's living in Languor till that happy Day,
 When through the Wood, Laddie, we'll dance,
 sing and play.

SONG

S O N G CXXVIII.

AT *Totterdown-hill* there dwelt an old Pair,
 And it may be they dwell there still,
 Much Riches indeed did'nt fall to their Share,
 They kept a small Farm and a Mill.
 But fully content with what they did get,
 They knew not of Guile or of Arts;
 One Daughter they had, and her Name it was *Bet*,
 And she was the Pride of their Hearts.
 Nut-brown were her Locks, her Shape it was
 straight,

Her Eyes were as black as a Sloe:
 Her Teeth were milk-white, full smart was her
 Gait,

And sleek was her Skin as a Doe:
 All thick were the Clouds, and the Rain it did
 pour,

No Bit of true Blue could be spy'd,
 A Child, wet and cold, came and knock'd at the
 Door;

Its Mam it had lost, and it cry'd.

Young *Bet* was as mild as the Mornings of *May*,
 The Babe she hugg'd close to her Breast;
 She chaf'd him all o'er and smil'd as he lay,
 She kiss'd him and lull'd him to rest:
 But who do you think she had got for her Prize?
 Why Love, the sly Master of Arts;
 No sooner he wak'd but he dropp'd his Disguise,
 And shew'd her his Wings and his Darts.

Quoth he, I am Love; but, oh, be not afraid,
 Tho' all I make shake at my Will,
 So good, and so kind have you been, my fair Maid,
 No Harm shall you feel from my Skill;

My Mother ne'er dealt with such Fondness by me,
 A Friend you shall find in me still;
 Take my Quiver and shoot, be greater than she,
 The *Venus* of *Totterdown-hill*.

S O N G CXXIX. By PARNEL.

MY Days have been so wond'rous free
 The little Birds that fly;
 With careless Ease from Tree to Tree,
 Were scarce so blest as I:
 Ask gliding Waters, if a Tear
 Of mine increas'd the Stream;
 Or ask the passing Gales if e'er
 I lent a Sigh to them.

But now my former Days retire,
 And I'm by Beauty caught,
 The tender Chains of soft Desire
 Are fix'd upon my Thought:
 And eager Hope within my Breast
 Does ev'ry Doubt controul,
 And lovely *Nancy* stands confess'd
 The Fav'rite of my Soul.

Ye Nightingales, ye twisting Pines,
 Ye Swains that haunt the Grove,
 Ye gentle Echoes, breezy Winds,
 Ye close Retreats of Love:
 With all of Nature, all of Art,
 Assist the dear Design,
 And make a young unpractis'd Heart
 To be for ever mine.

The very Thought of Change I hate,
 As much as of Despair,
 And hardly covet to be great,
 Unless it were for her;
 'Tis true, the Passion in my Mind
 Is mix'd with soft Distress;
 Yet, while the Fair I love is kind,
 I cannot wish it less.

But if she treats me with Disdain,
 Or slights my well-meant Love,
 Or looks with Pleasure on my Pain,
 A Pain she won't remove.
 Farewel, ye Birds and lonely Pines,
 Adieu to Tears and Sighs,
 I'll leave my Passion to the Winds;
 Love unreturn'd soon dies.

S O N G CXXX.

BLAB not what you ought to smother,
 Honour's Laws should sacred be,
 Boasting Favours from another,
 Ne'er will Favour gain with me.

But, inspir'd with Indignation,
 Sooner I'd lead Apes in Hell,
 Ere I trust my Reputation
 With such Fools as kiss and tell.

He who finds a hidden Treasure,
 Never should the same reveal;
 He whom Beauty crowns with Pleasure,
 Cautious should his Joy conceal.

Him with whom my Heart I'll venture,
Shall my Fame from Censure save ;
One where Truth and Prudence center,
And as secret as the Grave.

S O N G CXXXI.

SOMETHING THAT'S UNSEEN.

A new Song.

'T WAS not *Belinda's* Face, tho' fair,
Her arched Brow, or auburn Hair,
Her sweetly graceful Mien ;
Nor yet her Cheeks eternal Glow,
That first disturb'd my Rest—Ah ! No,
'Twas something that's unseen.

The Sweets her Fairy Form that deck,
The Grace that moulds her taper Neck,
Her Bosom soft and sheen,
That proudly mocks *December's* Snow,
Not all my Heart could win—Ah ! No ;
I die for what's unseen.

You tell me, and you tell me true,
Her scarlet Lip, her Eyes of Blue,
The Velvet of her Skin :
The Force of these full well I know ;
But these disturb not me—Ah ! No,
I sigh for what's unseen.

What tho' her Charms are heavenly bright,
The endless Source of sweet Delight,
The Envy of a Queen ;
The Vulgar see them and adore,
My Bosom bleeds for something more ;
The Something that's unseen.

'Tis

'Tis that, whose peerless mystic Charms
 Give me a thousand fond Alarms,
 And pleases all Mankind ;
 Whose Beams divine would gild a Court,
 Give Splendour to a Crown—In short
 That Something is—her Mind.

S O N G CXXXII.

THE MAID TO MY MIND.

*Sung by Mr. VERNON, at Vauxhall.**Set by Mr. HOOK.*

I Have seriously weigh'd it, and find it but just,
 That a Wife makes a Man either blessed or
 curst ;

I declare I will marry, ah ! can I but find,
 Mark me well ye young Lasses, the Maid to my
 Mind.

Not the pert little Miss who Advice will despise,
 Nor the Girl who's so foolish to think herself wise,
 Nor she who to all Men alike would prove kind,
 Not one of these three is the Maid to my Mind.

Not the Prude, who in public will never be free,
 Yet in private a toying for ever would be,
 Nor Coquette that's too forward, nor Jilt that's
 unkind,
 Not one of these three is the Maid to my Mind.

Nor she who for Pleasure her Husband will slight,
 Nor the positive Dame, who thinks always she's
 right.

Nor she who a Dupe to the Fashion's inclin'd,
 Not one of these three is the Maid to my Mind.

But the Fair with Good nature and Carriage genteel,
 Who her Husband can love and no Secrets reveal,
 In whose Breast I may Virtue and Modesty find,
 This, this, and this only's the Maid to my Mind.

S O N G CXXXIII.

Sung by Mr. BANNISTER, in the new Musical Interlude, called The ELECTION.

Set by Mr. BARTHELEMON.

W HILE happy in my native Land,
 I boast my Country's Charter;
 I'll never basely lend my Hand,
 Her Liberties to barter.

The noble Mind is not at all
 By Poverty degraded;
 'Tis Guilt alone can make us fall,
 And well I am persuaded,
 Each free-born Briton's Song should be,
 " Or give me Death or Liberty."

Tho' small the Pow'r which Fortune grants,
 And few the Gifts she sends us;
 The lordly Hireling often wants
 That Freedom that defends us.

By Law secured from lawless Strife,
 Our House is our *Castellum*.
 Thus bless'd with all that's dear in Life,
 For Lucre, shall we sell 'em?
 No—ev'ry Briton's Song should be,
 " Or give me Death or Liberty."

S O N G

S O N G CXXXIV. *The Transformation.**Sung by Mrs. Thompson.*

WHOE'ER with curious Eye has rang'd
 Thro' *Ovid's* Tales has seen,
 How *Jove*, incens'd, to Monkeys chang'd
 A Tribe of worthless Men.
 Repentant soon th'offending Race,
 Intreat the injur'd Pow'r,
 To give them back the human Face,
 And Reason's Aid restore.

Jove, sooth'd at length, his Ear inclin'd,
 And granted half their Pray'r;
 But t'other Half he bid the Wind
 Disperse in empty Air.
 Scarce had the Thund'rer giv'n the Nod,
 That shook the vaulted Skies,
 With haughtier Air the Creatures strode,
 And stretch'd their dwindled Size.

The Hair in Curls luxurious now
 Around their Temples spread;
 The Tail, that whilom hung below,
 Now dangled from the Head.
 The Head remains unchang'd within,
 Nor alter'd much the Face,
 It still retains its native Grin,
 And all its old Grimace.

Thus Half transform'd, and Half the same,
Jove bade them take their Place,
 Restoring them their ancient Claim,
 Among the human Race.

Man with Contempt the Brute survey'd,
Nor would a Name bestow;
But Woman lik'd the motley Breed,
And call'd the Thing a *Beau*.

S O N G CXXXV.

By GILBERT COOPER.

AWAY, let nought to Love displeasing,
My *Winifreda* move thy Fear,
Let nought delay the heavenly Blessing,
Nor squeamish Pride, nor gloomy Care.

What tho' no Grants of royal Donors
With pompous Titles grace our Blood,
We'll shine in more substantial Honours,
And to be noble we'll be good.

What tho' from Fortune's lavish Bounty
No mighty Treasures we possess,
We'll find within our Pittance plenty,
And be content without Excess.

Still shall each kind returning Season
Sufficient for our Wishes give,
For we will live a Life of Reason,
And that's the only Life to live.

Our Name while Virtue thus we tender
Shall sweetly sound where'er 'tis spoke,
And all the great Ones much shall wonder
How they admire such little Folk.

Thro'

Thro' Youth and Age in Love excelling
 We'll Hand in Hand together tread,
 Sweet smiling Peace shall crown our Dwelling,
 And Babes, sweet smiling Babes, our Bed.

How should I love the pretty Creatures
 Whilst round my Knees they fondly clung,
 To see them look their Mother's Features,
 To hear 'em lisp their Mother's Tongue.

And when with Envy Time transported
 Shall think to rob us of our Joys;
 You'll in your Girls again be courted,
 And I'll go wooing in my Boys.

SONG CXXXVI.

THE VIRGIN MONITOR.

YE Virgins of *Britain*, who wisely attend
 The Dictates of Reason, who value a Friend,
 Come list to my Counsel, and mark what I say,
 Ye Damsels beware of the Dangers of *May*.
 Ye Damsels, &c.

Tho' guarded by Virtue's all fostering Hand;
 Tho' Modesty lend you her magical Wand;
 Tho' Innocence deck you with spotless Array,
 Ye Damsels beware of the Dangers of *May*.

When first the gay Beauties of Nature appear,
 And *Phæbus*' bright Smile cheers the juvenile Year;
 When the Birds chant their amorous Notes from
 each Spray,
 Ye Damsels beware of the Dangers of *May*.

Should *Flora* propose you the vernal Delight,
Her delicate Paintings exhibit to Sight;
In her Meadows and Fields should you frolick and
play,
Beware, Oh ! beware of the Dangers of *May*.

When the Blood briskly flows, the all eloquent
Eyes
Reveal every Secret the Heart would disguise ;
The Bosom quick-panting with Force seems to say,
'Tis hard to resist all the Dangers of *May*.

Should an amorous Youth, this soft Scene to
improve,
With Ardour implore the Reward of his Love ;
If *Hymen* attend you his Dictates obey,
For Wedlock removes all the Dangers of *May*.

S O N G CXXXVII.

*A favourite Song sung by Mrs. Weichsell, at
Vauxhall-Gardens.*

Set by Mr. Hook.

SIMPLE *Strephon*, cease complaining,
Talk no more of foolish Love ;
Think not e'er my Heart to reign in,
Think not all you say can move.

Did I take Delight to fetter
Thrice ten thousand Slaves a Day ;
Thrice ten thousand Times your Betters
Gladly would my Rule obey.
Simple Strephon, &c.

Seek

Seek not her who still forbids you,
 To some other tell your Moan ;
 Chuse where'er your Fancy leads you,
 Let *Chlorinda* but alone.
Simple Strephon, &c.

S O N G CXXXVIII. *Real Pleasure.*

Sung by Mrs. BADDELEY, at Ranelagh.

Set by Mr. DIBDIN.

SHEPHERD, would'st thou here obtain
 Pleasure unallay'd by Pain ;
 Joy that suits the rural Sphere ;
 Gentle Shepherd lend an Ear :
 Learn to relish calm Delight,
 Verdant Vales and Fountains bright ;
 Trees that nod on sloping Hills ;
 Caves that echo, tinkling Rills.

Tranquil Pleasures never cloy ;
 Banish each tumultuous Joy ;
 All but Love, for Love inspires
 Fonder Wishes, fiercer Fires ;
 Love and all its Joys be thine,
 Yet ere thou the Reins resign,
 Hear what Reason seems to say,
 Hear attentive and obey :

Crimson Leaves the Rose adorn,
 But beneath them lurks a Thorn ;
 Fair and flow'ry is the Brake,
 Yet it hides the vengeful Snake :

Think

Should *Flora* propose you the vernal Delight,
Her delicate Paintings exhibit to Sight;
In her Meadows and Fields should you frolick and
play,
Beware, Oh! beware of the Dangers of *May*.

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Thrice ten thousand Slaves a Day;
Thrice ten thousand Times your Betters
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 Hear what Reason seems to say,
 Hear attentive and obey :

Crimson Leaves the Rose adorn,
 But beneath them lurks a Thorn ;
 Fair and flow'ry is the Brake,
 Yet it hides the vengeful Snake :

Think

Think not the whose empty Pride
Dares the fleecy Garb deride,
Think not the who, light and vain,
Scorns the Sheep, can love the Swain.

Let not Lucre, let not Pride,
Draw thee from such Charms aside :
Have not those their proper Sphere ?
Gentler Passions triumph here.
Seek no more, the rest is vain,
Pleasure ending soon in Pain,
Anguish lightly gilded o'er,
Close thy Wish and seek no more.

S O N G CXXXIX. *A Cantata.*

Sung by Mrs. BADDELEY, at Ranelagh.

Set by Mr. DIBDIN.

OFT I've implor'd the Gods in vain,
And pray'd till I've been weary,
For once I'll try my Wish to gain,
Of Oberon the Fairy.

A I R.

Sweet airy Being, wanton Spright,
That lurks in Woods unseen,
Or oft by *Cynthia's* silver Light,
Trips gaily o'er the Green ;
If e'er thy pitying Heart was mov'd,
As ancient Stories tell,
And for th' *Athenian* Maid that lov'd
Thou fought'st a wond'rous Spell,
O deign once more t'exert thy Pow'r,
Haply some Herb or Tree,
Sovereign as Juice of Western Flow'r,
Conceals a Balm for me.

RECITA-

RECITATIVE.

Ah! haste and shed the sacred Balm,
 My shatter'd Nerves new string;
 And for my Guests serenely calm
 The Nymph *Indiff'rence* bring.
 At her Approach see Fear, pale Fear,
 And Expectation fly!
 And Disappointment in the Rear,
 That blasts the promis'd Joy.
 The Tear that Pity taught to flow,
 The Eye shall then disown;
 The Heart that griev'd for others Woe,
 Shall then scarce feel its own.
 And Wounds that now each Moment bleed,
 Each Moment then shall close;
 And tranquil Days shall then succeed,
 To Nights of calm Repose.

AIR.

O Fairy Elf, but grant me this,
 This one kind Comfort send,
 And so may never-fading Bliss,
 Thy flow'ry Paths attend.
 So may the Glow-worm's glittering Light
 Thy tiny Footsteps lead
 To some new Region of Delight
 Unknown to mortal Tread.
 And be thy Acorn Goblet fill'd
 With Heaven's ambrosial Dew,
 From sweetest freshest Flow'rs distill'd
 That shed fresh Sweets for you.
 And what of Life remains for me
 I'll pass in sober Ease;
 Half-pleas'd, contented will I be,
 Content but half to please.

SONG

SONG CXL. *Sung by Miss Radley, in Cymon.*

THIS cold flinty Heart it is you who have
warm'd,
You waken'd my Passions, my Senses have charm'd;
In vain against Merit and *Cymon* I strove,
What's Life without Passion, sweet Passion of Love?

The Frost nips the Bud, and the Rose cannot blow,
From Youth that is frostnipt no Raptures can flow;
Elysium to him but a Desert will prove:
What's Life without Passion, sweet Passion of Love?

The Spring should be warm, the young Season be
gay,
Her Birds and her Flow'rets make blithsome sweet
May;
Love blesses the Cottage and sings thro' the Grove,
What's Life without Passion, &c.

SONG CXLI. *A favourite Song in SAUL.*

Set by Mr. Handel.

SIN not, O King, against the Youth,
Who ne'er offended you;
Think, to his Loyalty and Truth,
What great Rewards are due;

Think, with what Joy that godlike Man,
You saw that glorious Day;
Think, and with Ruin, if you can,
Such Services repay.

From

From Cities storm'd, and Battles won,
 What Glory can accrue?
 By this, the Hero best is known,
 He can himself subdue.

S O N G CXLII. *Set by Dr. ARNE.*

HOPELESS Lovers, who sue in vain,
 Whose Hearts are frozen with cold Disdain,
 Learn of *Jockey* Love pleasing Art,
 To quell a Beauty's Insolence, and melt her Heart:
 He, like you, would sigh and pine,
 From *Phæbus*' Rise to his Decline:
 I deny'd and reply'd, with scornful Brow,
 Ah, *Jockey*, 'twill not do, prithee leave me now.
 Gazing, advancing, his Eyes Love darting,
Jenny, said he, — One Kiss at parting;
 Clasping then my slender Waist,
 With eager Arms he me embrac'd,
 Kifs'd me, call'd on Heav'n above,
 To reward his constant Love.
 Partially I ey'd him,
 Faintly I deny'd him,
 My Tongue bely'd my Heart;
 His Shape, his Face,
 And manly Grace,
 Strongly took my Lover's Part.
 I his Suit approving,
 He my Doubts removing,
 With Ardour reply'd,
 I'll haste to bring
 The Wedding Ring,
 Lovely *Jenny* is my Bride.
 Hopeless Lovers mind what I sing,
 No Cure for Disdain like a Kiss and a Ring.

S O N G

S O N G CLXIII.

Sung in the Character of Careful, in the Press-Gang.

DAUGHTER you're too young to marry,
 'Tis too soon to be a Wife :
 Yet a little longer tarry,
 Ere you know the Cares of Life.
 Wedlock is a fickle Station,
 Sometimes Sweetness, sometimes Strife ;
 Oh ! how great the Alteration,
 'Twixt the Maiden and the Wife !

Love and Courtship are but stupid,
 Glory has superior Charms ;
Mars should triumph over *Cupid*,
 When *Bellona* calls to Arms :
 As for you, Sir, do your Duty,
 Oh ! were I but young again,
 I'd not linger after Beauty,
 But go play my Part with *Spain*.

S O N G CXLIV.

Sung by Mrs. Mattocks in Thomas and Sally.

Set by Dr. ARNE.

AUSPICIOUS Spirits, guard my Love,
 In Time of Danger near him 'bide ;
 With out-spread Wings around him move,
 And turn each random Ball aside.

And you, his Foes, though Hearts of Steel,
 Oh ! may you then with me accord ;
 A sympathetic Passion feel,
 Behold his Face and drop the Sword.

Ye

Ye Winds, your blust'ring Fury leave ;
 Like Airs that o'er the Garden sweep,
 Breathe soft in Sighs, and gently heave
 The calm, smooth Bosom of the Deep.

'Till Halcyon Peace return once more,
 From Blasts secure, and hostile Harms,
 My Sailor views his native Shore,
 And harbours safe in these fond Arms.

S O N G CXLV. *The Incurious.*

Set by Dr. ARNE.

G I V E me but a Wife, I expect not to find
 Each Virtue and Grace in one Female
 combin'd.

No Goddess for me ; 'tis a Woman I prize,
 And he that seeks more is more curious than wise.

Be she young, she's not stubborn, but easy to
 mould :

Or she claims my Respect, like a Mother, if old :
 Thus either can please me, since Woman I prize,
 And he that seeks more is more curious than wise.

Like *Venus* she ogles, if squinting her Eye :
 If blind, she the Roving of mine cannot spy :
 Thus either is lovely ; for Woman I prize,
 And he that seeks more is more curious than wise.

If rich be my Bride, she brings Tokens of Love ;
 If poor, then the farther from Pride my Remove :
 Thus either contents me ; for Woman I prize,
 And he that seeks more is more curious than wise.

I ne'er

I ne'er shall want Converse, if Tongue she possess;
 And if mute, still the Rarity pleases no less:
 I'm suited to either; for Woman I prize,
 And he that seeks more is more curious than wise.

Then cease, ye Profane, on the Sex to descant;
 If you've Wit to discern, of Charms they've no
 Want:

Each Fair can make happy, if Woman we prize;
 And he that seeks more is more curious than wise.

S O N G CXLVI.

Set by Mr. Baildon. Sung at Vauxhall.

HARK! the Birds begin their Lay,
 Flow'rets deck the Robe of *May*:
 See the little Lambkins bound,
 Playful o'er the Clover-Ground;
 While the Heifers sportive low,
 Where the yellow Cowslips blow,
 While the Heifers sportive low,
 Where the yellow Cowslips blow.

Now the Nymphs and Swains advance
 O'er the Lawn in perfect Dance;
 Garlands from the Hawthorn Bough
 Grace the happy Shepherd's Brow;
 While the Lassies, in Array,
 Wait upon the Queen of *May*;
 While the, &c.

Innocence, Content and Love,
 Fill the Meadows and the Grove;
 Mirth that never wears a Frown,
 Health with Sweetness all her own;

Labour

Labour puts on Pleasure's Smile,
And pale Care forgets his Toil ;
Labour puts, &c.

Ah ! what Pleasures Shepherds know !
Monarchs cannot such bestow ;
Love improves each happy Hour,
Grandeur has not such in Store.
Learn Ambition, learn from hence,
Happiness is Innocence ;
Learn Ambition, learn from hence,
Happiness is Innocence.

S O N G CXLVII. *In* Thomas and Sally.

MY former Time how brisk and gay,
So blythe was I as blythe could be ;
But now I'm sad, ah ! well-a-day,
For my true Love is gone to Sea.

The Lads pursue, I strive to shun,
Their wheedling Arts are lost on me :
For I to Death shall love but one,
And he, alas ! is gone to Sea.

As droop the Flow'rs till Light return,
As mourns the Dove its absent She ;
So will I droop, so will I mourn,
Till my true Love returns from Sea.

S O N G CXLVIII.

Set by Dr. Arne, *in the* Oratorio of ALFRED.

IF those who live in Shepherd's Bow'r,
Purs not the gay and stately Bed ;
The new mown Hay and breathing Flow'r,
A softer Couch beneath them spread.

If

If those who sit at Shepherd's Board,
Sooth not their Taste with wanton Art;
They take what Nature's Gifts afford,
And take it with a chearful Heart.

If those who drain the Shepherd's Bowl,
No high and sparkling Wines can boast;
With wholesome Cups they chear the Soul,
And crown them with the Village Toast.

If those who join in Shepherd's Sport,
Dancing on the daisy'd Ground,
Have not the Splendor of a Court,
Yet Love adorns the merry Round.

S O N G CXLIX.

*Sung by Mr. LEONI, in the English Opera of
ARTAXERXES.*

WATER, parted from the Sea,
May increase the River's Tide,
To the bubbling Fount may flee,
Or through fertile Valleys glide.
Though, in search of lost Repose,
Through the Land 'tis free to roam,
Still it murmurs as it flows,
Till it reach its native Home.

S O N G CL.

Set by Dr. ARNE. In Thomas and Sally.

ALL you who would wish to succeed with a Lafs,
Learn how the Affair's to be done;
For, if you stand fooling and shy, like an Afs,
You'll lose her as sure as a Gun.

With

With Whining, and Sighing, and Vows, and all
that,

As far as you please you may run ;
She'll hear you, and jeer you, and give you a Pat,
But jilt you, as sure as a Gun.

To worship, and call her bright Goddess is fine !

But, mark you the Consequence, mum ;
The Baggage will think herself really divine,
And scorn you, as sure as a Gun.

Then be with a Maiden bold, frolic, and stout,
And no Opportunity shun :
She'll tell you she hates you, and swear she'll cry
out ;

But mum—she's as sure as a Gun.

S O N G C L I.

CHORUS, *in* THE MAID OF THE MILL.

FREE from Sorrow, free from Strife,
O how blest the Miller's Life !
Cheerful working thro' the Day,
Still he laughs and sings away.
Nought can vex him,
Nought perplex him,
While there's Grist to make him gay.

D U E T.

Let the Great enjoy the Blessings
By indulgent Fortune sent.
What can Wealth, can Grandeur offer
More than Plenty and Content ?

C H O R U S.

Free from Sorrow, &c.

S O N G

SONG CLII. *Sung in CYMON.*

O Why should we sorrow, who never knew Sin!
 Let Smiles of Content shew our Rapture
 within!

This Love has so rais'd me, I now fly in Air!
 He's sure sent from Heav'n to lighten my Care!

Each Shepherdess views me with Scorn and Disdain,
 Each Shepherd pursues me, but all is in vain:
 No more will I sorrow, no longer despair,
 He's sure sent from Heav'n to lighten my Care.

SONG CLIII.

Sung by Mr. VERNON, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. HOOK.

BELIEVE my Sighs, my Tears, my Dear,
 Believe the Heart you've won;
 Believe my Vows to you sincere,
 Or, *Peggy*, I'm undone.
 You say I'm false, and apt to change
 At ev'ry Face that's new:
 Of all the Girls I ever saw,
 I ne'er lov'd one but you.

My Heart was once a Lump of Ice,
 Till warm'd by your bright Eye,
 And then it kindled in a Trice,
 A Flame that ne'er can die.
 Then take and try me, you shall find
 That I've a Heart that's true:
 Of all the Girls I ever saw,
 I ne'er lov'd one but you.

SONG

S O N G CLIV.

Sung in The JUBILEE. Set by Dr. ARNE.

THOU soft flowing *Avon*, by thy silver Stream,
 Of Things more than mortal, thy *Shake-
 speare* would dream;
 The Fairies by Moonlight dance round his green
 Bed,
 For hallow'd the Turf is, which pillow'd his Head.

The love stricken Maiden, the fighting young Swain,
 Here rove without Danger, and sigh without Pain;
 The sweet Bud of Beauty, no Blight here shall dread,
 For hallow'd the Turf is, which pillow'd his Head.

Here Youth shall be fam'd for their Love and their
 Truth,
 Here smiling Old Age feels the Spirit of Youth;
 For the Raptures of Fancy here Poets shall tread,
 For hallow'd the Turf is, which pillow'd his Head.

Flow on silver *Avon*, in Song ever flow;
 Be the Swans on thy Bosom still whiter than Snow;
 Ever full be thy Stream, like his Fame may it spread,
 And the Turf ever hallow'd, that pillow'd his Head.

S O N G CLV.

Sung by Mr. SHUTER, in MIDAS.

O! What Pleasures will abound,
 When my Wife is laid in Ground;
 Let Earth cover her—we'll dance over her;
 When my Wife is laid in Ground.

H

O! how

O how happy should I be! .
 Would little *Nysa* pig with me;
 How I'd mumble her-touze, and tumble her;
 Would little *Nysa* pig with me.

S O N G C L V I.

THE UNION OF LOVE AND WINE.

The Words by Mr. Wotty. Set by Mr. Baildon.

WITH Women and Wine I defy ev'ry Care,
 For Life without these is a Bubble of Air;
 For Life without these, &c.
 Each helping the other, in Pleasure I roll,
 And a new Flow of Spirits enlivens my Soul;
 Each helping the other, &c.

Let grave sober Mortals my Maxims condemn,
 I never shall alter my Conduct for them;
 I care not how much they my Measures decline,
 Let 'em have their own Humour, and I will have
 mine.

Wine prudently us'd will our Senses improve,
 'Tis the Spring-Tide of Life, and the Fuel of Love;
 And *Venus* ne'er look'd with a Smile so divine,
 As when *Mars* bound his Head with a Branch from
 the Vine.

Then come my dear Charmer, thou Nymph half-
 divine,
 First pledge me with Kisses, next pledge me with
 Wine:
 Then giving and taking, in mutual Return,
 The Torch of our Loves shall eternally burn.

But

But should'st thou my Passion for Wine disapprove;
 My Bumper I'll quit to be blest with thy Love;
 For rather than forfeit the Joys of my Laff,
 My Bottle I'll break, and demolish my Glass.

S O N G CLVII.

NEAR the Side of a Pond, at the Foot of a
 Hill,

A free-hearted Fellow attends on his Mill:
 Fresh Health blooms her strong rosy Hue o'er his
 Face,

And Honesty gives e'en to Aukwardness Grace.
 Beslour'd with his Meal does he labour and sing,
 And regaling at Night is as blest as a King:
 After heartily eating, he takes a full Swill
 Of Liquor home-brew'd, to Success of the Mill.

He makes no nice Scruples of Toll for his Trade,
 For that's an Excise to his Industry paid:
 His Conscience is free, and his Income is clear,
 And he values not them of Ten Thousand a Year:
 He's a Freehold sufficient to give him a Vote;
 At Elections he scorns to accept of a Groat;
 He hates your proud Placemen; and, do what
 they will,

They ne'er can seduce the staunch Man of the Mill.

On *Sunday* he talks with the Barber and Priest,
 And hopes that our Statesmen do all for the best;
 That the *Spaniards* shall ne'er interrupt our free
 Trade,

Nor good *British* Coin be in Subsidies paid:
 He fears the *French* Navy and Commerce increase,
 And he wishes poor *Germany* still may have Peace:

Tho' *Old England*, he knows may have Strength,
 and have Skill,
 To protect all her Manors, and save his own Mill.
 With this honest Hope he goes Home to his Work,
 And if Water is scanty he takes up his Fork,
 And over the Meadows he scatters his Hay,
 Or with the stiff Plough turns up Furrows of Clay:
 His Harvest is crown'd with good *English* Glee,
 That his Country may ever be happy and free:
 With his Hand and his Heart to King *George* does
 he fill,
 May all loyal Souls act the Man of the Mill.

S O N G CLVIII.

By the Earl of ROCHESTER.

MY dear Mistress has a Heart,
 Soft as those kind Looks she gave me,
 When with Love's resistless Art,
 And her Eyes she did enslave me:
 But her Constancy's so weak,
 She's so wild and apt to wander,
 That my jealous Heart would break
 Should we live one Day asunder.

Melting Joys about her move,
 Wounding Pleasures, killing Bliss,
 She can dress her Eyes in Love,
 And her Lips can arm with Kisses;
 Angels listen when she speaks,
 She's my Delight, all Mankind's Wonder,
 But my jealous Heart would break
 Should we live one Day asunder.

S O N G

S O N G C L I X.

In AS YOU LIKE IT.

WHEN Daifies py'd, and Vi'lets blue,
 And Cuckow-buds of yellow Hue,
 And Lady-smocks all silver white,
 Do paint the Meadows with Delight;
 The Cuckow then, on ev'ry Tree,
 Mocks marry'd Men; for thus sings he:
 Cuckow! Cuckow! oh! Word of Fear,
 Unpleasing to a marry'd Ear;
 Unpleasing to a marry'd Ear.

When Shepherds pipe on oaten Straws,
 And merry Larks are Ploughmen's Clocks;
 When Turtles tread, and Rooks and Daws,
 And Maidens bleach their Summer Smocks;
 The Cuckow then, on ev'ry Tree,
 The Cuckow then, on ev'ry Tree,
 Mocks marry'd Men; for thus sings he;
 Cuckow! Cuckow! oh! Word of Fear,
 Unpleasing to a marry'd Ear;
 Unpleasing to a marry'd Ear.

S O N G C L X.

Sung by Mr. Dunstall, in LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

A Plague of those Wenches! they make such a
 Pother,
 When once they have let'n a Man have his Will;
 They're always a whining for something or other,
 And cry he's unkind in his Carriage.
 What thof he speak e'm ne'er so fairly,

Still they keep teasing, teasing on ;
 You cannot persuade 'em,
 'Till Promise you've made 'em ;
 And after they've got it,
 They'll tell you—*ad rot* it !
 Their Character's blasted, they're ruin'd, undone :
 And then, to be sure, Sir,
 There is but one Cure, Sir :
 And all their Discourse is of Marriage.

S O N G CLXI.

Sung in The Double Disappointment.

WHEREVER I'm going, and all the Day long,
 Abroad or at Home, or alone in a Throng,
 I find that my Passion's so lively and strong,
 That your Name, when I'm silent, runs still in
 my Song.

Sing Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora,
 Balinamone Ora, a Kiss of your sweet Lips for me.

Since the first Time I saw you I take no Repose ;
 I sleep all the Day to forget half my Woes :
 So hot is the Flame in my Bosom which glows,
 By *St. Patrick* I fear it will burn thro' my Clothes.

Sing Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora,
 Your pretty black Hair for me.

In my Conscience, I fear I shall die in my Grave,
 Unless you comply, and poor *Phelim* will shave,
 And grant the Petition your Lover does crave,
 Who never was free till you made him your Slave.

Sing Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora,
 Your pretty black Eyes for me.

On that happy Day, when I make you my Bride,
With a swinging long Sword, how I'll strut and
I'll stride!

In a Coach and six Horses with Honey I'll ride,
As before you I walk to the Church by your Side.
Sing Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora,
Your little white Fist for me.

S O N G CLXII.

Sung in The CHAPLET, by Mr. Vernon.

DECLARE, my pretty Maid,
Must my fond Suit miscarry?
With you I'll toy, I'll kiss and play:
But hang me if I marry—hang me if I marry:
With you I'll toy, I'll kiss and play;
But hang me if I marry.

Then speak your Mind at once,
Nor let me longer tarry:
With you I'll toy, I'll kiss and play;
But hang me if I marry.
With you, &c.

Tho' Charms and Wit assail,
The Stroke I well can parry:
I love to kiss, to toy and play;
But do not chuse to marry:
I love, &c.

Young *Molly* of the Dale
Makes a mere Slave of *Harry*;
Because, when they had toy'd and kiss'd,
The foolish Swain would marry:
Because, &c.

These fix'd Resolves, my Dear,
 I to the Grave will carry;
 With you I'll toy and kifs and play;
 But hang me if I marry—hang me if I marry:
 With you I'll toy and kifs and play;
 But hang me if I marry.

S O N G CLXIII.

Sung in HARLEQUIN SORCERER.

Set by Dr. ARNE.

COME *Roger* and *Nell*, come *Simkin* and *Bell*,
 Each Lad with his Lafs hither come,
 With Singing and Dancing, in Pleasure advancing,
 To celebrate Harvest Home:
 'Tis *Ceres* bids play, and keep Holiday,
 To celebrate Harvest Home, Harvest Home,
 To celebrate Harvest Home.

Our Labour is o'er, our Barns in full Store
 Now swell with rich Gifts of the Land;
 Let each Man then take, for his Prong and his Rake,
 His Can and his Lafs in his Hand:
 For *Ceres*, &c.

No Courtier can be so happy as we,
 In Innocence, Pastime, and Mirth,
 While thus we carouse with our Sweetheart or
 Spouse,
 And rejoice o'er the Fruits of the Earth,
 When *Ceres* bids play and keep Holiday,
 To celebrate Harvest Home, Harvest Home,
 To celebrate Harvest Home.

S O N G

S O N G CLXIV.

Sung by Mr. Reinhold, in LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

ONS ! Neighbour, ne'er blush for a Trifle
like this ;
What Harm with a Fair-one to toy and to kifs ?
The Greatest and Gravest (a Truce with Grimace)
Wou'd do the same Thing, were they in the same
Place.

No Age, no Profession, no Station is free ;
To sovereign Beauty Mankind bends the Knee :
That Power, resiftless, no Strength can oppose ;
We all love a pretty Girl—under the Rose.

S O N G CLXV.

The REASONABLE LOVER. *Set by Dr. ARNE.*

I Seek not at once in a Female to find
The Form of a *Venus* with *Pallas's* Mind ;
Let the Fair-one I love have but Prudence in View,
That, tho' she deceive, I may still think her true :
Be her Person not beauteous, but pleasing and clean ;
Let her Temper be cloudless, and open her Mien :
By Folly, Ill-nature, nor Vanity led,
Nor indebted to Paint—for White or for Red.

May her Tongue, that dread Weapon in most of
the Sex,

Be employ'd to delight us, and not to perplex :
Let her not be too bold, nor frown at a jest,
For Prudes I despise, and Coquettes I detest :
May her Humour the Taste of the Company hit,
Not affectedly wise, nor too pert with her Wit :

Go find out the Maid that is form'd on my Plan,
And I'll love her for ever—I mean, if I can.

S O N G CLXVI.

Sung by Mrs. Stephens, in Love in a Village.

HOW happy were my Days till now !
I ne'er did Sorrow feel ;
With Joy I rose to milk my Cow,
Or take my Spinning-wheel.

My Heart was lighter than a Fly,
Like any Bird I sung,
Till he pretended Love, and I
Believ'd his flatt'ring Tongue.

O! the Fool! the filly, filly Fool,
That trusts what Man may be !
I wish I was a Maid again,
And in my own Country.

S O N G CLXVII.

Sung by Miss Catley, in Love in a Village.

MY Heart's my own, my Will is free,
And so shall be my Voice :
No mortal Man shall wed with me,
Till first he's made my Choice.
Let Parents rule, cry Nature's Laws,
And Children still obey ;
And is there then no saving Clause
Against tyrannic Sway ?

S O N G CLXVIII.

Sung in the CHAPLET, by Mr. Vernon.

PUSH about the brisk Bowl, 'twill enliven the
Heart,

While thus we sit round on the Grass :
The Lover, who talks of his Suff'rings and Smart,
Deserves to be reckon'd an Ass, an Ass ;
Deserves to be reckon'd an Ass.

The Wretch, who sits watching his ill-gotten Pelf,
And Wishes to add to the Mass,
Whate'er the Curmudgeon may think of himself,
Deserves to be reckon'd an Ass :
Deserves, &c.

The Beau, who so smart with his well-powder'd
Hair,
An Angel beholds in his Glass,
And thinks with Grimace to subdue all the Fair,
Deserves to be reckon'd an Ass ;
Deserves, &c.

The Merchant from Climate to Climate will roam,
Of *Cræsus* the Wealth to surpass ;
And oft, while he's wand'ring, my Lady at Home
Claps the Horns of an Ox on the Ass ;
Claps the Horns, &c.

The Lawyer so grave, when he puts in his Plea,
With Forehead well fronted with Brags,
Tho' he talks to no Purpose, he pockets your Fee ;
There you, my good Friend, are an Ass ;
There you, &c.

The formal Physician, who knows ev'ry Ill,
 Shall last be produc'd in this Class;
 The sick Man a while may confide in his Skill,
 But Death proves the Doctor an Ass;
 But Death, &c.

Then let us, Companions, be jovial and gay,
 By Turns take our Bottle and Laffs;
 For he who his Pleasure puts off for a Day,
 Deserves to be reckon'd an Ass, an Ass;
 Deserves to be reckon'd an Ass.

S O N G CLXIX. *A Pastoral Song.*

Sung at Ranelagh. Set by Mr. Battishill.

WHAT Shepherd or Nymph of the Grove,
 Can blame me for dropping a Tear,
 Or lamenting aloud, as I rove,
 Since *Phæbe* no longer is here?
 My Flocks, if at Random they stray,
 What Wonder, if she's from the Plains?
 Her Hand they were wont to obey:
 She rul'd both the Sheep and the Swains.

Can I ever forget how we stray'd
 To the Foot of yon neighbouring Hill,
 To the Bow'r we had built in the Shade,
 Or the River that runs by the Mill?
 There, sweet, by my Side as she lay,
 And heard the fond Stories I told,
 How sweet was the Thrush from the Spray,
 Or the Bleating of Lambs from the Fold?

How

How oft' wou'd I spy out a Charm,
 Which before had been hid from my View!
 And, while Arm was infolded in Arm,
 My Lips to her Lips, how they grew!
 How long the sweet Contest would last!
 Till the Hours of Retirement and Rest;
 What Pleasures and Pain each had past,
 Who longest had lov'd, and who best.

No Changes of Place, or of Time,
 I felt when my Fair one was near;
 Alike was each Weather and Clime,
 Each Season that chequer'd the Year:
 In Winter's rude Lap did we freeze,
 Did we melt on the Bosom of *May*;
 Each Morn brought Contentment and Ease,
 If we rose up to Work or to Play.

She was all my fond Wishes could ask;
 She had all the kind Gods could impart;
 She was Nature's most beautiful Task,
 The Despair and the Envy of Art;
 There all that is worthy to prize,
 In all that was lovely was drest;
 For the Graces were thron'd in her Eyes,
 And the Virtues all lodg'd in her Breast.

S O N G CLXX.

Sung by Mr. Dibdin, in The PADLOCK.

DEAR Heart! what a terrible Life am I led?
 A Dog has a better that's shelter'd and fed;
 Night and Day 'tis the same,
 My Pain is dere Game;
 Me wish to de Lord me was dead.

Whate'er's

Whate'er's to be done,
 Poor Black must run;
Mungo here, *Mungo* dere,
Mungo every where.
 Above or below,
 Sirrah, come, Sirrah, go;
 Do so, and do so.
 Oh! Oh!

Me wish to de Lord me was dead.

S O N G CLXXI.

A favourite Song in LETHE.

Set by Dr. ARNE.

THE Card invites, in Crowds we fly
 To join the jovial routful Cry;
 What Joy—from Cares and Plagues all Day,
 To hie to the Midnight Hark-away!
 Nor Want, nor Pain, nor Griefs, nor Care,
 Nor dronish Husbands enter there;
 The brisk, the bold, the young, the gay,
 All hie to the Midnight Hark-away.

Uncounted strikes the Morning Clock,
 And drowsy Watchmen idly knock;
 'Till Daylight peeps, we sport and play,
 And roar to the jolly Hark-away.
 When tir'd with Sport, to Bed we creep,
 And kill the tedious Day with Sleep,
 To-morrow's welcome Call obey,
 And again to the Midnight Hark-away.

S O N G CLXXII.

A favourite Song in the EPHESIAN MATRON.*Sung at Ranelagh.*

IF I was a Wife,
 And my dearest dear Life
 Took it into his Noddle to die;
 Ere I took the Whim
 To be bury'd with him,
 I think I'd know very well why.

If poignant my Grief,
 I'd search for Relief,
 Nor sink with the Weight of my Care;
 A Salve might be found,
 No Doubt, above Ground,
 And I think I know very well where.

Another kind Mate
 Should give me what Fate
 Would not from the former allow;
 With him I'd amuse
 The Hours you abuse,
 And I think I know very well how.

'Tis true I'm a Maid,
 And so't may be said,
 No Judge of the conjugal Lot;
 Yet Marriage, I ween,
 Has a Cure for the Spleen,
 And I think I know very well what.

S O N G CLXXIII.

Sung in THE CAPRICIOUS LOVERS.

FOR various Purpose serves the Fan,
As thus—a decent Blind,
Between the Sticks to peep at Man,
Nor yet betray your Mind.

Each Action has a Meaning plain,
Resentment's in the Snap ;
A Flirt expresses strong Disdain,
Consent a gentle Tap.

All Passions will the Fan disclose,
All Modes of Female Art,
And to Advantage sweetly shews
The Hand, if not the Heart.

'Tis Folly's Sceptre, first design'd
By Love's capricious Boy,
Who knows how lightly all Mankind
Are govern'd by a Toy.

S O N G CLXXIV.

COWDEN KNOWS.

Sung at Vauxhall. New set by Mr. Smith.

WHEN Summer comes, the Swains on *Tweed*,
Sing their successful Loves ;
Around the Ewes and Lambkins feed,
And Musick fills the Groves :

But

But my lov'd Song is then the Broom,
 So fair on *Cowden Knows* ;
 For sure so sweet, so fair a Bloom,
 Elsewhere there never grows.

There *Colin* tun'd his Oaten Reed,
 And won my yielding Heart ;
 No Shepherd e'er that dwelt on *Tweed*,
 Could play with half such Art ;
 He sung of *Tay*, of *Forth*, and *Clyde*,
 The Hills and Dales all round,
 Of *Leader-haugh*s, and *Leader-side* :
 Oh ! how I blest the Sound.

Yet more delightful is the Broom,
 So fair on *Cowden Knows* ;
 For sure so fresh, so bright a Bloom,
 Elsewhere there never grows.
 Not *Tiviot* Braes so green and gay,
 May with this Broom compare ;
 Not *Yarrow* Banks in flow'ry *May*,
 Nor Bush aboon *Traquair*.

More pleasing far are *Cowden Knows*,
 My peaceful happy Home ;
 Where I was wont to milk my Ewes,
 At Eve among the Broom :
 Ye *Now's* that haunt the Woods and Plains,
 Where *Tweed* and *Tiviot* flows ;
 Convey me to the best of Swains,
 And my lov'd *Cowden Knows*.

SONG CLXXV.

Sung in the Mask of ALFRED.

WHEN *Britain* first, at Heaven's Command,
Arose from out the azure Main;
Arose, &c.

This was the Charter, the Charter of the Land,
And guardian Angels sung the Strain;
Rule *Britannia*, *Britannia* rule the Waves,
For *Britons* never will be Slaves.

The Nations not so blest as thee,
Must, in their Turns, to Tyrants fall;
Must, in, &c.
Whilst thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish great and
free,
The Dread and Envy of them all.
Rule, *Britannia*, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign Stroke;
More dreadful. &c.
As the loud Blast that tears the Skies,
Serves but to root thy native Oak.
Rule, *Britannia*, &c.

Thee haughty Tyrants ne'er shall tame;
All their Attempts to bend thee down;
All their, &c.
Will but arouse, arouse thy gen'rous Flame,
And work their Woe, and thy Renown.
Rule, *Britannia*, &c.

To thee belongs the rural Reign,
 Thy Cities shall with Commerce shine;
 Thy Cities, &c.
 All thine shall be, shall be the subject Main,
 And ev'ry Shore it circles, thine.
 Rule, *Britannia*, &c.

The Muses, still with Freedom found,
 Shall to thy happy Coast repair;
 Shall to thy happy Coast repair.
 Blest Isle! with Beauties, with matchless Beau-
 ties crown'd,
 And manly Hearts to guard the Fair.
 Rule *Britannia*, *Britannia* rule the Waves,
 For *Britons* never will be Slaves.

S O N G CLXXVI.

Sung by Mrs. Scott, in The Chaplet.

Set by Dr. Boyce.

VAIN is ev'ry fond Endeavour
 To resist the tender Dart;
 For Examples move us never;
 We must feel, to know the Smart.
 When the Shepherd swears he's dying,
 And our Beauties sets to View;
 Vanity, her Aid supplying,
 Bids us think 'tis all our Due;
 Bids us think 'tis all our Due.

Softer than the vernal Breezes
 Is the mild, deceitful Strain:
 Frowning Truth our Sex displeases;
 Flatt'ry never sues in vain:

But

But too soon, the happy Lover
Does our tend'rest Hopes deceive :
Man was form'd to be a Rover,
Foolish Woman to believe ;
Foolish Woman to believe.

S O N G CLXXVII.

*Sung in The Chaplet, by Mr. Vernon and Mrs.
Scott.*

D A M O N.

CONTENTED all Day I will sit by your Side,
Where Poplars far stretching o'er-arch the
cool Tide ;
And, while the clear River runs purling along,
The Thrush and the Linnet contend in their Song ;
The Thrush and the Linnet contend in their Song.

L A U R A.

Whilst you are but by me, no Danger I fear ;
Ye Lambs, rest in Safety, my *Damon* is near ;
Bound on, ye blithe Kids, now your Gambols may
please,
For my Shepherd is kind, and my Heart is at Ease ;
For my Shepherd, &c.

D A M O N.

Ye Virgins of *Britain*, bright Rivals of Day,
The Wish of each Heart, and the Theme of each
Lay ;
Ne'er yield to the Swain till he make you a Wife,
For he who loves truly will take you for Life ;
For he who, &c.

L A U R A.

LAURA.

Ye Youths, who fear nought but the Frowns of
the Fair,

'Tis yours to relieve, not to add to their Care;
Then scorn to their Ruin Assistance to lend,
Nor betray the sweet Creatures you're born to de-
fend;

Nor betray, &c.

DUETTO.

For their Honour and Faith be our Virgins re-
nown'd;

Nor false to his Vows one young Shepherd be found:
Be their Moments all guided by Virtue and Truth,
To preserve in their Age, what they gain'd in
their Youth;

To preserve in their Age, what they gain'd in
their Youth.

S O N G CLXXVIII.

Set by Dr. Arne. In Thomas and Sally.

THE echoing Horn calls the Sportsmen abroad;

To Horse, my brave Boys, and away;

The Morning is up, and the Cry of the Hounds

Upbraids our too tedious Delay:

What Pleasure we find in pursuing the Fox!

O'er Hill, and o'er Valley, he flies:

Then follow; we'll soon overtake him—Huzza!

The Traitor is seized on, and dies.

Triumphant returning at Night with the Spoil,

Like Bacchanals, shouting and gay,

How sweet with the Bottle and Lads to refresh,

And lose the Fatigues of the Day!

With

With Sport, Love, and Wine, fickle Fortune defy;
 Dull Wisdom all Happiness fours:
 Since Life is no more than a Passage at best,
 Let's strew the Way over with Flow'rs.

S O N G CLXXIX.

Sung in the Pantomime of The ELOPEMENT.

Mrs. SCOTT.

COME haste to the Wedding, ye Friends and
 ye Neighbours,
 The Lovers their Bliss can no longer delay;
 Forget all your Sorrows, your Care, and your
 Labours,
 And let ev'ry Heart beat with Rapture To-day:
 Ye Vot'ries all, attend to my Call,
 Come revel in Pleasures that never can cloy.
Chorus. Come, see rural Felicity,
 Which Love and Innocence ever enjoy.

Mrs. DORMAN.

Let Envy, let Pride, let Hate and Ambition,
 Still croud to, and beat at the Breast of the
 Great;
 To such wretched Passions we give no Admission,
 But leave them alone to the Wise-ones of State;
 We boast of no Wealth, but Contentment and
 Health,
 In Mirth and in Friendship our Moments employ.
Chorus. Come, see rural Felicity,
 Which Love and Innocence ever enjoy.

Mrs.

Mrs. SCOTT.

With Reason we taste of each heart-stirring Pleasure,

With Reason we drink of the full flowing Bowl,
Are jocund and gay, but all within Measure,
For fatal Excess will enslave the free Soul.

Duetto. Then come at our Bidding to this happy
Wedding,

No Care shall intrude here our Bliss annoy.

Chorus. Come, see rural Felicity,
Which Love and Innocence ever enjoy.

S O N G CLXXX.

Sung by Mr. Reinhold, in Love in a Village.

LET gay Ones and Great
Make the most of their Fate;
From Pleasure to Pleasure they run:
Well, who cares a Jot?
I envy them not,
While I have my Dog and my Gun.

For Exercise, Air,
To the Fields I repair,
With Spirits unclouded and light:
The Bliss I find,
No Stings leave behind,
But Health and Diversion unite.

S O N G

SONG CLXXXI.

The ENGLISH PADLOCK.

New set by Dr. ARNE.

MISS *Danae*, when fair and young,
(As *Horace* has divinely sung)
Could not be kept from *Jove's* Embrace
By Doors of Steel, and Walls of Brass.

Tell us, mysterious Husband, tell us
Why so mysterious, why so jealous?
Can harsh Restraint, the Bolt, the Bar,
Make thee secure, thy Wife less fair?

Send her abroad, and let her see
That all this World of Pageantry,
Which she, forbidden, longs to know,
Is Powder, Pocket-Glass, and Beau.

Be to her Virtues ever kind,
Be to her Faults a little blind,
Let all her Ways be unconfin'd,
And clap your *Padlock*—on her Mind.

SONG CLXXXII. *A Scotch Song.*

Sung by Mr. VERNON, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. HOOK.

MY *Peggy* is a young Thing
Just enter'd in her Teens,
Fair as the Day, and sweet as *May*,
Fair as the Day, and always gay:
My *Peggy* is a young Thing,
And I'm not very auld;
Yet weel I like to meet her
At the wawking of the Fauld.

My

My *Peggy* speaks fae sweetly
 Whene'er we meet alane ;
 I wish nae mair to lay my Care,
 I wish nae mair of a' that 's rare :
 My *Peggy* speaks fae sweetly,
 To a' the lave I'm cauld ;
 But she gars a' my Spirits glow,
 At wawking of the Fauld.

My *Peggy* smiles fae kindly
 Whene'er I whisper Love,
 That I look down on a' the Town,
 That I look down upon a Crown :
 My *Peggy* smiles fae kindly
 It makes me blyth and bauld,
 And naething gives me sic Delight
 As wawking of the Fauld.

My *Peggy* sings fae fastly
 When on my Pipe I play ;
 By a' the rest, it is confest,
 By a' the rest, that she sings best :
 My *Peggy* sings fae fastly,
 And in her Sangs are tauld
 With Innocence, the Wale of Sense,
 At wawking of the Fauld.

S O N G CLXXXIII. *Scotch Rondeau.*

Sung by Mrs. Weichsel, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. H O O K.

DAMON, would you know the Passion
 You have kindled in my Breast ?
 Trifling is the Inclination,
 That by Words can be express'd :

In my Silence view the Lover,
True Love is by Silence shown,
In my Eyes you'll best discover
All the Power of your own.

S O N G CLXXXIV.

By Mr. TICKELL.

OF *Leinster* fam'd for Maidens fair,
Bright *Lucy* was the Grace;
Nor e'er did *Liffy's* limpid Stream
Reflect a fairer Face.

'Till luckless Love and pining Care
Impair'd her rosy Hue,
Her coral Lips, her damask Cheeks,
And Eyes of glossy Blue.

Oh! have you seen the Lily pale
When beating Rains descend?
So droop'd this slow-consuming Maid
Her Life now near its End.

By *Lucy* warn'd, of flatt'ring Swains
Take heed, ye easy Fair!
Of Vengeance due to broken Vows,
Ye perjured Swains, beware!

Three Times all in the Dead of Night,
A Bell was heard to ring;
And shrieking at her Window thrice,
The Raven flapp'd her Wing.

Too well the love-lorn Maiden knew
The solemn-boding Sound,
And thus in dying Words bespoke
The Maidens weeping round.

I hear a Voice you cannot hear,
Which says I must not stay;
I see a Hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.

By a false Heart, and broken Vows,
In early Youth I die:
Was I to blame, because the Bride
Is twice as rich as I?

Ah, *Colin*, give not her thy Vows,
Vows due to me alone!
Nor thou, fond Maid, receive his Kifs,
And think him all thy own!

To-morrow in the Church to wed:
Impatient both prepare:
But know, fond Maid, and know, false Man,
That *Lucy* will be there.

Then bear my Corse, ye Comrades dear,
The Bridegroom blithe to meet;
He in his Wedding-trim so gay,
I in my Winding-sheet!

She spoke and dy'd, her Corse was borne,
The Bridegroom blithe to meet;
He in his Wedding-trim so gay,
She in her Winding-sheet.

Oh! what were perjur'd *Colin's* Thoughts?
 How were those Nuptials kept?
 The Bride-men flock'd round *Lucy* dead,
 And all the Village wept.

Compassion, Shame, Remorse, Despair,
 At once his Bosom swell:
 The Damps of Death bedew'd his Brows,
 He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain Bride, a Bride no more,
 The varying Crimson fled;
 When, stretch'd beside her Rival's Corse,
 She saw her Husband dead.

He to his *Lucy's* new-made Grave,
 Convey'd by trembling Swains,
 One Mould with her, beneath one Sod,
 For ever now remains.

Oft at this Place the constant Hind
 And plighted Maid are seen:
 With Garlands gay, and true love Knots
 They deck the sacred Green.

But, Swain forsworn, whoe'er thou art,
 This hallowed Spot forbear!
 Remember *Colin's* dreadful Fate,
 And fear to meet him there.

SONG CLXXXV.

By Mr. HAMILTON.

AH! the Shepherd's mournful Fate!
 When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languish,
 To bear the scornful fair one's Hate,
 Nor dare disclose his Anguish.
 Yet eager Looks, and dying Sighs,
 My secret Soul discover,
 While Rapture trembling thro' my Eyes
 Reveals how much I love her.

The tender Glance, the redd'ning Cheek,
 O'erspread with rising Blushes,
 A thousand various Ways they speak
 A thousand various Wishes.
 For oh! that Form so heavenly fair,
 Those languid Eyes so sweetly smiling,
 That artless Blush, and modest Air,
 So artfully beguiling!

Thy every Look, and every Grace
 So charms whene'er I view thee,
 Till Death o'ertake me in the Chase
 Still will my Hopes pursue thee:
 Then when my tedious Hours are past
 Be this last Blessing given,
 Low at thy Feet to breathe my last,
 And die in Sight of Heaven.

S O N G CLXXXVI.

STREPHON, when you see me fly
 Let not this your Fear create,
 Maids may be as often shy
 Out of Love as out of Hate;
 When from you I fly away,
 It is because I dare not stay.

Did I out of Hatred run
 Less you'd be my Pain and Care;
 But the Youth I love, to shun,
 Who can such a Trial bear?
 Who that such a Swain did see
 Who could love and fly like me?

Cruel Duty bids me go,
 Gentle Love commands me stay;
 Duty's still to Love a Foe,
 Shall I this or that obey?
 Duty frowns, and *Cupid* smiles,
 That defends, and this beguiles.

Ever by these crystal Streams
 I could sit and hear thee sigh,
 Ravish'd with these pleasing Dreams
 O 'tis worse than Death to fly:
 But the Danger is so great
 Fear gives Wings, instead of Hate.

Strepson, if you love me, leave me,
 If you stay I am undone;
 Oh! with Ease you may deceive me,
 Pri'thee charming Swain be gone.
 Heav'n decrees that we should part,
 That has my Vows, but you my Heart.

S O N G

S O N G CLXXXVII.

By Mr. OTWAY.

COME all ye Youths whose Hearts e'er bled,
 By cruel Beauty's Pride;
 Bring each a Garland on his Head,
 Let none his Sorrows hide:
 But Hand in Hand around me move,
 Singing the saddest Tales of Love;
 And see, when your Complaints ye join,
 If all your Wrongs can equal mine.

The happiest Mortal once was I,
 My Heart no Sorrows knew;
 Pity the Pain with which I die,
 But ask not whence it grew:
 Yet if a tempting Fair you find,
 That's very lovely, very kind,
 Tho' bright as Heaven whose Stamp she bears,
 Think of my Fate, and shun her Snares.

S O N G CLXXXVIII.

By Dr. PERCY.

O Nancy, wilt thou go with me,
 Nor sigh to leave the flaunting Town:
 Can silent Glens have Charms for thee,
 The lowly Cot and russet Gown?
 No longer drest in filken Sheen,
 No longer deck'd with Jewels rare,
 Say, can'st thou quit each courtly Scene,
 Where thou wert fairest of the Fair?

O *Nancy*! when thou'rt far away,
 Wilt thou not cast a Wish behind?
 Say, can'st thou face the parching Ray,
 Nor shrink before the wintry Wind?
 O can that soft and gentle Mien
 Extremes of Hardship learn to bear,
 Nor sad regret each courtly Scene,
 Where thou wert fairest of the Fair?

O *Nancy*! canst thou love so true,
 Thro' Perils keen with me to go,
 Or when thy Swain Mishap shall rue,
 To share with him the Pang of Woe?
 Say, should Disease or Pain befall,
 Wilt thou assume the Nurse's Care,
 Nor wistful those gay Scenes recal
 Where thou wert fairest of the Fair?

And when at last thy Love shall die,
 Wilt thou receive his parting Breath?
 Wilt thou repress each struggling Sigh,
 And cheer with Smiles the Bed of Death?
 And wilt thou o'er his breathless Clay
 Strew Flowers and drop the tender Tear;
 Nor *then* regret those Scenes so gay,
 Where thou wert fairest of the Fair?

S O N G CLXXXIX.

By Lady M. W. MONTAGUE.

DEAR *Colin* prevent my warm Blushes,
 Since how can I speak without Pain?
 My Eyes have oft told you my Wishes,
 O! can't you their Meaning explain?

My

My Passion would lose by Expression,
 And you too might cruelly blame;
 Then don't you expect a Confession,
 Of what is too tender to name.

Since yours is the Province of speaking,
 Why should you expect it from me?
 Our Wishes should be in our keeping,
 'Till you tell us what they should be.

Then quickly why don't you discover?
 Did your Heart feel such Tortures as mine,
 Eyes need not tell over and over
 What I in my Bosom confine.

S O N G CXC.

CELIA, hoard thy Charms no more,
 Beauty's like the Miser's Treasure;
 Still the vain Possessor's poor,
 What are Riches without Pleasure?
 Endless Pains the Miser takes
 To increase his Heaps of Money,
 Lab'ring Bees his Pattern makes
 Yet he fears to taste his Honey.

Views with aching Eyes his Store,
 Trembling lest he chance to lose it,
 Pining still for want of more,
 Tho' the Wretch wants Power to use it.
Celia, thus with endless Arts
 Spends her Days, her Charms improving,
 Lab'ring still to conquer Hearts,
 Yet ne'er tastes the Sweets of loving.

Views with Pride her Shape and Face,
 Fancying still she's under Twenty;
 Age brings Wrinkles on apace,
 While she starves with all her Plenty.
 Soon or late they both will find
 Time their Idol from them sever,
 He must leave his Gold behind,
 Lock'd within his Grave for ever.

Celia's Fate will still be worse,
 When her fading Charms deceive her,
 Vain Desire will be her Curse
 When no Mortal will relieve her.
Celia, hoard thy Charms no more,
 Beauty's like the Miser's Treasure,
 Taste a little of thy Store;
 What is Beauty without Pleasure?

S O N G CXCI.

Auld ROBIN GRAY.

THE Sheep were in the Fold, and the Cows
 were all at home,
 And all the weary World to Rest was gone,
 When the Woes of my Heart brought the Tear
 in mine E'e,
 While my Good-man lay found by me.

Young *Jamie* lov'd me well, and he sought me for
 his Bride,
 He had but a Crown, he had no more beside;
 To make the Crown a Pound, young *Jamie* went
 to Sea,
 And the Crown, and the Pound, they were both
 for me.

He

He had na been gone but a Year and a Day,
 When my Father broke his Arm, and our Cow
 was stole away;
 When my Mother she fell sick, and my *Jamie* at
 the Sea,
 And auld *Robin Gray* came wooing to me.

My Father could na work, and my Mother cou'd
 na spin,
 I toiled Night and Day, but their Bread I could
 na win;
 Auld *Rob* maintain'd them both, and, with Tears
 in his E'e,
 Said, "*Jenny*, for their Sakes, oh! marry me."

My Heart it said no, and I wish'd for *Jamie* back,
 But the Wind it blew fore, and his Ship it prov'd
 a Wreck;
 His Ship prov'd a Wreck: ah! why did not *Jenny*
 dee?

Why was she left to cry—"Ah, woe is me!"

My Father argu'd fore; though my Mother did
 na speak,
 She look'd in my Face till my Heart was fit to
 break;
 So auld *Robin* got my Hand—but my Heart was in
 the Sea,
 —And now *Robin Gray* is Good-man to me.

I had na been a Wife but of Weeks only four,
 When sitting right mournfully out at my Door,
 I saw my *Jamie's* Ghost, for I could na think 'twas he,
 Till he said, "*Jenny*, I'm come home to marry
 thee."

Sore did we weep, and little did we say,
 We took but one Kiss—and we tore ourselves away;
 I wish I was dead, but I am not like to dee,
 And, oh! I am young to cry—"Ah, woe is me!"

I gang like a Ghost, and I do not care to spin,
 I fain would think on *Jamie*, but that would be a
 Sin;

I must e'en do my best a good Wife to be,
 For auld *Robin Gray* has been kind to me.

S O N G CXCII.

The Mulberry Tree. Set by Mr. Dibdin.

BEHOLD this fair Goblet, 'twas carv'd from
 the Tree,
 Which, oh! my sweet *Shakespeare*, was planted
 by thee;

As a Relic I kiss it, and bow at thy Shrine,
 What comes from thy Hand must be ever divine.

 All shall yield to the Mulberry Tree;

 Bend to thee

 Bless'd Mulberry;

 Matchless was he

 That planted thee,

And thou, like him, immortal shalt be.

Ye Trees of the Forest so rampant and high,
 Who spread round your Branches, whose Heads
 sweep the Sky;

Ye curious Exotics, whom Taste has brought here,
 To root out the Natives at Prices so dear:

 All shall yield, &c.

The

The Oak is held royal, is *Britain's* great Boast,
 Preserv'd once our King, and will always our Coast:
 Of the Fir we make Ships; there are Thousands
 that fight,
 But one, only one, like our *Shakespeare* can write.
 All shall yield, &c.

Let *Venus* delight in her gay myrtle Bow'rs,
Pomona in Fruit-trees, and *Flora* in Flow'rs;
 The Garden of *Shakespeare* all Fancies will suit,
 With the sweetest of Flow'rs, and the fairest of
 Fruit.
 All shall yield, &c.

With Learning and Knowledge the well-letter'd
 Birch
 Supplies Law and Physic, and Grace for the Church;
 But Law and the Gospel in *Shakespeare* we find,
 He gives the best Physic for Body and Mind.
 All shall yield, &c.

The Fame of the Patron gives Fame to the Tree;
 From him and his Merits this takes its Degree:
 Give *Phæbus* and *Bacchus* their Laurel and Vine,
 The Tree of our *Shakespeare* is still more divine.
 All shall yield, &c.

As the Genius of *Shakespeare* outshines the bright
 Day,
 More Rapture than Wine to the Heart can convey;
 So the Tree which he planted, by making his own,
 Has the Laurel and Bays, and the Vine all in one.
 All shall yield, &c.

Then

Then each take a Relic of this hollow Tree,
 From Folly and Fashion a Charm let it be ;
 Let's fill to the Planter the Cup to the Brim,
 To honour your Country, do Honour to him,
 All shall yield, &c.

S O N G CXCH.

Sung by Mrs. Mattocks, in The Maid of the Mill.

WITH the Man that I love, was I destin'd to
 dwell,
 On a Mountain, a Moor, in a Cot, in a Cell ;
 Retreats the most barren, most desert, would be
 More pleasing than Courts or a Palace to me.

Let the Vain and the Venal in Wedlock aspire,
 To what Folly esteems, and the Vulgar admire ;
 I yield them the Bliss where their Wishes are plac'd ;
 Insensible Creatures ! 'tis all they can taste.

S O N G CXCI.

Sung by Mr. Mattocks, in Love in a Village.

OH ! had I been by Fate decreed
 Some humble cottage Swain,
 In fair *Rosetta's* Sight to feed
 My Flocks upon the Plain ;

What Bliss had I been born to taste,
 Which now I ne'er must know ;
 Ye envious Pow'rs ! why have ye plac'd
 My fair One's Lot so low ?

S O N G CXC.V.

Sung by Miss Davies, in Love in a Village.

SINCE *Hodge* proves ungrateful, no further
I'll seek,
But go up to Town in the Waggon next Week :
A Service in *London* is no such Disgrace,
And Register's Office will get me a Place.

Bet Blossom went there, and soon met with a
Friend ;
Folks say, in her Silks she's now standing an End :
Then why should not I the same Maxim pursue,
And better my Fortune, as other Girls do ?

S O N G CXC.VI.

Sung by Mr. Vernon, in Cymon.

YOU gave me last Week a young Linnet,
Shut up in a fine golden Cage ;
Yet how sad the poor Thing was within it,
Oh how did it flutter and rage !
Then he mop'd, and he pin'd,
That his Wings were confin'd,
Till I open'd the Door of his Den ;
Then so merry was he,
And because he was free,
He came to his Cage back again.

S O N G CXC VII.

Sung by Miss Poitier, in Thomas and Sally.

Set by Dr. ARNE.

THE May-day of Life is for Pleasure,
For singing, for dancing, and Show;
Then why will you waste such a Treasure
In fighting, and crying—Heigho?

Let's copy the Bird in the Meadows,
By her's tune your Pipe when 'tis low;
Fly round, and coquette it as she does,
And never sit crying—Heigho!

Though, when in the Arms of a Lover,
It sometimes may happen, I know,
That, ere all our toying is over,
We cannot help crying—Heigho!

In Age ev'ry one a new Part takes;
I find to my Sorrow 'tis so:
When old, you may cry till your Heart aches,
And no one will mind you—Heigho!

S O N G CXC VIII.

GENTEEL DAMON. *By the QUEEN.*

GENTEEL is my *Damon*, engaging his Air,
His Face, like the Morn, is both ruddy and
fair,

Soft Love sits enthron'd in the Beam of his Eyes,
He's manly yet tender, he's fond and yet wise.

He's

He's ever good humour'd, he's gen'rous and gay,
 His Presence can always drive Sorrow away :
 No Vanity sways him, no Folly is seen,
 But open his Temper, and noble his Mien.

By Virtue illumin'd his Actions appear,
 His Passions are calm, and his Reason is clear :
 An affable Sweetness attends on his Speech,
 He's willing to learn, tho' he's able to teach.

He has promis'd to love me—his Word I'll believe,
 For his Heart is too honest to let him deceive ;
 Then blame me, ye Fair ones, if justly ye can,
 Since the Picture I've drawn is exactly the Man.

S O N G . CXCIX.

Sung by Mr. VERNON. Set by Dr. ARNE.

YE Ladies, who drive from the Smoke of the
 Town,
 So whimsical, frolic, and gay ;
 Ye neat country Lasses, in clean linen Gown,
 As blithe, and as pretty as they ;
 Here Faunus invites, Pleasure's Paths to explore,
 And Care, on his Crutches, has limp'd from the
 Door.

Here Zephyr's light Pinions waft Odours around,
 Selected from Valley and Hill :
 The God of the Woodlands has hallow'd the
 Ground,

And Health is a Tenant at Will :
 No Lily nor Rose in the Soil need appear,
 So freshly they bloom in the Cheeks of the Fair.

Here

Here *Colin*, should *Damon* his Province invade,
 Each Obstacle soon may remove ;
 The Clack of the Mill and the bubbling Cascade,
 Will soften the Tale of his Love ;
 Thus baffling his Rival, with Arm round her Waist,
 The Slighted becomes the dear Fav'rite at last.

How sweetly the Muses in Harmony join,
 To cheer the brisk Lad and his Lads ;
 Now free-hearted Topers exult in their Wine,
 And kiss the sweet Lips of the Glafs :
 Then banish Excess, which alone can destroy
 These innocent Pleasures which *Britons* enjoy.

S O N G C C. R O N D E A U.

Sung by Mrs. Weichsel. Set by Mr. Barthelemon.

G E N T L E *Damon*, cease to woo me,
 'Tis in vain you thus pursue me,
 Sighs and Tears cannot subdue me,
 Nor can change my constant Heart.
 Young *Philander's* gen'rous Passion,
 Taught me first soft Inclination,
 Never shall your fly Persuasion
 Make me act a treach'rous Part.
Gentle Damon, &c.

Cease, O cease, then, this complaining,
 Such perfidious Arts disdaining,
 Let bright Honour once more reigning,
 To your Soul its Rays impart.
Gentle Damon, &c.

S O N G CCI. SUMMER.

Sung by Mrs. Weichfel. Set by Mr. Potter.

NOW gay Summer's ripen'd Bloom,
Frolicks where the Winter frown'd,
Stretch'd upon the Banks of Broom,
We command the Prospect round.
Nature in the Prospect yields,
Humble Dales, and Mountains bold;
Meadows, Woodlands, Heaths; and Fields,
Yellow'd o'er with waving Gold.

Linnets on the crouded Sprays,
Chorus, and the Woodlarks rise,
Soaring with a Song of Praise,
Till their Warblings reach the Skies:
Painted Gardens, Grotts, and Groves,
Intermingling Shade with Light,
Lengthen'd Vistas, green Alcoves,
Join to give the Soul Delight.

S O N G CCII.

Sung by Mrs. Lampe, at Marybone-Gardens.

The Words by Mr. S. BOYCE.

Set by Mr. CHA. LAMPE.

YOUNG Colin seeks my Heart to move,
And sighs, and talks so much of Love,
(He'll hang or drown, I fear it,)
Of Pangs, and Wounds, and pointed Darts,
Of Cupid's Bow, and bleeding Hearts,
I vow I cannot bear it.

He

He says I'm pretty——mighty well;
 And witty too——that's better still;
 And sensible, I swear it :
 But Words, you know, are nought but Wind;
 Unless he'll freely tell his Mind,
 I vow I cannot bear it.

The Shepherd dances blythe and gay,
 And sweetly on his Pipe can play;
 I own I like to hear it :
 But downcast Looks, and Hums and Haws,
 So badly plead a Lover's Cause,
 I vow I cannot bear it.

I wish some friendly Nymph or Swain
 Would bid the bashful Boy speak plain,
 (I wonder he should fear it)
 I'd then take Courage, like my Sex,
 The honest Youth no more to vex,
 But wed him, I declare it.

S O N G C C H I I .

Set by Mr. WELDON.

LET Ambition fire thy Mind ;
 Thou wert born o'er Men to reign,
 Not to follow Flocks design'd :
 Scorn thy Crook, and leave the Plain.

Crowns I'll throw beneath thy Feet ;
 Thou on Necks of Kings shalt tread ;
 Joys incircling Joys shall meet,
 Which Way e'er thy Fancy's led.

Let not Toils of Empire fright:
Toils of Empire Pleasures are;
Thou shalt only know Delight;
All the Joy, but not the Care.

Shepherd, if thou'lt yield the Prize
For the Blessings I bestow,
Joyful I'll ascend the Skies,
Happy thou shalt reign below.

S O N G C C I V .

Sung by Mr. Lowe, at Marybone-Gardens.

Set by Mr. Lampe.

THE Sun, like any Bridegroom gay,
Rose to salute the Spring;
The Flow'rets hail'd the Birth of May,
And Birds began to sing,
When *Damon* tript it o'er the Plain,
Dear *Chloe's* Heart to win;
But at the Window tapt in vain,
She would not let him in.

Beside the Mansions where the Great,
From glorious Feats retir'd,
The Druids us'd to celebrate
The Virtues they admir'd:
Love whisper'd then in *Damon's* Ear,
And bade his Song begin;
And thus he sung, to please the Fair,
In Hopes she'd let him in.

So sweet his Song, the Maiden rose,
 In rural plain Attire ;
 And like the genial Season glows
 With thrilling soft Desire :
 But, angry like, by Love controul'd,
 Cry'd, Shepherd, why this Din ?
 Why wake me thus ? I've often told
 I ne'er would let you in.
 The fair One in his Arms he prest,
 And kifs'd her o'er and o'er ;
 And who with Honour in his Breast,
 Could then have thought on more ?
 To Church he led her, in her Prime,
 For Pleasure void of Sin ;
 And now she hails the happy Time
 When first she let him in.

S O N G CCV.

Sung by Mr. Cooke, at Sadler's-Wells.

MY Dog and my Mistrefs are both of a Kind,
 As fickle as Fancy, inconstant as Wind ;
 My Dog follows ev'ry strange Heel in the Streets,
 And my Mistrefs as fond of each Fellow she meets ;
 Yet, in Spite of her Arts, I'll not make the least
 Strife,

But be cherry, and merry, and happy thro' Life.

Go Miss where she will, and whenever she please,
 Her Conduct shall ne'er my Philosophy tease ;
 Her Freedom shall never embitter my Glee,
 One Woman's the same as another to me.
 So, in Spite of her Airs, I'll not make the least
 Strife,

But be cherry, and merry, and happy thro' Life.

I laugh

I laugh at the Wretches who stupidly pine
 For false-hearted Gipseys they title divine ;
 At worst of my Love-fits no Physic I ask,
 But that which is found in the Bowl or the Flask.
 For go Things how they will, I'll not make the
 least Strife,
 But be cherry, and merry, and happy thro' Life.

The Girl that behaves with good Humour and Sense,
 Shall still to my Heart have the warmest Pretence ;
 And for those who would jilt me, deceive, and
 betray,
 In honester Bumpers I'll wash them away.
 'Tis my final Resolve, not to make the least Strife,
 But be cherry, and merry, and happy thro' Life.

S O N G CCVI.

Sung by Mr. Tenducci, at Ranelagh.

Set by Signor Giardini.

NOT on Beauty's transient Pleasure,
 Which no real Joys impart ;
 Nor on Heaps of sordid Treasure
 Did I fix my youthful Heart.

'Twas not *Chloe's* perfect Feature
 Did the fickle Wand'rer bind :
 Nor her Form, the Boast of Nature,
 'Twas alone her spotless Mind.

Not on Beauty's transient Pleasure,
 Which no real Joys impart ;
 Nor on Heaps of sordid Treasure
 Did I fix my youthful Heart.

Take,

Take, ye Swains, the real Blessing
 That will Joys for Life ensure;
 The virtuous Mind alone possessing,
 Will your lasting Bliss secure.

Not on Beauty's transient Pleasure,
 Which no real Joys impart;
 Nor on Heaps of sordid Treasure
 Did I fix my youthful Heart.

S O N G CCVII.

A favourite Song, sung by Mrs. Pinto, at Ranelagh

THE gaudy Tulip swells with Pride,
 And rears its Beauties to the Sun,
 With Heav'n-born Tints of *Iris*' Bow;
 While low the Vi'let springs beside,
 As in the Shade it strives to shun
 The Hand of some rapacious Foe.

Of Worth intrinsic, small the Store
 That from the Tulip can arise,
 When parted from its glowing Bed:
 While hid, the Vi'let charms the more,
 Like Incense in its native Skies,
 When cropt to grace the Virgin-head.

Then think, ye Fair ones, how these Flow'rs
 Are wrought in Nature's various Robe:
 Where Pride declines, and Merit thrives,
 Your virgin Dignity o'er-pow'rs
 The Heroes of the conquer'd Globe:
 But sweet Compliance makes ye Wives.

S O N G CCVIII.

Sung by Mr. Lowe, at Marybone-Gardens.

The Words by Mr. Lockman.

'G AINST the destructive Wiles of Man,
Your Hearts, ye fair Ones, guard;
Their only Study's to trepan,
And play a Trickster's Card:
With strange Delight, poor Girls they slight,
Amuse, cajole, belie:
Hence, Girls! beware—look sharp—take Care;
For Men are wond'rous fly.

That Proteus Man, like him of old,
A thousand Forms will take;
His venal Soul is all for Gold,
A Crocodile, or Snake.
See his dire Thread! this Spider spread
To catch the female Fly:
Hence, Girls! beware—look sharp—take Care;
For Men are wond'rous fly.

A Porcupine, with Rage inspir'd,
At Nymphs he darts his Quills;
A Basilisk, by Frenzy fir'd,
His Glance by Poison kills:
With fraudulent Arts he steals their Hearts,
Then throws the Baubles by:
Hence, Girls! beware—look sharp—take Care;
For Men are wond'rous fly.

Was the whole Race of Men to meet
 In one wide-spreading Plain,
 Of Constancy, of Faith to treat,
 And Virtue's spotless Train;
 To find a Youth renown'd for Truth,
 Whole Ages we might try :
 Hence, Girls! beware—look sharp—take Care;
 For Men are wond'rous fly.

S O N G CCIX. YOUNG COLIN.

Sung by Mrs. Vincent.

YOUNG *Colin* was the bonniest Swain,
 That ever pip'd on flow'ry Plain,
 Or danc'd upon the Lee :
 The wanton Kid, in gamesome Round,
 That frolicks o'er the flow'ry Ground,
 Was not so blythe as he.

Beneath the Oak, in yonder Vale,
 You'd think you heard the Nightingale,
 Whene'er he rais'd his Voice :
 But, ah! the Youth was all Deceit,
 His Vows, his Oaths, were all a Cheat,
 And Choice succeeded Choice.

The Maidens sung, in Willow-groves,
 Of *Colin's* false and perjur'd Loves ;
 Here *Jenny* told her Woes :
 And *Moggy's* Tears increas'd the Brook,
 Whose Cheeks like dying Lilies look,
 That once out-blush'd the Rose.

Unhappy Fair, my Words believe,
 So shall your Swain your Hopes deceive,

And

And leave you to Despair :
Ere he disclose his fickle Mind,
Change first yourselves, for, ah ! you'll find
False *Colins* every where.

SONG CCX. The SHEPHERDESS.

Set by Dr. ARNE.

I Seek my Shepherd, gone astray ;
He left our Cot the other Day :
Tell me, ye gentle Nymphs and Swains,
Pass'd the dear Rebel through your Plains ?
Oh ! whither, whither must I roam
To find, and charm the Wand'rer home ?

Sports he upon the shaven Green,
Or joys he in the Mountain-scene ?
Leads he his Flocks along the Mead,
Or does he seek the cooler Shade ?
Oh ! teach a wretched Nymph the Way
To find her Lover gone astray.

To paint, ye Maids, my truant Swain ;
A manly Softness crowns his Mein ;
Adonis was not half so fair ;
And when he talks, 'tis Heav'n to hear !
But oh ! the soothing Poison shun ;
To listen is to be undone.

He'll swear no Time shall quench his Flame ;
To me the Perjur'd swore the same ;
Too fondly loving to be wise,
Who gave my Heart an easy Prize,
And when he tun'd his Syren Voice,
Listen'd, and was undone by Choice.

But fated now, he shuns the Kifs
He counted once his greatest Blifs;
Whilst I with fiercer Passions burn,
And pant and die for his Return.
Oh! whither, whither shall I rove,
Again to find my straying Love?

SONG CCXI. The MORNING. *A Cantata.*

Set by Dr. Arne.

THE glitt'ring Sun begins to rise
On yonder Hill, and paints the Skies;
The Lark his warbling Matin sings;
Each Flow'r in all its Beauty springs;
The Village up, the Shepherd tries
His Pipe, and to the Woodland hies.

Oh! that on th' enamel'd Green
My *Delia*, lovely Maid, were seen,
Fresher than the Rose's Bloom,
Sweeter than the Mead's Perfume.

Go, gentle Gales, and bear my Sighs away,
To *Delia's* Ear the tender Notes convey:
As some lone Turtle his lost Love deploras,
And with shrill Echoes fills the sounding Shores,
So I, like him, abandon'd and forlorn,
With ceaseless Complaints my absent *Delia* mourn.

Go, gentle Gales, and bear my Sighs along:
The Birds shall cease to tune their Ev'ning Song,
The Winds to blow, the waving Woods to move,
And Streams to murmur, ere I cease to love.

Not

Not bubbling Fountains to the thirsty Swain,
 Nor balmy Sleep to Lab'ers spent with Pain,
 Nor Show'rs to Larks, nor Sunshine to the Bee,
 Are half so pleasing as thy Sight to me.

S O N G CCXII.

VALENTINE'S-DAY. *Set by Dr. ARNE.*

WHEN Blushes dy'd the Cheek of Morn,
 And Dew-drops glisten'd on the Thorn;
 When Skylarks tun'd their Carrols sweet,
 To hail the God of Light and Heat;
Philander, from his downy Bed,
 To fair *Lisetta's* Chamber sped,
 Crying—Awake, sweet Love of mine,
 I'm come to be thy *Valentine*.

Soft Love, that balmy Sleep denies,
 Had long unveil'd her brilliant Eyes,
 Which (that a Kiss she might obtain)
 She artfully had clos'd again:
 He sunk, thus caught in Beauty's Trap,
 Like *Phæbus* into *Thetis'* Lap,
 And near forgot that his Design,
 Was but to be her *Valentine*.

She, starting, cry'd—I am undone,
Philander, charming Youth, be gone!
 For this Time, to your Vows sincere,
 Make Virtue, not your Love appear:
 No Sleep has clos'd these watchful Eyes
 (Forgive the simple fond Disguise;)
 To generous Thoughts, your Heart incline,
 And be my faithful *Valentine*.

The brutal Passion sudden fled,
 Fair Honour govern'd in its Stead,
 And both agreed, ere setting Sun,
 To join two virtuous Hearts in one;
 Their beauteous Offspring soon did prove
 The sweet Effects of mutual Love;
 And, from that Hour to Life's Decline,
 She blest'd the Day of *Valentine*.

S O N G CCXIII.

CURE for the VAPOURS.

Sung at Ranelagh. Set by Dr. Arne.

WHY will *Delia* thus retire,
 And languish all her Life away?
 While the fighting Crowd admire,
 'Tis too soon for Hartshorn Tea,
 'Tis too soon for Hartshorn Tea.
 All those dismal Looks and Fretting
 Cannot *Damon's* Life restore;
 Long ago the Worms have eat him;
 You can never see him more,
 You can never see him more.
 Long ago, &c.

Once again consult your Toilette,
 In the Glass your Face review;
 So much Weeping soon will spoil it,
 And no Spring your Charms renew,
 And no, &c.

I, like you, was born a Woman,
 Well I know what Vapours mean;
 The Disease, alas! is common;
 Single, we have all the Spleen,
 Single, &c.

All

All the Morals that they tell us,
 Never cur'd the Sorrow yet :
 Chuse, among the pretty Fellows,
 One of Humour, Youth and Wit,
 One of, &c.
 Prithee hear him ev'ry Morning,
 At the least an Hour or two ;
 Once again at Night returning,
 — I believe the Dose will do,
 — I believe the Dose will do.
 Once again at Night returning,
 — I believe the Dose will do.

S O N G CCXIV.

CELIA'S Complaint. *Set by Dr. Arne.*

WHAT Sadness reigns over the Plain !
 How droop the sweet Flowrets around !
 How pensive each Nymph and each Swain !
 How silent each musical Sound !
 No more the soft Lute, in the Bow'rs,
 Beguiles the cool Ev'nings away ;
 Sad Sighs measure out the long Hours,
 Since *Damon* has wander'd away.

Oh ! he was our Village's Pride,
 This Change from his Absence is seen ;
 'Twas he that our Music supply'd,
 When gayly we danc'd on the Green :
 At Shearing, at Wake, and at Fair,
 How jovial and frolic were we !
 But now ev'ry Feast in the Year
 Is joyless as joyless can be.

Ah! why did he venture from Home,
 To mix among hostile Alarms?
 No Justice oblig'd him to roam,
 Or take up those terrible Arms:
 Let those who are cruel and rough,
 Be heedless of Life, and of Limb;
 The Country had Soldiers enough,
 Nor needed one gentle like him.

Where'er the Adventurer goes,
 On Land or the dangerous Main,
 Kind Heaven protect him from Woes,
 And give him to *Celia* again.
 Oh! give him to *Celia* again,
 My true Love in Safety restore;
 I'll cease on his Breast to complain,
 From my Arms he shall wander no more.

S O N G CCXV. CROSS PURPOSES.

Sung at Ranelagh.

TOM loves *Mary* passing well,
 And *Mary* she loves *Harry*;
 But *Harry* sighs for bonny *Bell*,
 And finds his Love miscarry.
 For bonny *Bell* for *Thomas* burns,
 Whilst *Mary* flights his Passion:
 So strangely freakish are the Turns
 Of human Inclination.

Moll gave *Hal* a Wreath of Flow'rs,
 Which he, in am'rous Folly,
 Consign'd to *Bell*, and in few Hours
 It came again to *Molly*:

Thus

Thus all by Turns are woo'd and woo,
 No Turtles can be truer;
 Each loves the Object they pursue,
 But hates the kind Pursuer.

As much as *Mary Thomas* grieves,
 Proud *Hal* despises *Mary*;
 And all the Flouts which *Bell* receives
 From *Tom*, she vents on *Harry*:
 If one of all the Four has frown'd,
 You ne'er saw People grummer;
 If one has smil'd, it catches round,
 And all are in good Humour.

Then, Lovers, hence this Lesson learn,
 Throughout the *British* Nation;
 How much 'tis every one's Concern
 To smile at Reformation.
 And still, through Life, this Rule pursue,
 Whatever Objects strike you,
 Be kind to them that fancy you,
 That those you love may like you.

SONG CCXVI. *Sung in The CHAPLET.*

WHAT Med'cine can soften the Bosom's
 keen Smart?

What Lethe can banish the Pain?

What Cure can be met with to soothe the fond
 Heart,

That's broke by a faithless young Swain?

In hopes to forget him, how vainly I try

The Sports of the Wake and the Green!

When *Colin* is dancing, I say, with a Sigh,

'Twas here first my *Damon* was seen.

When to the pale Moon the soft Nightingales moan
 In Accents so piercing and clear ;
 You sing not so sweetly, I cry, with a Groan,
 As when my dear *Damon* was here.

A Garland of Willow my Temples shall shade,
 And pluck it, ye Nymphs from yon Grove ;
 For there, to her Cost, was poor *Laura* betray'd,
 And *Damon* pretended to love.

S O N G CCXVII.

Sung by Mrs. Clive, in the CHAPLET.

IN vain I try my ev'ry Art,
 Nor can I fix one single Heart,
 Yet I'm not old nor ugly ;
 Let me consult my faithful Glass—
 A Face much worse than this might pass,
 Methinks I look full smugly.

Yet blest with all these pow'rful Charms,
 The young *Palemon* fled these Arms,
 That wild unthinking Rover :
 Hope, silly Maids, as sure to bind
 The rolling Stream, the flying Wind,
 As fix a rambling Lover.

But hamper'd in the Marriage-noose,
 In vain they struggle to get loose,
 And make a mighty Riot :
 Like Madmen, how they rave and swear !
 A while they shake their Chains, and stare—
 But then lie down in quiet.

S O N G

S O N G CCXVIII.

Sung by Mrs. Cibber, in The Oracle.

WOULD you with her you love be blest,
 Ye Lovers, these Instructions mind,
 Conceal the Passion in your Breast,
 Be dumb, insensible, and blind:
 But when with gentle Looks you meet,
 And see the artless Blushes rise,
 Be silent, loving, and discreet;
 The Oracle no more implies.

When once you prove the Maid sincere,
 Where Virtue is with Beauty join'd;
 Then boldly like yourselves appear,
 No more insensible, or blind:
 Pour forth the Transports of your Heart,
 And speak your Soul without Disguise;
 'Tis Fondness, Fondness must impart;
 The Oracle no more implies.

Tho' pleasing, fatal is the Snare,
 That still entraps all Womankind;
 Ladies, beware, be wise, take Care,
 Be deaf, insensible, and blind:
 But should some fond deserving Youth
 Agree to join in *Hymen's* Ties,
 Be tender, constant, crown his Truth;
 The Oracle no more implies.

S O N G CCXIX.

Set by Dr. Arne.

MYRTILLA demanding the Aid of my Pen,
To tell what of her were the Thoughts of
the Men,

Insisted for once I would alter my Tune,
And write Panegyrics as well as Lampoon :
With Candour describing the Woman I see,
When I steal from my Glass, to *Myrtilla* and Tea.

If the Eyes sweet Employ to the Soul give Delight,
And Beauty's an Object engaging to Sight ;
How kind is my fair One, whose Studies confess,
Her Aim is at Nature's Amendment in Dress !
Tho' oft in the Structure, mistaking the Plan,
She spoils what she meant shou'd give Pleasure to
Man.

When I hear her sweet Voice in its natural Key,
Her good-humour'd Prattle is Music to me ;
Her Kifs would soon make the dull Hermit forego
His Cell and high Views, for that Heaven below ;
But when for a Trifle with Anger grown bold,
Her Words are but Discord, her Kisses are cold.

Like Dew to the Flowers is Love to Mankind ;
Each Sense's Enjoyment in Woman we find,
Unless Affectation, that Bane to the Fair,
Unfeters the Heart they attempt to ensnare ;
Let Nature the Science of pleasing direct,
A Charm ill-display'd soon becomes a Defect.

S O N G

S O N G CCXX.

Sung in the Masque of ALFRED.

YE Warblers, while *Strephon* I mourn,
 To cheer me your Harmony bring;
 Unless, since my Shepherd is gone,
 You cease, like poor *Phillis* to sing;
 Each Flower declines its sweet Head,
 Nor Odours around me will throw,
 While ev'ry soft Lamb on the Mead
 Seems kindly to pity my Woe.

Each rural Amusement I try,
 In vain to restore my past Ease;
 What charm'd when my *Strephon* was by,
 Has now lost the Power to please:
 Ye Seasons that brighten the Grove,
 Not long for your Absence we mourn;
 But *Strephon* neglects me and Love,
 He roves and will never return.

As gay as the Spring is my Dear,
 And sweet as all Flowers combin'd;
 His Smiles, like the Summer, can cheer,
 Ah! why then, like Winter, unkind?
 Unkind he is not, I can prove,
 But tender to others can be;
 To *Celia* and *Chloe* makes Love,
 And only is cruel to me.

S O N G CCXXI.

HASTE, haste, *Amelia*, gentle Fair,
 To soft *Elysian* Gales;
 From Smoke to smiling Skies repair,
 And sun-illumin'd Vales:

No Sighs, no Murmurs, haunt the Grove,
 But Blessings crown the Plains ;
 Here calm Contentment, heav'n-born Maid,
 And Peace, the Cherub, reigns.

O come ! for thee the Roses bloom,
 The deep Carnation grows ;
 For thee sweet Vi'lets breathe Perfume,
 The white-rob'd Lily blows ;
 For thee their Streams the Naiads roll,
 The daified Hills are gay,
 Where (Emblems of *Amelia's* Soul)
 The spotless Lambkins play.

From Vale to Vale the Zephyrs rove,
 To rob th'unfolding Flow'rs ;
 And Music melts in ev'ry Grove,
 To charm thy rural Hours ;
 The warbling Lark, high-poiz'd in Air,
 Exerting all his Pride,
 Will strive to please *Amelia* fair,
 Who pleases all beside.

S O N G CCXXII. LOVE'S ELEGY.

Set by Mr. Battishill.

FAREWELL, *Iantbe*, faithless Maid,
 Source of my Grief and Pain ;
 Who with fond Hopes my Heart betray'd,
 And fann'd Love's kindling Flame,
 Yet gave from me thy Hand, this Morn,
 To *Corydon's* rich Heir,
 Who with gay Vestments did adorn
 Thee, false, yet beauteous Fair.

Adieu,

Adieu, my native Soil; ye Vales,
 High Woods, and tufted Hills:
 Adieu, ye Groves and flow'ry Dales,
 Clear Streams and crystal Rills:
 Adieu; ye bring into my Mind
 Those past, those happy Days,
 When *Iphis* found *Ianthe* kind,
 And Pleasure strew'd his Ways.

Ere Dawn my homely Steps I'll bend,
 Where distant Mountains rise,
 In hopes that Reason there may send
 That Aid she here denies;
 That Time and Absence may efface
 Her Image from my Breast,
 Which, while she there maintains a Place,
 Can never taste of Rest.

S O N G CCXXIII.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in COMUS.

R E C I T A T I V E.

HOW gentle was my *Damon's* Air!
 Like sunny Beams his golden Hair;
 His Voice was like the Nightingale's,
 More sweet his Breath than flowry Vales:
 How hard such Beauties to resign!
 And yet that cruel Task is mine.
 How hard, &c.

A I R.

On ev'ry Hill, in ev'ry Grove,
 Along the Margin of each Stream,
 Dear conscious Scenes of former Love,
 I mourn, and *Damon* is my Theme:

The

The Hills, the Groves, the Streams remain,
But *Damon* there I seek in vain;
The Hills, &c.

From Hill, from Dale, each Charm is fled;
Groves, Flocks, and Fountains please no more;
Each Flow'r in Pity droops its Head;
All Nature does my Loss deplore:
All, all reproach the faithless Swain,
Yet *Damon* still I seek in vain;
All, all, &c.

S O N G CCXXIV. *Sung in COMUS.*

THE wanton God, who pierces Hearts,
Dips in Gall his pointed Darts;
But the Nymph disdains to pine,
Who bathes the Wound with rosy Wine,
Rosy Wine, rosy Wine,
Who bathes the Wound with rosy Wine.

Farewell Lovers when they're cloy'd,
If I am scorn'd because enjoy'd;
Sure the squeamish Fops are free
To rid me of dull Company;
Sure they're free, sure they're free,
To rid me of dull Company.

They have Charms, whilst mine can please;
I love them much, but more my Ease:
No jealous Fears my Love molest,
Nor faithless Vows shall break my Rest;
Break my Rest, break my Rest;
Nor faithless Vows shall break my Rest.

Why

Why should they ere give me Pain,
 Who to give me Joy disdain?
 All I hope of mortal Man
 Is to love me while he can;
 While he can, while he can,
 Is to love me while he can.

S O N G CCXXV. *Sung at Vauxhall.*

SINCE *Jenny* thinks mean her Heart's Love
 to deny,
 And *Peggy's* uneasy when *Harry's* not by;
 I will own, without blushing, were all the World
 by,
 That *Willy's* the Lad, the Lad for me,
 That *Willy's* the Lad, the Lad for me.

He brought me a Wreath which his Hand did
 compose,
 Where the dale-loving Lily was twin'd with the
 Rose;
 Young Myrtle in Sprigs did the Border inclose.
 And *Willy's* the Lad, the Lad for me,
 And *Willy's*, &c.

By Myrtle, said he, is my Passion express'd;
 The Rose, like your Lips, in Vermilion is dress'd:
 And the Lily, for Whiteness, would vie with
 your Breast,
 And *Willy's* the Lad, the Lad for me,
 And *Willy's*, &c.

These Ribbands of mine were his Gifts at the Fair,
 My Mother look'd cross, and cry'd, *Fanny*, be-
 ware!
 But d'ye think I regard her? Not I, I declare.
 And

And *Willy's* the Lad, the Lad for me,
And *Willy's*, &c.

Beneath a tall Beech, and reclin'd on his Crook,
I saw my young Shepherd; how sweet was his
Look!

He ask'd for one Kifs, but an Hundred he took.

And *Willy's* the Lad, the Lad for me,
And *Willy's*, &c.

Then what can I do, O instruct me, ye Maids,
When a Lover, so kindly, so warmly invades,
Whose Silence as much as his Language persuades.

And *Willy's* the Lad, the Lad for me,
And *Willy's* the Lad, the Lad for me.

S O N G CCXXVI.

Sung by Mr. Lowe. Set by Mr. Howard.

THE new-flown Birds the Shepherds sing,
And welcome in the *May*;

Come, *Pastorella*, now the Spring
Makes ev'ry Landkip gay;

Wide spreading Trees their leafy Shade
O'er half the Plain extend,

Or, in reflecting Fountains play'd,
Their quiv'ring Branches bend;

Or, in reflecting Fountains play'd,
Their quiv'ring Branches bend.

Come, taste the Season in its Prime,
And bless the rising Year;

Oh! how my Soul grows sick of Time,
'Till thou, my Love, appear!

Then

Then shall I pass the gladsome Day,
 Warm in thy Beauty's shine,
 When thy dear Flock shall feed and play,
 And intermix with mine,
 When thy dear Flock shall feed and play,
 And intermix, &c.

For thee, of Doves a milk-white Pair
 In silken Bands I hold;
 For thee a firstling Lambkin fair
 I keep within the Fold:
 If milk-white Doves Acceptance meet,
 Or tender Lambkins please,
 My spotless Heart, without Deceit,
 Be offer'd up with these,
 My spotless Heart, without Deceit,
 Be offer'd up with these.

S O N G CCXXVII. MYRTILLA.

Sung at Ranelagh. Set by Mr. Howard.

YE cheerful Virgins, have ye seen
 My fair *Myrtilla* pass the Green,
 To Rose or Jasmin Bow'r?
 To Rose or Jasmin Bow'r?
 Where does she seek the Woodbine Shade?
 For sure ye know the blooming Maid,
 Sweet as the May-born Flow'r,
 Sweet as the May-born Flow'r.

Her Cheeks are like the maiden Rose
 Join'd with the Lily as it grows,
 Where each in Sweetness vie,
 Where each in Sweetness vie;

Like

Like Dew-drops glitt'ring in the Morn,
 When *Phæbus* gilds the flow'ring Thorn,
 Health sparkles in her Eye,
 Health sparkles in her Eye.

Her Song is like the Linnet's Lay,
 That warbles chearful on the Spray,
 To hail the vernal Beam,
 To hail the vernal Beam.

Her Heart is blither than her Song;
 Her Passions gently move along,
 Like the smooth-gliding Stream,
 Like the smooth-gliding Stream.

S O N G CCXXVIII.

Sung in Eliza, an English Opera.

WITH Swords on their Thighs the bold Yeomen are seen,
 For their Country they arm, their Religion and Queen.
 How glorious their Ardour to lay down their Lives
 In Defence of their Freedom, their Children and Wives!

Ye Tyrants, ye know not what Liberty yields,
 How she guards all our Shores, and protects all our Fields.
 As *Hebe* she's fair, and as *Hercules* strong,
 She's the Queen of our Mirth, and the Joy of our Song.

To Liberty raise up the high chearful Strain,
 Fill the Goblets around to the Lords of the Main.
Eliza is Queen, and her brave loyal Band
 Shall drive each Invader far out of the Land.

S O N G

S O N G CCXXIX.

Written by Wm. Whitehead, Esq; Poet Laureat.

Sung by Mr. Beard.

YES, I'm in Love, I feel it now,
 And *Celia* has undone me;
 And yet, I swear, I can't tell how
 The pleasing Plague stole on me:
 'Tis not her Face that Love creates,
 For there no Graces revel;
 'Tis not her Shape, for there the Fates,
 'Tis not her Shape, for there the Fates,
 Have rather been uncivil,
 Have rather been uncivil.

'Tis not her Air, for sure in that
 There's nothing more than common;
 And all her Sense is only Chat,
 Like any other Woman:
 Her Voice, her Touch, might give th' Alarm;
 'Tis both, perhaps, or neither;
 In short, 'tis that provoking Charm,
 In short, 'tis that provoking Charm,
 Of *Celia* all together,
 Of *Celia* all together.

S O N G

S O N G CCXXX. The SONG of DIANA.

*Sung by Miss Poitier, at Covent-Garden Theatre.**Set by Dr. Boyce.*

WITH Horns and with Hounds I waken
 the Day,
 And hie to my woodland Walks away ;
 I tuck up my Robe, and am buskin'd soon,
 And tie to my Forehead a waxing Moon :
 I course the fleet Stag, unkennel the Fox,
 And chase the wild Goats o'er Summits of Rocks ;
 With shouting, and hooting, we pierce through
 the Sky,
 And Echo turns Hunter, and doubles the Cry.

S O N G CCXXXI.

Sung by Mr. Mattocks, in The Accomplished Maid.

WHILE her Charms my Thoughts employ,
 All is Rapture, all is Joy ;
 When she speaks, how sweet to hear ;
 Modest, graceful, and sincere,
 In her lovely Shape and Face,
 Center ev'ry Charm and Grace ;
 Sure never Nymph was half so fair.

Not the idle, giddy, vain,
 Nor the wanton flirting Train,
 Did my cautious Heart ensnare ;
 Not their artful subtle Wiles,
 Nor their soft deluding Smiles,
 Charming *Fanny* triumphs there.

S O N G

S O N G CCXXXII.

WELCOME Sun, and southern Show'rs,
 Harbingers of Birds and Flow'rs;
 Farewell Balls and Masquerades,
 Welcome Grots and cooling Shades;
 Blooming May approaches near,
 The lowing of the Herds we hear;
 The fatt'ning Lambs around us bleat,
 While Daisies spring beneath our Feet.

Birds are perch'd on ev'ry Spray,
 Warbling Notes to praise the Day;
 A thousand Herbs their Fragrance yield,
 And Cowslips cover all the Field;
 Sure 'tis Time that now we flee,
London, from thy Smoak and thee;
 Welcome Joys more pure and true,
 Drums and Routs, adieu, adieu.

S O N G CCXXXIII.

FLORA and the ROSE. *A CANTATA.*

Sung by Miss Wewitzer, at Vauxhall.

WHEN *Flora* o'er the Garden stray'd,
 And ev'ry blooming Sweet survey'd,
 As o'er the dew dipt Flow'rs she hung,
 Thus wrapt in Joy she fondly sung.

The early Snow-drop, Primrose pale,
 The Tulip gay, the Lily fair,
 Each Flow'r that loads the scented Gale
 Deserves their *Flora's* tender Care,
 Deserves their *Flora's* tender Care.

But

But none of Summer's gaudy Pride
 Such Sweetness breathe, or Charms disclose,
 As that dear Flow'r that blooms beside,
 None pleases like the blushing Rose,
 As that dear Flow'r, &c.

The balmy Zephyrs round thee play,
 And golden Suns exert their Pow'r
 To bring thy Beauties to the Day,
 And make thee *Flora's* fav'rite Flow'r,
 And make thee *Flora's* fav'rite Flow'r.

A Garland gay, the Nymphs and Swains,
 May make from ev'ry Sweet that grows,
 And meaner Things may please the Plains,
 But thou art mine, thou lovely Rose.
 And meaner Things, &c.

S O N G CCXXXIV.

Sung in COMUS. Set by Dr. Arne.

BY dimpled Brook and Fountain Brim,
 The Wood-Nymphs, deck'd with Daïfies
 trim,
 Their merry (merry) Wakes and Pastimes keep;
 What has Night to do with Sleep?

Night has better Sweets to prove,
Venus now wakes and wakens Love;
 Come, let us our Rites begin,
 'Tis only Day-light that makes Sin.

S O N G

S O N G CCXXXV.

Sung by Mr. Du Bellamy, at Covent Garden Theatre.

ANGELIC Fair, beneath yon Pine,
On grassy Verdure let's recline,
And like the Morn be gay :
See how *Aurora* smiles on Spring,
See how the Larks arise and sing,
To hail the infant Day.

Musick shall wake the Morn—the Day
Shall roll unheeded as we play
In Wiles, impell'd by Love :
When weary, we shall deign to rest
Alternate on each other's Breast,
While *Cupid* guards the Grove.

What Prince can boast more Happiness
Than I (possessing thee) possess ?
All Care is banish'd hence.
Say, Mortals, who our Deeds despise,
In what superior Pleasure lies,
Than Love and Innocence ?

S O N G CCXXXVI.

Sung by Mrs. Baddeley, at Ranelagh.

Set by Mr. Dibdin.

THE smiling Morn, the blooming Spring,
Invite the chearful Birds to sing ;
And, while they warble on each Spray,
Love melts the universal Lay :

L

Let

Let us, *Amanda*, timely wise,
 Like them improve the Hour that flies,
 And in soft Raptures waste the Day
 Among the Birks of *Endermay*.

For soon the Winter of the Year,
 And Age, Life's Winter, will appear :
 At this thy living Bloom will fade,
 As that will strip the verdant Shade :
 Our Taste of Pleasure then is o'er,
 The feather'd Songsters are no more ;
 And when they droop and we decay,
 Adieu the Birks of *Endermay*.

Behold the Hills and Vales around,
 With lowing Herds and Flocks abound ;
 The wanton Kids and frisking Lambs
 Gambol and dance about their Dams ;
 The busy Bee, with humming Noise,
 And all the reptile Kind rejoice :
 Let us, like them, then sing and play,
 About the Birks of *Endermay*.

S O N G CCXXXVII.

Sung by Miss Jameson, at Vauxhall.

I Do as I will with my Swain ;
 He never once thinks I am wrong :
 He likes none so well on the Plain,
 I please him so well with my Song.
 A Song is the Shepherd's Delight ;
 He hears me with Joy all the Day ;
 He's sorry when comes the dull Night,
 That hastens the End of my Lay.

(With

With Spleen and with Care once oppress'd,
 He ask'd me to sooth him the while;
 My Voice set his Mind all to rest,
 And the Shepherd would instantly smile.
 Since when, or in Mead, or in Grove,
 By his Flocks, or the clear River Side,
 I sing my best Songs to my Love,
 And to charm him is grown all my Pride.

No Beauty had I to endear,
 No Treasure of Nature, or Art;
 But my Voice, which had gain'd on his Ear,
 Soon found out the Way to his Heart :
 To try if that Voice would not please,
 He took me to join the gay Throng;
 I won the rich Prize with much Ease,
 And my Fame's gone abroad with my Song.

But let me not Jealousy raise,
 I wish to enchant but my Swain ;
 Enough then for me is his Praise,
 I sing but for him the lov'd Strain.
 When Youth, Wealth and Beauty may fail,
 And your Shepherds elude all your Skill,
 Your Sweetness of Song may prevail,
 And gain all your Swains to your Will.

SONG CCXXXVIII.

Set by Mr. Bach.

IN this shady blest Retreat,
 I've been wishing for my Dear;
 Hark! I hear his welcome Feet
 Tell the lovely Charmer near.

'Tis the sweet bewitching Swain,
True to Love's appointed Hour;
Joy and Peace now smile again,
Love, I own thy mighty Power. [Da Capo.

S O N G CCXXXIX.

Set by Mr. Baildon. Sung at Vauxhall.

ATTEND, ye Nymphs, while I impart
The secret Wishes of my Heart,
And tell what Swain, if one there be,
Whom Fate designs for Love and me.

Let Reason o'er his Thoughts preside,
Let Honour all his Actions guide:
Stedfast in Virtue let him be,
The Swain design'd for Love and me.

Let solid Sense inform his Mind,
With pure Good-nature sweetly join'd;
Sure Friend to modest Merit be
The Swain design'd for Love and me.

Where Sorrow prompts the pensive Sigh,
Where Grief bedews the drooping Eye;
Melting in Sympathy I see
The Swain design'd for Love and me.

Let fordid Av'rice claim no Part
Within his tender, gen'rous Heart;
Oh! be that Heart from Falshood free,
Devoted all to Love and me.

SONG CCXL.

*Sung by Mrs. Pinto.**Set by Mr. Arnold.*

IF 'tis Joy to wound a Lover,
 How much more to give him Ease;
 When his Passion we discover,
 Oh how pleasing 'tis to please!

The Bliss returns, and we receive
 Transports greater than we give. [Da Capo.

SONG CCXLI.

ADVICE TO PHILLIS.

HOW sweet are the Roses of *June*,
 The Pink and the Jessamine gay;
 But strip'd of their Blossoms, how soon,
 How sudden those Sweets will decay!
 Just such is the Maid in her Prime,
 Adorn'd with the Bloom of Fifteen;
 But robb'd of her Beauty by Time,
 No 'Traces of Youth can be seen.

Then, *Phillis*, be wise whilst you may,
 To *Damon's* Addresses prove kind,
 Relent, or believe what I say,
 Too late you will alter your Mind.
 When next the fond Youth shall declare
 The Passion which glows in his Breast,
 With him to the Altar repair,
 Nor longer refuse to be blest.

S O N G CCXLII.

MAY-EVE, or KATE OF ABERDEEN.

Set by Mr. Battishill, and sung at Vauxhall.

THE Silver Moon's enamour'd Beam
 Steals softly through the Night,
 To wanton with the winding Stream,
 And kifs reflected Light:
 To Courts be gone, Heart-soothing Sleep,
 Where you've so seldom been,
 Whilst I *May's* wakeful Vigil keep
 With *Kate of Aberdeen*.

The Nymphs and Swains expectant wait,
 In Primrose Chaplets gay,
 Till Morn unbars her golden Gate,
 And gives the promis'd *May*:
 The Nymphs and Swains shall all declare
 The promis'd *May*, when seen,
 Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
 As *Kate of Aberdeen*.

I'll tune my Pipe to playful Notes,
 And rouse yon nodding Grove,
 Till new-wak'd Birds distend their Throats,
 And hail the Maid I love:
 At her Approach the Lark mistakes,
 And quits the new-dress'd Green:
 Fond Birds, 'tis not the Morning breaks,
 'Tis *Kate of Aberdeen*.

Now

Now blithesome o'er the dewy Mead,
 Where Elves disportive play,
 The festal Dance young Shepherds lead,
 Or sing their Love-tun'd Lay.
 Till *May* in Morning-Robe draws nigh,
 And claims a Virgin Queen;
 The Nymphs and Swains exulting cry,
 "Here's *Kate of Aberdeen*."

S O N G CCXLIII.

Set by Mr. Dubourg.

THE Lark's shrill Note awakes the Morn,
 The Breezes wave the ripen'd Corn;
 The yellow Harvest, free from Spoil;
 Rewards the happy Farmer's Toil;
 The flowing Bowl succeeds the Flail,
 O'er which he tells the jocund Tale.

S O N G CCXLIV.

Set by Mr. Howard.

AT setting Day and rising Morn,
 With Soul that still shall love thee,
 I'll ask of Heav'n thy safe Return,
 With all that can improve thee:
 I'll visit oft the birken Bush,
 Where first you kindly told me
 Sweet Tales of Love, and hid my Blush,
 Whilst round thou didst enfold me.

To all our Haunts thou didst repair,
 By Green-wood, Shaw, or Fountain;
 Or where the Summer's Day I'd share
 With you upon yon Mountain:
 There will I tell the Trees and Flow'rs,
 With Thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
 By Vows you're mine, my Love is yours,
 My Heart, which cannot wander.

S O N G CCXLV.

THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

Sung by Mr. Hudson.

YE Shepherds, give Ear to my Lay
 And take no more Heed of my Sheep;
 They have nothing to do but to stray,
 I have nothing to do but to weep.
 Yet do not my Folly reprove;
 She was fair—and my Passion begun;
 She smil'd—and I could not but love;
 She is faithless—and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all Thought;
 Perhaps it was plain to foresee,
 That a Nymph so compleat would be sought
 By a Swain more engaging than me.
 Ah! Love ev'ry Hope can inspire,
 It banishes Wisdom the while;
 And the Lip of the Nymph we admire
 Seems for ever adorn'd with a Smile.

She

She is faithless, and I am undone ;
 Ye that witness the Woes I endure,
 Let Reason instruct you to shun
 What it cannot instruct you to cure.
 Beware how ye loiter in vain
 Amid Nymphs of an higher Degree :
 It is not for me to explain
 How fair and how fickle they be.

O ye Woods ! spread your Branches apace,
 To your deepest Recesses I fly ;
 I would hide with the Beasts of the Chace ;
 I would vanish from ev'ry Eye.
 Yet my Reed shall resound through the Grove,
 With the same sad Complaint it begun,
 How she smil'd, and I could not but love,
 Was faithless, and I am undone.

S O N G CCXLVI.

Sung by Miss Radley, in THE PADLOCK.

Set by Mr. Dibdin.

WAS I a Shepherd's Maid, to keep
 On yonder Plains a Flock of Sheep ;
 Well pleas'd, I'd watch the live-long Day
 My Ewes at feed, my Lambs at play :
 Or, would some Bird that Pity brings,
 But for a Moment lend its Wings ;
 My Parents they might rave and scold,
 My Guardian strive my Will to hold ;
 Their Words are harsh, his Walls are high,
 But spite of all, away I'd fly.

S O N G CCXLVII.

Sung in MOTHER SHIPTON.

TO heal the Smart a Bee had made,
Upon my *Chloe's* Face,
Honey upon her Cheek she laid,
And bid me kiss the Place.

Pleas'd, I obey'd, and from the Wound
Imbib'd both Sweet and Smart ;
The Honey on my Lips I found,
The Sting within my Heart.

S O N G CCXLVIII.

Written by Mr. SHENSTONE.

WHEN forc'd from dear *Hebe* to go,
What Anguish I felt at my Heart !
And I thought—but it might not be so—
She was sorry to see me depart.
She cast such a languishing View,
My Path I could scarcely discern ;
And so sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought she had bade me return.

Methinks she might like to retire
To the grove I had labour'd to rear ;
For whatever I heard her admire,
I hasted, and planted it there,
Her Voice such a Pleasure conveys,
So much I her Accents adore,
Let her speak, and whatever she says,
I'm sure still to love her the more.

And

And now, ere I haste to the plain,
 Come, Shepherds, and tell of her Ways;
 I could lay down my Life for the Swain
 Who would sing me a Song in her Praise.
 While he sings, may the Maids of the Town
 Come flocking, and listen the while;
 Nor on him let *Hebe* once frown,
 Tho' I cannot allow her to smile.

To see when my Charmer goes by,
 Some Hermit peeps out of his Cell;
 How he thinks of his Youth with a Sigh!
 How fondly he wishes her well!
 On him she may smile, if she please,
 It will warm the cool Bosom of Age—
 Yet cease, gentle *Hebe*, O cease,
 Such Softness will ruin the Sage.

I've stole from no Flow'rets that grow,
 To deck the dear Charms I approve;
 For what can a Blossom bestow,
 So sweet, so delightful as Love!
 I sing in a rustical Way,
 A Shepherd, and one of the Throng,
 Yet *Hebe* approves of my Lay:
 Go, Poets, and envy my Song.

S O N G CCXLIX.

THE LINNETS.

AS bringing Home, the other Day,
 Two Linnets I had ta'en,
 The little Warblers seem'd to pray
 For Liberty again:

Unheedful of their plaintive Notes,
 I sung across the Mead ;
 In vain they tun'd their pleasing Throats,
 And flutter'd to be freed.

As passing thro' the tufted Grove,
 Near which my Cottage stood,
 I thought I saw the Queen of Love,
 When *Clora's* Charms I view'd :
 I look'd, I gaz'd, I press'd her Stay,
 To hear my tender Tale ;
 But all in Vain—she fled away,
 Nor could my Sighs prevail.

Soon, thro' the Wound which Love had made,
 Came Pity to my Breast ;
 And thus I (as Compassion bade)
 The feather'd Pair address'd :
 Ye little Warblers, cheerful be,
 Remember not ye flew ;
 For I, who thought myself so free,
 Am far more caught than you.

S O N G C C L.

ADVICE TO THE LADIES.

YE Fair, be advis'd by a Friend,
 Whose Counsel proceeds from the Heart,
 On Beauty no longer depend,
 Or fly to the Efforts of Art :
 If a Shepherd you'd gain to your Arms,
 Let Virtue each Action approve ;
 Her Charms the fond Bosom alarms,
 And softens the Soul into Love.

To-day

To-day be not nice as a Bride,
 To-morrow untimely severe ;
 Let Prudence and Truth be your Guide,
 Nor Caprice nor Folly appear :
 Unless you thus govern your Mind,
 And banish Deceit from your Breast,
 Too soon by Experience you'll find,
 Inconstancy ne'er can be blest.

Neglected you'll wither and fade,
 Till Beauty, by Age, shall decay ;
 Then lonely retreat to the Shade,
 And mourn the sad Hours away :
 How desp'rate will then be your Fate,
 How great your sad Loss to deplore !
 Repentance, alas ! is too late,
 When the Power to charm is no more.

S O N G CCLI.

Sung in ARTAXERXES.

THE Soldier, tir'd of War's Alarms,
 Forswears the Clang of hostile Arms,
 And scorns the Spear and Shield ;
 But if the brazen Trumpet sound,
 He burns with Conquest to be crown'd,
 And dares again the Field.

S O N G CCLII.

WHAT means that tender Sigh, my dear ?
 Why silent drops that crystal Tear ?
 What jealous Fears disturb thy Breast,
 Where Love and Peace delight to rest ;

What

What tho' thy *Jockey* has been seen
 With *Molly* sporting on the Green;
 'Twas but an artful Trick to prove
 The matchless Force of *Jenny's* Love.

'Tis true a Nofegay I had drest
 To grace the witty *Daphne's* Breast;
 But 'twas at her Desire, to try
 If *Damon* cast a jealous Eye.
 These Flow'rs will fade by Morning Dawn,
 Neglected, scatter'd o'er the Lawn;
 But in thy fragrant Bosom lies
 A sweet Perfume that never dies.

S O N G CCLIII.

COULD you guess, for I ill can repeat,
 The Sensation I'm destin'd to prove;
 'Tis something than Friendship more sweet,
 More passionate even than Love.

For ever, when absent from you,
 Pale Echo returns my fond Sighs;
 But when haply your Beauties I view,
 On my Lips the faint Utterance dies.

This the Secret I had to betray;
 And the Fate of my Passion is such,
 That in what I was prompted to say,
 Methinks I have utter'd too much.

S O N G CCLIV.

Sung in the Maid of the Oaks.

COME sing round my favourite Tree,
 Ye Songsters that visit the Grove;
 'Twas the Haunt of my Shepherd and me,
 And the Bark is a Record of Love.

Reclin'd

Reclin'd on the Turf, by my Side,
 He tenderly pleaded his Cause;
 I only with Blushes reply'd,
 And the Nightingale fill'd up the Pause.

S O N G CCLV.

The CHOICE.

A Man that's neither high nor low,
 In Party nor in Stature;
 No noisy Rake, nor fickle Beau,
 That's us'd to cringe and flatter.

And let him be no learned Fool,
 That nods o'er musty Books;
 That eats and drinks, and lives by Rule,
 And weighs my Words and Looks.

Let him be easy, frank, and gay,
 Of dancing never tir'd;
 Always have something smart to say,
 But silent, if requir'd.

S O N G CCLVI.

The INVITATION. Sung at Marybone.

COME, ye party jangling Swains,
 Leave your Flocks and quit the Plains.
 Friends to Country, friends to Court,
 Nothing here shall spoil your Sport,
 Ever welcome to our Feast,
 Welcome every friendly Guest.

Sprightly

Sprightly Widows come away,
 Laughing Dames and Virgins gay,
 Little gaudy, fluttering Misses,
 Smiling Hopes of future Blisses.
 Ever welcome, &c.

All that ripening Sun can bring,
 Beauteous Summer, beauteous Spring,
 In one varying Scene we show
 The Green, the Ripe, the Bud, the Blow.
 Ever welcome, &c.

Comus jesting, Music charming,
 Wine inspiring, Beauty warming,
 Rage and party Malice dies,
 Peace returns, and Discord flies.
 Ever welcome to our Feast,
 Welcome every friendly Guest!

S O N G CCLVII.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

THE Woodlark whistles thro' the Grove,
 Tuning the sweetest Notes of Love.
 To please his Female on the Spray;
 Perch'd by his Side, her little Breast
 Swells with a Lover's Joy confest,
 To hear and to reward the Lay.

Come then, my Fair-one, let us prove,
 From their Example, how to love;
 For thee the early Pipe I'll breathe,
 And when my Flocks return to Fold,
 Their Shepherd to thy Bosom hold,
 And crown him with the nuptial Wreath.

S O N G

S O N G CCLVIII.

Sung at Vauxhall.

MY *Jockey* is the blitheſt Lad
 That ever Maiden woo'd ;
 When he appears my Heart is glad,
 For he is kind and good.
 He talks of Love, whene'er we meet,
 His Words with Rapture flow ;
 Then tunes his Pipe, and ſings ſo ſweet,
 I have no Pow'r to go.

All other Laffes he forſakes,
 And flies to me alone ;
 At ev'ry Fair, and all the Wakes,
 I hear them making moan.
 He buys me Toys, and Sweetmeats too,
 And Ribbands for my Hair ;
 No Swain was ever half ſo true,
 Or half ſo kind and fair.

Where'er I go, I nothing fear
 If *Jockey* is but by,
 For I alone am all his Care,
 When any Danger's nigh.
 He vows to wed next Whitſunday,
 And make me bleſt for Life ;
 Can I reſuſe, ye Maidens, ſay,
 To be young *Jockey's* Wife ?

S O N G

S O N G CCLIX.

IN Pity, *Celia*, to my Pain,
 No more my Heart reprove,
 Nor let the Blasts of cold Disdain
 Destroy my rising Love.
 My Love, as yet but newly blown,
 Must die for want of Care ;
 'Tis your's (as you the Seeds have sown)
 To save the Flow'rs they bear.

When first the springing Flow'r appears,
 And shews it's rising Head,
 Each gentlest Wind it shiv'ring fears,
 And courts the Gard'ner's Aid.
 In Pity, then, no longer strive
 To grieve my faithful Mind ;
 Since Love and Faith, and Justice too,
 Expect you to be kind.

S O N G CCLX.

AH! *Strephon*, what can mean the Joy,
 The eager Joy I prove,
 While you each tender Art employ
 To win my Soul to love ?

So well your Passion you reveal,
 So top the Lover's Part,
 That I with Blushes own, I feel
 A Rebel in my Heart.

Then take the Heart that pines to go,
 But see it kindly us'd ;
 For who such Presents will bestow,
 If this should be abus'd !

S O N G

S O N G CCLXI.

I Met young *Damon*, t'other Day,
 And near me as he drew,
 No Swain, methought, e'er look'd so gay;
 Upon my Word 'tis true.
 With ardent Bliss, my Lips he prest;
 Pray, what could *Phyllis* do?
 I frown'd, but faith I frown'd in Jest;
 Upon my Word 'tis true.

The Shepherd sigh'd, and talk'd of Love;
 (A Theme to me quite new)
 Of Angels—Heav'n—and Pow'rs above;
 And vow'd that all was true.
 My Bosom throb'd, I knew not why,
 As still more fond he grew—
 I listen'd to his Tale with Joy;
 Upon my Word 'tis true.

Let *Damon* now be blest, he cry'd,
 And fondly to me flew;
 His Freedom vain I strove to chide;
 Upon my Word 'tis true.
 With Blushes spread I look'd Consent,
 Felt Joys but known to few;
 For then I found what *Damon* meant,
 And all he said was true.

S O N G CCLXII.

Sung at Vauxhall.

WAS *Nanny* but a rural Maid,
 And I her only Swain,
 To tend her Flocks in verdant Mead,
 And on the verdant Plain;

Oh

Oh! how I'd pipe upon my Reed,
 To please my lovely Maid;
 While of all Sense of Care we're freed,
 Beneath an oaken Shade.

When Lambkins under Hedges bleat,
 And Rain seems in the Sky;
 Then to our oaken safe Retreat,
 We'd both together hie!
 There I'd repeat my Vows of Love
 Unto my charming Fair,
 Whilst her dear flutt'ring Heart would prove
 A Mind like mine sincere.

Let others fancy courtly Joys,
 I'd live in rural Ease;
 Then Grandeur, Bustle, Pride, and Noise,
 Could ne'er my Fancy please.
 In *Nanny* ev'ry Joy combines,
 With Grace and blooming Youth,
 Sincerity and Virtue shines,
 With Modesty and Truth.

S O N G CCLXIII.

The HAPPY LOVER.

WHILST on thy dear Bosom lying,
Celia, who can paint my Bliss?
 Who the Transports I'm enjoying,
 When thy balmy Lips I kiss?
 Ev'ry Look with Love inspires me,
 Ev'ry Touch my Bosom warms,
 Ev'ry melting Transport fires me,
 Ev'ry Joy is in thy Arms.

Those

Those dear Eyes, how soft they languish!
 Feel my Heart with Raptures beat;
 Pleasure turns almost to Anguish,
 When the Transport is so great:
 Look not so divinely on me,
Celia, I shall die with Blifs:
 Yet! yet! turn those Eyes upon me,
 Who'd not die a Death like this?

S O N G CCLXIV.

THE FORCE OF MUSIC.

WHEN *Sappho* tun'd the raptur'd Strain,
 The list'ning Wretch forgot his Pain;
 With Art divine the Lyre she strung,
 Like thee she play'd, like thee she fung.

For when she struck the quiv'ring Wire,
 The eager Breast was all on fire;
 But when she tun'd the vocal Lay,
 The captive Soul was charm'd away.

S O N G CCLXV.

Sung at Vauxhall.

YE Nymphs and ye Shepherds that join in
 the Throng,
 Pray tarry awhile and attend to my Song;
 The Story is simple, tho' true that I tell,
 And I hope it will please you all wonderful well.

I went t'other Day to a Wake on the Green,
 And met with a Lass fair as Beauty's gay Queen,
I ask'd

I ask'd for a Kifs, but the Damsel cry'd, No,
And struggled and frown'd, and said, Pray let
me go.

I tenderly cry'd, *Phillis*, don't be a Prude;
But still she return'd, I'll cry out if you're rude;
The more that I press'd her the more she cry'd, No,
And struggled and frown'd, and said, Pray let
me go.

I found no Entreaties would make her comply,
Whenever I touch'd her, 'twas, Fye, *Colin*, fye;
So I sent for a Parson, and made her my Wife,
And now I am welcome to kifs her for Life.

Ye Virgins that hear, learn Example from this,
Take care how too freely you part with a Kifs;
Conceal for a Time all the Favours you can,
For that's the best Way to make sure of a Man.

S O N G CCLXVI.

WHEN Hope was quite sunk in Despair,
My Heart it was going to break,
My Life appear'd worthless my Care,
But now I will sav't for thy Sake.

Where'er my Love travels by Day,
Wherever he lodges by Night,
With me his dear Image shall stay,
And my Soul keep him ever in Sight.

With Patience I'll wait the long Year,
And study the gentlest Charms,
Hope Time away till thou appear,
To lock thee for ay in my Arms.

Whilst

Whilst thou was a Shepherd I priz'd
 No higher Degree in this Life,
 But now I'll endeavour to rise
 To a Height that's becoming a Wife.

For Beauty, that's only Skin deep,
 Must fade like the Gowans in May,
 But inwardly rooted will keep
 For ever without a Decay.

Nor Age nor the Changes of Life
 Can quench the fair Fire of Love,
 If Virtue's ingrain'd in the Wife,
 And the Husband have Sense to approve.

SONG CCLXVII.

Sung in MIDAS.

LOVELY Nymph assuage my Anguish,
 At your Feet a tender Swain
 Prays you will not let him languish;
 One kind Look would ease his Pain.

Did you know the Lad that courts
 You, he not long need sue in vain;
 Prince of Song, of Dance, of Sports,
 You scarce will meet his Like again.

SONG CCLXVIII.

MUSIC has Pow'r to melt the Soul;
 By Beauty Nature's sway'd;
 Each can the Universe controul,
 Without the other's Aid.

But

But here together both appear,
 And Force united try;
 Music enchants the list'ning Ear,
 And Beauty charms the Eye.

What Cruelty these Powr's to join!
 These Transports who can bear?
 Oh! let the Sound be less divine,
 Or look the Nymph less fair!

S O N G CCLXIX.

Sung in ALFRED.

A Youth adorn'd with ev'ry Art,
 To warm and win the coldest Heart,
 In secret mine possést,
 The morning Bud that fairest blows,
 The vernal Oak that straightest grows,
 His Face and Shape exprest.

In moving Sounds he told his Tale,
 Soft as the Sighings of the Gale
 That wakes the flow'ry Year;
 What Wonder he could charm with Ease,
 Whom happy Nature form'd to please,
 Whom Love had made sincere.

At Morn he left me—fought and fell:
 The fatal Ev'ning heard his Knell,
 And saw the Tears I shed;
 Tears that must ever, ever fall;
 For ah! no Sighs the past recal,
 No Cries awake the Dead.

S O N G

S O N G CCLXX.

Sung at Ranelagh.

BY the dew-besprinkled Rose ;
 By the Blackbird piping clear ;
 By the western Gale, that blows
 Fragrance on the vernal Year :
 Hear, *Amanda*, hear thy Swain,
 Nor let me longer sigh in vain.

By the Cowslip, clad in Gold ;
 By the silver Lily's Light ;
 By those Meads, where you behold
 Nature rob'd in Green and White :
 Hear, *Amanda*, hear thy Swain,
 And to his Sighs, oh ! sigh again.

By the Riv'let's rambling Race ;
 By the Music that it makes ;
 By bright Sol's inverted Face,
 Who for the Stream his Sky forsakes :
 Hear, *Amanda*, hear thy Swain,
 And into Joy convert his Pain.

S O N G CCLXXI.

SHAKESPEARE'S GARLAND.

LET Beauty with the Sun arise,
 To *Shakespeare* Tribute pay,
 With heavenly Smiles and speaking Eyes,
 Give Grace and Lustre to the Day.

M

Each

Each Smile she gives protects his Name,
 What Face shall dare to frown?
 Not Envy's self can blast the Fame,
 Which Beauty deigns to crown.

S O N G CCLXXII.

Tune—*In Infancy our Hopes and Fears.*

THE tuneful Lark on æther Wings
 Each Morn his lofty Flight
 In rapt'rous Notes he sweetly sings,
 And hails th' approaching Light:

But I from Morn no Comfort know,
 Nor Rest from silent Night;
 All Joys to me insipid grow,
 Afford me no Delight.

S O N G CCLXXIII.

ADVICE to a LOVER. *Set by Mr. Hudson.*

CEASE, fond *Damon*, cease to languish,
 Cease thy wayward Fate to moan;
 Soothe thy Heart-enthraling Anguish,
Flavia may be still thy own.

Let not *Flavia*'s Frowns affright thee;
 Clouds may dark the solar Ray:
 Tho' she now may seem to slight thee,
 Time will chase the Clouds away.

Storms make Ocean's Waters purer,
 Tho' they fill the Soul with Fear;
Flavia's coy, if you endure her,
 She may yet thy Heart endear.

Cease,

Cease, fond *Damon*, cease to languish,
Cease to nurse corroding Woe ;
Hearts which never felt an Anguish,
Never can a Rapture know.

S O N G CCLXXIV.

Sung by Miss Cowper, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Bach.

WOULD you a Female Heart inspire
With tender Passion, warm Desire ?
Employ each soothing Art,
The God of Love all Force disdains :
He only leads in pleasing Chains
The kind, consenting Heart.

S O N G CCLXXV.

The MAID'S ADVICE.

Sung by Miss Wearman, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Yates.

Shepherds, would ye hope to please us,
You must ev'ry Humour try ;
Sometimes flatter, sometimes tease us,
Sometimes laugh, and sometimes cry.

Soft Denials are but Trials
Of the Heart we wish to gain ;
Tho' we're shy, and seem to fly,
If you pursue, we fly in vain.

S O N G . CCLXXVI.

*Sung by Mr. DEARL, at RANELAGH.**Set by Mr. BAILDON.*

ON Pleasure's smooth Wings, how old Time
 steals away,
 And Love's fatal Flame leads the Shepherd astray!
 My Days, O ye Swains! were a Round of Delight,
 From the Cool of the Morn to the Stillness of Night:
 No Care found a Place in my Cottage, or Breast;
 But Health and Content all the Year was my Guest.

'Twas then no fair *Phillis* my Heart could ensnare,
 With Voice or with Feature, with Dress or with Air:
 So kindly young *Cupid* had pointed the Dart,
 That I gather'd the Sweets, but I miss'd of the
 Smart:

I toy'd for a while, then I rov'd like a Bee,
 But still all my Song was, " I'll ever be free."

'Twas then ev'ry Object fresh Raptures did yield:
 If I stray'd thro' the Garden, or travers'd the Field,
 Ten Thousand gay Scenes were display'd to my
 Sight:

If the Nightingale sung, I could listen all Night;
 With my Reed I could pipe to the Tune of the Stream,
 And wake to new Life from a rapturous Dream.

But now, since for *Hebe* in secret I sigh,
 Alas! what a Change! and how wretched am I!
 Adieu to the Charms of the Valley and Glade;
 Their Sweets now all sicken, their Colours all fade;
 No Music I find in soft *Philomel*'s Strain,
 And the Brook o'er the Pebbles now murmurs in
 vain.

They

They say that she's kind, but no Kindness I see;
 On others she smiles, but she frowns upon me :
 Then teach me, bright *Venus*, Persuasion's soft Art,
 Or aid me, by Reason, to ransom my Heart;
 To crown my Desire, or to banish my Pain,
 Give Love to the Nymph, or give Ease to the Swain.

S O N G CCLXXVII.

CANTATA. *Sung by Mrs. Scott, at Ranelagh.*

Set by Mr. Stanley.

RECITATIVE.

AS *Delia*, blest with ev'ry Grace,
 Invok'd soft Music's needless Aid,
 Completely conquer'd by her Face,
 Thus gentle *Strepson*, smiling, said :

A I R.

Where partial Nature may deny
 The Pow'r of Beauty's melting Glance,
 Let tedious Labour toil and try
 To swell the Song, or form the Dance;
 But let your Charms alone suffice,
 And trust the Music of your Eyes.

RECITATIVE.

Damon, who chanc'd to overhear,
 Thus spoke, as he approach'd more near;
 He flatters, do not trust the Swain,
 But listen to my honest Strain.

A I R.

Wonders are told of Beauty's Pow'r,
 Nor faintly warms the tuneful Lay;
 Your Voice and Person ev'ry Hour
 By Dozens steal our Hearts away:
 Then how trifling is the Prize,
 Since Fops have Ears, and Fools have Eyes!

Ah! lovely Nymph, indeed to bless
 Select the worthiest Swain you've won;
 Who, prizing Sound and Colour less,
 Admires you for your Sense alone;
 Then leave all little Arts behind,
 And study to improve the Mind.

S O N G CCLXXVIII.

A favourite A I R. Set by Mr. Stanley.

WHAT beauteous Scenes enchant my Sight!
 How closely yonder Vine
 Does round that Elm's supporting Height
 Her wanton Ringlets twine!
 That Elm (no more a barren Shade)
 Is with her Clusters crown'd;
 And that fair Vine, without his Aid,
 Had crept along the Ground.

Let this, my fair One, move thy Heart
 Connubial Joys to prove,
 Yet mark what Age and Care impart,
 Nor thoughtless rush on Love:
 Know thy own Bliss, and joy to hear
 Vertumnus loves thy Charms,
 The youthful God that rules the Year,
 And keeps thy Groves from Harms.
 While

While some with short-liv'd Passion glow,
 His Love remains the same;
 On him alone thy Heart bestow,
 And crown his constant Flame:
 So shall no Frost's untimely Pow'r
 Deform the blooming Spring;
 So shall thy Trees, from Blasts secure,
 Their wonted Tribute bring.

S O N G CCLXXIX.

STREPHON of the HILL.

Set by Dr. Arne.

LET others *Damon's* Praise rehearse,
 Or *Colin's* at their Will;
 I mean to sing, in rustic Verse,
 Young *Strephon* of the Hill.

As once I sat beneath the Shade,
 Beside a purling Rill;
 Who should my Solitude invade,
 But *Strephon* of the Hill;

He tap't my Shoulder, snatch'd a Kiss;
 I could not take it ill;
 For nothing sure is done amiss
 By *Strephon* of the Hill.

Consent, O lovely Maid! he cry'd,
 Nor aim thy Swain to kill;
 Consent this Day to be the Bride.
 Of *Strephon* of the Hill..

Observe the Doves on yonder Spray,
See how they fit and bill;
So sweet your Time shall pass away
With *Strephon* of the Hill.

We went to Church with hearty Glee,
O Love propitious still!
May every Nymph be blest, like me,
With *Strephon* of the Hill.

S O N G CCLXXX. The LUCKY FALL.

Set by Dr. ARNE.

A Band of Cupids t'other Day
Were in a Myrtle Grove,
Till tir'd of ev'ry boyish Play,
They made a Match to rove:
“ But where?” cry'd one (the Cock of all,)
“ Let's fix upon a Place:
“ Hang *Paphos* and *Olympus* Hall;
“ I vote for *Chloe's* Face.”

No sooner said, than off they flew;
And gath'ring round the Fair,
As Swarms of Bees on Flowers do,
They settled here and there;
Some on her Lips, her Nose, and Chin;
A Score on either Cheek,
While fifty to her Eyes went in
To play at hide and seek.

But Gravity itself must smile,
The Wranglers to have heard,
For Place disputing all the while,
Tho' each his own preferr'd:

Till

Till chancing from her Lips to slide,
 One fell on *Chloe's* Breast,
 And creeping down, in Triumph cry'd,
 " Who's Station's now the best?"

S O N G CCLXXXI.

*Sung by Mrs. Pinto. The Words and Music by Dr.
 Arne.*

NYMPHS and Shepherds, come away,
 Wanton in the Sweets of May;
 Trip it o'er the flow'ry Lawns,
 Wanton as the bounding Fawns:
 Frolic, buxom, blithe, and gay,
 Nymphs and Shepherds come away.

S O N G CCLXXXII.

JENNY of the GREEN.

Sung by Mr. Beard,

WHILE others strip the new-fall'n Snows,
 And steal its Fragrance from the Rose,
 To dress their Fancy's Queen;
 Fain would I sing, but Words are faint,
 All Music's Powers too weak to paint
 My *Jenny* of the Green.

Beneath this Elm, beside this Stream,
 How oft I've tun'd the fav'rite Theme,
 And told my Tale unseen!
 While, faithful in the Lover's Cause,
 The Winds would murmur soft Applause
 To *Jenny* of the Green.

M 5

With

With Joy my Soul reviews the Day,
 When, deck'd in all the Pride of May,
 She hail'd the sylvan Scene;
 Then ev'ry Nymph that hop'd to please,
 First strove to catch the Grace and Ease
 Of *Jenny* of the Green.

Then, deaf to ev'ry Rival's Sigh;
 On me she cast her partial Eye,
 Nor scorn'd my humble Mien:
 The fragrant Myrtle Wreath I wear,
 That Day adorn'd the lovely Hair
 Of *Jenny* of the Green.

Through all the Fairy Land of Love,
 I'll seek my pretty wand'ring Dove,
 The Pride of gay fifteen;
 Tho' now she treads some distant Plain,
 Tho' far apart, I'll meet again
 My *Jenny* of the Green.

But thou, old Time, 'till that blest Night
 That brings her back with speedy Flight,
 Melt down the Hours between;
 And when we meet, the Loss repay,
 On loit'ring Wing prolong my Stay
 With *Jenny* of the Green.

S O N G CCLXXXIII.

TO DELIA. Set by Mr. Arne.

SOFT pleasing Pains, unknown before,
 My beating Bosom feels,
 When I behold the blissful Bow'r
 Where dearest *Delia* dwells.

That

That Way I daily drive my Flock ;
 Ah ! happy, happy Vale !
 There look, and wish ; and while I look,
 My Sighs increase the Gale,
 My Sighs increase the Gale.

Sometimes at Midnight I do stray
 Beneath th' inclement Skies,
 And there my true Devotion pay
 To *Delia's* Sleep-seal'd Eyes :
 So pious Pilgrims nightly roam,
 With tedious Travel faint,
 To kiss alone the clay-cold Tomb
 Of some lov'd fav'rite Saint,
 Of some, &c.

O tell, ye Shades, that fold my Fair,
 And all my Bliss contain,
 Ah ! why should ye those Blessings share
 For which I sigh in vain ?
 But let me not at Fate repine,
 And thus my Grief impart :
 She's not your Tenant ;—she is mine ;
 Her Mansion is my Heart,
 Her Mansion is my Heart.

S O N G CCLXXXIV.

MY cautious Mother, t'other Day,
 Cry'd, *Polly*, mind me, do ;
 I saw young *Damon* come this Way,
 And fear he came to you :
 You know he's gay, and thought a Rake,
 So never welcome make him.
 Thus I got scolded for his Sake,
 I wish the Deuce may take him.

It's true I met him in a Grove,
 He gently clasp'd my Hand,
 Then sigh'd, and talk'd more Things of Love
 Than I could understand ;
 And who'd have thought that we were seen ?
 But of such Tricks I'll break him ;
 If he won't tell me what they mean,
 The Deuce, sure, ought to take him.

I often feel my Bosom glow
 With Warmth I never knew,
 If this be Love that haunts me so,
 What can a Virgin do ?
 Indeed, for Pipe, for Dance and Song,
 'Gainst ev'ry Swain I'd take him,
 But if he tantalizes long,
 I hope the Deuce will take him.

They say from Wedlock springs Delight,
 Then let him speak his Mind,
 I've no Objection to unite
 With one so fond and kind :
 My Mother, tho' too apt to pry,
 To disoblige I'm loth,
 Howe'er I'll wed, then all her Cry
 Will be, Deuce take you both.

S O N G CCLXXXV.

BLITHE COLIN. *Written by Mr. Hawkins.*

Sung at Ranelagh.

BY the Side of the sweet River *Tay*
 Or else on the Banks of the *Tweed*,
 Young *Colin* he whistles all Day,
 Or merrily pipes on his Reed.

His

His Mind is a Stranger to Care,
 For he is blithe, bonny, and free;
 At Harveſt, at Wake, and at Fair,
 No Swain is ſo cheerful as he.

At Eve, when we dance on the Green,
 How ſprightly he joins in the Throng;
 So pleaſing his Air and his Mien,
 So gaily he trips it along!
 The Lasses his Manners adore,
 And ſtrive his Affections to gain;
 When abſent, for him they deplore,
 All ſigh for the Smiles of the Swain.

But I am the Girl to his Mind,
 He choſe me above all the reſt,
 And vows that to me he'll be kind,
 With me he will ever be bleſt.
 The Maidens all envy my Blifs,
 And tell me I'm ſimple and vain;
 Yet I'm not diſpleaſed at this,
 Nor heed their Contempt and Diſdain.

S O N G CCLXXXVI.

A RONDEAU. Sung at Vauxhall.

SHEPHERD, ceaſe your ſoft Complaining,
 I've a Heart that ſcorns diſdaining:
 I no baſhful Meanings want,
 All that Virtue aſks I'll grant;
 Down-caſt Looks, and frequent ſighing,
 Diſtant Awe, and Vows of dying,
 All are ſenſeleſs. Who'd believe
 He would die, who ſtill may live?

S O N G

S O N G CCLXXXVII.

FORGIVE, fair Creature, form'd to please,
 Forgive a wond'ring Youth's Desire:
 Those Charms, those Virtues, when he sees,
 How can he see, and not admire!

While each the other still improves;
 The fairest Face, the noblest Mind;
 Not with the Proverb, he that loves,
 But he that loves you not, is blind.

S O N G CCLXXXVIII.

To DELIA.

Written by Mr. HAWKINS.

MY Muse inspire me to impart
 In humble ardent Strain,
 To tell the Anguish of my Heart,
 To her that gives me pain.

'Tis *Delia* is the lovely Maid;
 Alas! thou charming Fair,
 Behold thy *Damon* seeks thy Aid,
 To ease his Pain and Care.

For thou alone can give Relief,
 Or Anguish most severe;
 Thy matchless Charms are all my Grief,
 Until you prove sincere.

SONG

S O N G CCLXXXIX.

Written by Dr. PARNELL.

W H E N thy Beauty appears,
 In it's Graces and Airs,
 All bright as an Angel new dropt from the Sky,
 At Distance I gaze, and am aw'd by my Fears,
 So strangely you dazzle my Eye.

But when, without Art,
 Your kind Thoughts you impart,
 When your Love runs in Blushes thro' ev'ry Vein;
 When it darts from your Eyes, when it pants
 in your Heart,
 Then I know you're a Woman again.

There's a Passion and Pride
 In our Sex, (she reply'd)
 And thus, might I gratify both, I would do;
 Still an Angel appear to each Lover beside,
 But still be a Woman to you.

S O N G CCXC.

Written by Dr. PARNELL.

T H I R S I S, a young and am'rous Swain,
 Saw two, the Beauties of the Plain,
 Who both his Heart subdue;
 Gay *Celia's* Eyes were dazzling fair;
Sabina's easy Shape and Air
 With softer Magick drew.

He

He haunts the Stream, he haunts the Grove,
Lives in a fond Romance of Love,
And seems for each to die ;
Till each a little spiteful grown,
Sabina Celia's Shape ran down,
And she *Sabina's* Eye.

Their Envy made the Shepherd find
Those Eyes which Love could only blind ;
So set the Lover free :
No more he haunts the Grove or Stream,
Nor with a true-love Knot and Name
Engraves a wounded Tree.

Ah *Celia* ! (sly *Sabina* cry'd)
Tho' neither love, we're both deny'd ;
Now, to support the Sex's Pride,
Let either fix the Dart.
Poor Girl ! (says *Celia*) say no more :
For thou'd the Swain but one adore,
That Spite which broke his Chains before,
Would break the other's Heart.

S O N G CCXCI.

Written by Mr. BOOTH.

SWEET are the Charms of her I love,
More fragrant than the damask Rose,
Soft as the Down of Turtle Dove,
Gentle as Winds when Zephyr blows,
Refreshing as descending Rains
To sun-burnt Climes and thirsty Plains.

True as the Needle to the Pole,
 Or as the Dial to the Sun,
 Constant as gliding Waters roll,
 Whose swelling Tides obey the Moon;
 From every other Charmer free,
 My Life and Love shall follow thee.

The Lamb the flow'ry Thyme devours,
 The Dam the tender Kid pursues,
 Sweet *Philomel*, in shady Bowers
 Of verdant Spring, her Notes renews;
 All follow what they most admire;
 As I pursue my Soul's Desire.

Nature must change her beauteous Face,
 And vary as the Seasons rise;
 As Winter to the Spring gives place,
 Summer th' Approach of Autumn flies;
 No Change on Love the Seasons bring,
 Love only knows perpetual Spring.

Devouring Time, with stealing Pace,
 Makes lofty Oaks and Cedars bow;
 And marble Towers, and Walls of Brass,
 In his rude March he levels low:
 But Time, destroying far and wide,
 Love from the Soul can ne'er divide.

Death only with his cruel Dart
 The gentle Godhead can remove,
 And drive him from the bleeding Heart,
 To mingle with the Blest above;
 Where, known to all his kindred Train,
 He finds a lasting Rest from Pain.

Love,

Love, and his Sister fair, the Soul,
 Twin-born, from Heaven together came;
 Love will the Universe controul,
 When dying Seasons lose their Name;
 Divine Abodes shall own his Pow'r,
 When Time and Death shall be no more.

S O N G CCXCII.

CUPID, God of pleasing Anguish,
 Teach the enamour'd Swain to languish,
 Teach him fierce Desires to know.
 Heroes would be lost in Story,
 Did not Love inspire their Glory,
 Love does all that's great below.

S O N G CCXCIII.

THE COMFORTS OF HOPE.

LOVELY Maid, now cease to languish,
 Yield not thus thy Mind to Woe;
 Look behind the Clouds of Anguish,
 Chearing Beams of Comfort glow.

Let enliv'ning Hope elate thee,
 Hope that points to fairer Skies;
 Think the transient Ills that wait thee,
 Are but Blessings in Disguise.

Be not by Distress dejected;
 Shrink not from Affliction's Hand:
 Falsehood is from Truth detected
 By the kind Enchantress' Wand.

Sage Instructress, she shall train thee;
 Steady Virtue teach thy Heart;
 Sharp, but short-liv'd Pains, await thee;
 Endless Blessings to impart.

S O N G CCXCIV.

AH! why must Words my Flame reveal?
 Why needs my *Damon* bid me tell
 What all my Actions prove?
 A Blush whene'er I meet his Eye,
 Whene'er I hear his Name, a Sigh,
 Betrays my secret Love.

In all their Sports upon the Plain,
 Mine Eyes still fix'd on him remain,
 And him alone approve;
 The rest unheeded dance or play,
 From all he steals my Praise away,
 And can he doubt my Love?

Whene'er we meet, my Looks confess
 The Joys that all my Soul possess,
 And every Care remove:
 Still, still too short appears his Stay,
 The Moments fly too fast away,
 Too fast for my fond Love.

Does any speak in *Damon's* Praise,
 So pleas'd am I with all he says,
 I ev'ry Word approve;
 But is he blam'd, although in Jest,
 I feel Resentment fire my Breast,
 Alas! because I love.

But

But ah! what Tortures tear my Heart,
 When I suspect his Looks impart
 The least Desire to rove!
 I hate the Maid that gives me Pain,
 Yet him to hate I strive in vain,
 For ah! that Hate is Love.

Then ask not Words, but read mine Eyes,
 Believe my Blushes, trust my Sighs,
 My Passion these will prove;
 Words oft deceive, and spring from Art,
 The true Expressions of my Heart
 To *Damon*, must be Love.

S O N G CCXCV.

MY Love was fickle once, and changing,
 Nor e'er would settle in my Heart,
 From Beauty still to Beauty ranging,
 In every Face I found a Dart.

'Twas first a charming Shape enslav'd me,
 An Eye then gave the fatal Stroke;
 Till by her Wit *Corinna* sav'd me,
 And all my former Fetters broke.

But now a long and lasting Anguish
 For *Belvidera* I endure;
 Hourly I sigh, and hourly languish,
 Nor hope to find the wonted Cure:

For here the false, inconstant Lover,
 After a thousand Beauties shown,
 Does new surprising Charms discover,
 And finds Variety in one.

S O N G CCXCVI.

A SCOTCH BALLAD.

THE last Time I came o'er the Moor,
 I left my Love behind me ;
 Ye Powers ! what Pain do I endure,
 When soft Ideas mind me ?
 Soon as the ruddy Morn display'd
 The beaming Day ensuing,
 I met betimes my lovely Maid,
 ' In fit Retreat for wooing.

Beneath the cooling Shade we lay,
 Gazing and chasteily sporting ;
 We kiss'd and promis'd Time away,
 Till Night spread her black Curtain.
 I pitied all beneath the Skies,
 Ev'n Kings, when she was nigh me ;
 In Raptures I beheld her Eyes,
 Which could but ill deny me.

Should I be call'd where Cannons roar,
 Where mortal Steel may wound me ;
 Or cast upon some foreign Shore,
 Where Dangers may surround me :
 Yet Hopes again to see my Love,
 To feast on glowing Kisses,
 Shall make my Cares at Distance move,
 In Prospect of such Blissess.

In all my Soul there's not one Place
 To let a Rival enter :
 Since she excels in ev'ry Grace,
 In her my Love shall center.

Sooner

Sooner the Seas shall cease to flow,
 Their Waves the *Alps* shall cover;
 On *Greenland* Ice shall *Roses* grow,
 Before I cease to love her.

The next Time I go o'er the Moor,
 She shall a Lover find me;
 And that my Faith is firm and pure,
 Tho' I left her behind me:
 Then *Hymen's* sacred Bonds shall chain
 My Heart to her fair Bosom;
 There, while my Being does remain,
 My Love more fresh shall blossom.

S O N G CCXCVII.

THE LINNET; *A* PASTORAL.

Written by Mr. HAWKINS.

AS passing by a shady Grove,
 I heard a Linnet sing,
 Whose sweetly plaintive Voice of Love
 Proclaim'd the cheerful Spring.

His pretty Accents seem'd to flow
 As if he knew no Pain;
 His downy Throat he tun'd so sweet,
 It echo'd o'er the Plain.

Ah! happy Warbler, (I reply'd,)
 Contented thus to be;
 'Tis only Harmony and Love
 Can be compar'd to thee.

Thus perch'd upon the Spray ye stand,
 The Monarch of the Shade ;
 And even sip ambrosial Sweets,
 That glow from ev'ry Glade.

Did Man possess but half thy Bliss,
 How joyful might he be !
 But Man was never form'd for this,
 'Tis only Joy for thee.

Then farewell, pretty Bird, (I said,)
 Pursue thy plaintive Tale,
 And let thy tuneful Accents spread
 All o'er the fragrant Vale.

S O N G CCXCVIII.

ASK not the Cause why fullen Spring
 So long delays her Flowers to bear ;
 Why warbling Birds forget to sing,
 And winter Storms invert the Year :
Chloris is gone, and Fate provides
 To make it Spring where she resides.

Chloris is gone, the cruel Fair ;
 She cast not back her pitying Eye,
 But left her Lover in Despair,
 To sigh, to languish, and to die ;
 Ah ! how can those fair Eyes endure
 To give the Wounds they will not cure !

Great God of Love, why hast thou made
 A Face that can all Hearts command,
 That all Religions can invade,
 And change the Laws of ev'ry Land ?
 Where thou had'st plac'd such Power before,
 Thou should'st have made her Mercy more.

When

When *Chloris* to the Temple comes,
 Adoring Crowds before her fall ;
 She can restore the Dead from Tombs,
 And ev'ry Life but mine recal ;
 I only am by Love design'd
 To be the Victim for Mankind.

S O N G CCXCIX.

FAIREST Isle, all Isles excelling,
 Seat of Pleasure and of Love,
Venus here will chuse her Dwelling,
 And forsake her *Cyprian* Grove ;
Cupid, from his favourite Nation,
 Care and Envy will remove,
 Jealousy that poisons Passion,
 And Despair that dies for Love.

Gentle Murmurs, sweet Complaining,
 Sighs that blow the Fire of Love,
 Soft Repulses, kind Disdaining,
 Shall be all the Pains you prove.
 Ev'ry Swain shall pay his Duty,
 Grateful ev'ry Nymph shall prove,
 And, as these excel in Beauty,
 Those shall be renown'd for Love.

S O N G CCC.

WHEN bright *Aurelia* tript the Plain,
 How cheerful then were seen
 The Looks of ev'ry jolly Swain,
 That strove *Aurelia's* Heart to gain,
 With Gambols on the Green.

Their

Their Sports were innocent and gay,
 Mixt with a manly Air,
 They'd sing and dance, and pipe and play,
 Each strove to please some different Way,
 This dear enchanting Fair.

Th' ambitious Strife she did admire,
 And equally approve,
 Till *Phaön's* tuneful Voice and Lyre,
 With softest Music, did inspire
 Her Soul to generous Love.

Their wonted Sports the rest declin'd,
 Their Arts prov'd all in vain;
Aurelia's constant now they find,
 The more they languish and repin'd
 The more she loves the Swain.

S O N G C C C I.

WHEN first I saw the graceful Maid,
 Ah! me, what meant my throbbing Breast;
 Say, soft Confusion, art thou Love!
 If Love thou art, then farewell Rest.

With gentle Smiles assuage the Pain
 Those gentle Smiles did first create;
 And though you may not love again,
 In Pity, ah! forbear to hate.

S O N G C C C I I.

YE gentle Gales that fan the Air,
 And wanton in the shady Grove,
 Oh! whisper to my absent Fair,
 My secret Pain and endless Love.

N

When

When at the sultry Heat of Day
 She'll seek some shady cool Retreat,
 Throw spicy Odours in her Way,
 And scatter Roses at her Feet.

And when she sees their Colours fade,
 And all their Pride neglected lie,
 Let that instruct the charming Maid,
 That Sweets not gather'd timely die.

And when she lays her down to rest,
 Let some auspicious Virgin shew,
 Who 'tis that loves *Camilla* best,
 And what for her I'd undergo.

S O N G CCCIII.

LOVE REWARDED.

WITH *Phæbus* I often arose,
 To feast on the Charms of the Spring,
 The Fragrance to smell of the Rose,
 Or listen to hear the Birds sing:
 When Linnets exalted their Strains,
 The Music enchanted my Ear;
 My Eyes too were bless'd on the Plains,
 With various sweet Blooms of the Year.

When *Chloe* shone smiling so gay,
 I there fix'd the Scene of Delight;
 My Thoughts she engross'd all the Day,
 I saw her in Dreams all the Night:
 Still musing on *Chloe* I walk'd,
 My Harvest no more in my Thought:
 Of nothing but *Chloe* I talk'd;
 Her Smiles were the Harvest I sought.

No longer the Warblers could please;
 No longer the Roses look'd gay;
 For Music, and Sweetness, and Ease,
 Were lost, if my Love was away:
 I tun'd to her Beauties my Lays,
 I study'd each Art that could move;
 She took the kind Tribute of Praise,
 And paid it with Fondness and Love.

S O N G CCCIV.

THE Sun in Virgin Lustre shone,
 May-morning put its Beauties on;
 The Warblers sung in livelier Strains,
 And sweeter Flow'rets deck'd the Plains;
 When Love, a soft intruding Guest,
 That long had dwelt in *Damon's* Breast,
 Now whisper'd to the Nymph, Away!
 For this is Nature's Holiday.

The tender Impulse wing'd his Haste;
 The painted Mead he instant pass'd,
 And soon the happy Cot he gain'd,
 Where Beauty slept, and Silence reign'd:
 Awake, my Fair! (the Shepherd cries)
 To new-born Pleasure ope thine Eyes;
 Arise, my *Sylvia*! hail the *May*,
 For this is Nature's Holiday.

Forth came the Maid, in Beauty bright
 As *Phæbus* in meridian Light,
 Entranc'd in Rapture, all confess'd,
 The Shepherd clasp'd her to his Breast;
 Then gazing with a speaking Eye,
 He snatch'd a Kiss, and heav'd a Sigh;
 A melting Sigh, and seem'd to say,
 Consider Youth's our Holiday.

Ah, soft, (she said) for Pity's Sake!
 What, kifs one ere I'm well awake?
 For this so early came you here?
 And hail you thus the rising Year?
 Sweet Innocence! forbear to chide,
 We'll haste to Joy, (the Swain reply'd;)
 In Pleasure's flow'ry Fields we'll stray,
 And this shall be Love's Holiday.

A crimson Glow warm'd o'er her Cheek,
 She look'd the Things she dar'd not speak;
 Consent own'd Nature's soft Command,
 And *Damon* seiz'd her trembling Hand:
 His dancing Heart in Transports play'd,
 To Church he led the blushing Maid;
 Then blest'd the happy Morn of *May*,
 And now their Life's all Holiday.

S O N G CCCV.

Sung at Ranelagh.

THE fragrant Lily of the Vale,
 So elegantly fair,
 Whose Sweets perfume the fanning Gale,
 To *Chloe* I compare;
 What tho' on Earth it lowly grows,
 And strives its Head to hide!
 Its Sweetness far outvies the Rose,
 That flaunts with so much Pride.

The costly Tulip owes its Hue
 To many a gaudy Stain,
 In this we view the Virgin white
 Of Innocence remain:

See how the curious Florist's Hand
 Uprears its humble Head,
 And to preserve the charming Flow'r,
 Transplants it to his Bed.

There while it sheds its Sweets around,
 How shines each modest Grace!
 Enraptur'd, how its Owner stands
 To view its lovely Face!
 But pray, my *Chloe*, now observe
 The Inference of my Tale,
 May I the Florist be, and thou
 The Lily of the Vale.

S O N G CCCVI.

RETIREMENT.

Written by Mr. NICHOLLS.

FROM *London's* smoaky, foetid Air,
 The Seat of Traffic and of Care,
 Take me, ye rural Pow'rs;
 With you, in your sequester'd Ways,
 Where Peace, that rose-lip'd Cherub strays,
 I'd pass the fleeting Hours.

What tho' with you no Balls invite,
 Or painted Beauties catch the Sight,
 Yet Nature has supply'd
 Far more lasting Joys than these,
 Sweet vocal Birds on flow'ring Trees,
 The cool meand'ring Tide;

The rosy Maid, the jocund Swains,
The silver Flocks on verdant Plains,
The unobstructed Breeze;
The crystal Spring, the babbling Rill,
Gay Prospects as we mount the Hill,
With Solitude and Ease;

The furze-blown Heath, the fragrant Thorn,
And ample Fields of rising Corn,
The Farmer's promis'd Wealth;
But more than all, what's seldom found
In Dissipation's vicious Round,
Vivacity and Health.

While those whom *London's* Walls immure,
Rheumaticks, Colds, Catarrhs endure,
With all Pandora's Store;
From these I'd fly to halesome Plains,
And never wish, whilst Life remains,
To see the City more.

S O N G CCCVII.

The ROSE-BUD.

SWEET Bud! to *Laura's* Bosom go,
And live beneath her Eye;
There, in the Sun of Beauty blow,
Or taste of Heaven and die.

Sweet Earnest of the blooming Year!
Whose dawning Beauties speak
The budding Blush of Summer near,
The Summer on her Cheek!

Best Emblem of the Nymph I love,
 Resembling Beauty's Morn,
 To *Laura's* Bosom haste, and prove
 One Rose without a Thorn.

S O N G CCCVIII.

A S O N N E T.

BE hush'd, ye sweet Birds, and forbear your
 shrill Notes,
 Nor deign such a Clamour to keep ;
 But stop a few Moments, and rest your soft Throats,
 For here lies a Goddess asleep !

Keep off, ye pert Flies, from the Cheek of my
 Fair,
 And let her contentedly lay ;
 For, if you presume to alight on her Face,
 " You'll wake her as sure as 'tis Day !"

Ye Gods ! send young *Cupids* to 'bide at her Feet,
 Let the Graces adorn her sweet Head !
 Let the pleasantest Dreams make her Slumbers
 complete,
 And Angels keep guard o'er her Head.

S O N G CCCIX.

The D I M P L E.

SYLVIA the Young, the Fair, the Gay,
 A verdant Bow'r inclos'd ;
 The little Wanton, tir'd with Play,
 In downy Sleep repos'd.

A Bloom so like the Peach's Hue,
 Her glowing Cheeks express'd,
 A Bird, deluded, eager flew,
 And seiz'd the luscious Feast.

Ah! lucky Spoil, tho' rude th' Alarm,
 And *Sylvia* weeping rose,
 Since to the Wound its smiling Form
 That killing Dimple owes.

S O N G CCCX.

MY *Sylvia* is the blitheſt Laſs
 That ever trod the downy Graſs,
 Or grac'd the rural Plain;
 Her modeſt Air, and gentle Mien,
 More ſweet, more fair, than Beauty's Queen,
 Are prais'd by ev'ry Swain.

Her ſparkling Eyes, like Diamonds bright;
 Each winning Charm does there unite
 With Features fair and gay;
 Her Voice is ſofter than the Thruſh,
 That ſweetly warbles on the Buſh,
 And hails Return of Day.

Her Breath exceeds the balmy Gales,
 Whoſe Fragrance ſweetens all the Vales,
 Where Sweets with Sweets combine;
 Her Cheeks the Roſes far excel,
 Such Virtues in her Boſom dwell,
 As make her all divine.

Each

Each rising Morn I press'd the Fair
To listen to my fervent Prayer,
A Pray'r devoid of Art:
With pleasing Smiles she sooth'd my Pains;
And *Sylvia*, now, in Triumph reigns
The Goddess of my Heart.

S O N G CCCXI.

In praise of Women.

THE Lily, and the blushing Rose,
To many give Delight;
But not a Flow'r on Earth that grows,
Is half so bright a Sight,
As lovely Women,
Charming Women,
Pleasing, teizing,
Heav'nly Women.

Pray what makes Cowards brave and bold,
Or what gave Poets birth?
Or what makes People fond of Gold,
Or Pleasure dwell on Earth?
But lovely Women, &c.

When Men are sore oppress'd with Grief,
And roam in search of Peace;
There's nought can give such sure Relief,
And make their Torments cease.
Such Pow'r have Women, &c.

Then, since the Fair give such Delight,
Aloud resound their Praise;
For who can view the glorious Sight,
And not their Voices raise,
To lovely Women, &c.

S O N G CCCXII.

WHILE on my *Colin's* Knee I sit,
 Lur'd by thy Voice, charm'd with thy Wit,
 My panting Heart true Measure beats,
 And gladly ev'ry Sigh repeats:
 I figh with Joy, that thou may'st see
 I sympathize in all with thee

No matter how the Ice was broke,
 Or whether you or I first spoke;
 Who only barter Love for Love,
 The niceness of the Passion prove;
 For oft Ingratitude we give,
 And sometimes gen'rously receive.

Levell'd by Love, let neither try,
 To fix Superiority;
 Since all the kind, the fond Contest,
 Of whether you or I love best,
 Like heedless touching a wrong Key
 But jars the Sound of Harmony.

S O N G CCCXIII.

A Scotch Ballad. *Sung at Vauxhall.*

ALL on the pleasant Banks of *Tweed*,
 A Young *Jockey* won my Heart;
 None tun'd so sweet his oaten Reed,
 None sung with so much Art:
 His skilful Tale,
 Did soon prevail
 To make me fondly love him;
 But now he hies,
 Nor hears my Cries,
 I wou'd I ne'er had seen him.

, When

When first we met, the bonny Swain
 Of nought but Love could say :
 Oh ! give (he cry'd) my Heart again,
 You've stole my Heart away ;
 Or else incline,
 To give me thine,
 And I'll together join 'em :
 My faithful Heart
 Will never part.
 Ah ! why did I believe him !

Not now my slighted Face he knows,
 His soon-forgotten Dear ;
 To a wealthier Lads o'erjoy'd he goes,
 To breathe his Falshood there :
 Mistaken *Kate*,
 The Swain's a Cheat,
 Not for a Moment trust him :
 For shining Gold,
 He's bought and sold,
 I wou'd I had not seen him.

S O N G CCCXIV.

WHERE shall I seek my fav'rite Maid,
 In Valley, Mead, or Grove ?
 Or tell me, does the Myrtle Shade
 Inclose the Fair I love ?

Or does she seek the shady Bower,
 Or haunt the silent Glade,
 Where she has oft, at Evening Hour,
 With Love and *Damon* stray'd ?

Or does she doubt my ardent Love,
 And seek some other Swain;
 And leave her bleating Flock to rove,
 Neglected, o'er the Plain?

But oh! forbear, my panting Breast,
 Forbear these vain Alarms;
 For see! the Fair-one deigns to rest
 In Sleep's soft, folding Arms.

Be hush'd awhile, ye warbling Choir,
 Your tuneful Notes forbear;
 In Peace, ye limpid Streams, retire,
 Nor wake the sleeping Fair.

Ye Flow'rets, that on yonder Mound
 Such beauteous Tints disclose,
 Expand your Fragrancies around,
 To sweeten her Repose.

Ye gentle Dreams, by Fancy made,
 Awhile engage the Fair;
 And be each pleasing Scene display'd
 To dissipate her Care.

Then deign to make the Passion known
 That rages in my Breast;
 That, waking, she her Love may own,
 And make her *Damon* blest'd.

S O N G CCCXV.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

'TIS a Twelvemonth ago, nay, perhaps they
 are twain,
 Since *Thyrsis* neglected the Nymphs of the Plain,
 And

And would tempt me to walk the gay Meadows
 along,
 To hear a soft Tale, or to sing him a Song.

What at first was but Friendship, soon grew to a
 Flame,
 In my Heart it was Love, in the Youth's 'twas
 the same;
 From each other we sought not our Passion to hide,
 But who should love most was our Contest and
 Pride.

But Prudence soon whisper'd us, Love not too
 well,
 For Envy has Eyes, and a Tongue that will tell;
 And a Flame, without Fortune's rich Gifts on
 it's Side,
 The grave Ones will scorn, and a Mother must
 chide.

Afraid of Rebuke, he his Visits forbore,
 And we promis'd to think of each other no more,
 But to tarry with Patience a Season more kind;
 So I put the dear Shepherd quite out of my Mind.

But Love breaks the Fences I vainly had made,
 Grows deaf to all Censure, and will be repaid;
 If we sigh for each other, ah! quit not your Care;
 Condemn the God *Cupid*, but bless the fond Pair.

S O N G CCCXVI.

A GAIN in rustic Weeds array'd,
 A simple Swain, a simple Maid;
 O'er rural Scenes with Joy we'll rove,
 By dimpling Brook, or cooling Grove.

The

The Birds shall strain their little Throats,
 And warble wild their merry Notes ;
 Whilst we converse beneath the Shade,
 A happy Swain and happy Maid.

Thy Hands shall pluck, to grace my Bow'r,
 The luscious Fruit, the fragrant Flow'r ;
 Whilst Joys shall bless, for ever new,
 Thy *Phebe* kind, my *Colin* true.

S O N G CCCXVII.

Written by Mr. LEMOINE.

THE sprightly Eye, the rosy Cheek,
 The dimpled Chin, and Look so meek,
 A nameless Grace and Air ;
 The ruby Lip in Sweetness drest,
 The softly-swelling Angel Breast ;
 All these adorn my Fair.

See what unnumber'd Beauties rove
 Around each Feature of my Love,
 And fire my rapt'rous Soul !
 Ten thousand Sweets her Looks disclose
 At ev'ry Glance my Bosom glows,
 And yields to Love's Controul.

Just Heav'ns ! why gave ye Charms like these,
 With ev'ry graceful Art to please,
 To one whom rigid Fate,
 Permits me not to tell my Pain,
 But makes me fear the cold Disdain
 Of her I wish my Mate.

Curse on the sordid Thirst of Gold !
 When tend'rest Passions all are sold,

To

To win the World's Applause ;
 When, for Desire, and Love, and Joy,
 Low Int'rest shall its Pow'rs employ,
 And gain th' ignoble Cause.

S O N G CCCXVIII.

Sung in Comus.

ON ev'ry Hill, in ev'ry Grove,
 Along the Margin of each Stream,
 Dear conscious Scenes of former Love,
 I mourn, and *Damon* is my Theme.
 The Hills, the Groves, the Streams remain,
 But *Damon* there I seek in vain.

Now to the mossy Cave I fly,
 Where to my Swain I oft have sung,
 Well pleas'd the browzing Goats to spy,
 As o'er the airy Steep they hung.
 The mossy Cave, the Goats remain,
 But *Damon* there I seek in vain.

Now thro' the trembling Vale I pass,
 And sigh to see the well-known Shade,
 I weep, and kiss the bended Grass,
 Where Love and *Damon* fondly play'd.
 The Vale, the Shade, the Grass remain,
 But *Damon* there I seek in vain.

From Hill, from Dale, each Charm is fled,
 Groves, Flocks, and Fountains please no more,
 Each Flow'r in Pity droops it's Head,
 All Nature does my Loss deplore.
 All, all reproach the faithless Swain,
 Yet *Damon* still I seek in vain.

S O N G

S O N G CCCXIX.

A SCOTCH RONDEAU.

Sung at Vauxhall.

O 'ER the Seas my Love is sailing,
Gently blow, ye Eastern Gales;
Love his dear Approach is hailing,
Flies to view the swelling Sails.

O'er the Ocean whilst he's roving,
Who has brav'd the fultry Clime,
I endure the Pain of loving,
I grow sick of Thought and Time.

Sea-nymphs all the while are playing,
Guard his Vessel safe from Harms;
But no more shall he be staying,
Damon's Port shall be my Arms.

S O N G CCCXX.

The CHAISE-MARINE.

M Y dearest Life, were thou my Wife,
How happy should I be!
And all my Care in Peace and War,
Should be to pleasure thee
When up and down, from Town to Town,
We jolly Soldiers rove;
Then you, my Queen, in Chaise-marine,
Shall move like Queen of Love.

Your Love I'd prize beyond the Skies,
Beyond the Spoils of War;
Would'st thou agree to follow me,
In humble Baggage-car.

For

For Happiness, tho' in Distress,
 In Soldiers Wives is seen;
 And Pride in Coach has more Reproach
 Than Love in Chaise-marine.

Oh! do not hold your Love in Gold,
 Nor set your Heart on Gain;
 Behold the Great, with all their State,
 Their Lives are Care and Pain.
 In House or Tent, I pay no Rent,
 Nor Care nor Trouble see:
 But ev'ry Day I get my Pay,
 And spend it merrily.

Love not those Knaves, great Fortune's Slaves,
 Who lead ignoble Lives:
 Nor deign to smile on Men so vile,
 Who fight none but their Wives.
 For *Britain's* Right and you we fight,
 And ev'ry Ill defy;
 Should but the Fair reward our Care,
 With Love and Constancy.

If Sighs, nor Groans, nor tender Moans,
 Can win your harden'd Heart;
 Let Love in Arms, with all his Charms,
 Then take a Soldier's Part.
 With Fife and Drum the Soldiers come,
 And all the Pomp of War;
 Then don't think mean of Chaise-marine,
 'Tis Love's triumphant Car,

S O N G CCCXXI.

Feather'd Felicity. *Written by Mr. Lemoine.*

TWO milk-white Doves upon a Bough
 Sat courting t'other Day;
 Enraptur'd with each other's Vow,
 Time sweetly stole away.

Fost'ring Zephyrs gently blew,
 To fan their soft Desires;
 While *Phæbus* bright upon them threw
 The Warmth of heav'nly Fires.

With Kisses sweet the Male carest
 The Pride of Nature's Art;
 While she, all Fondness, heav'd the Breast
 That clos'd a truth-fraught Heart.

No mundane Cares within them dwelt,
 To gall the fleeting Hour:
 Both own'd the Happiness they felt
 Arose from *Cupid's* Pow'r.

S O N G CCCXXII.

CUPID'S ARROW. *Sung at Vauxhall.*

AS *Chloe* ply'd her Needle's Art,
 A purple Drop the Spear
 Made from her heedless Finger start,
 And from her Eyes a 'Tear.

Ah! might but *Chloe*, from her Smart,
 Be taught for mine to feel;
 Mine caus'd by *Cupid's* piercing Dart,
 More sharp to me than Steel.

Then

Then I her Needle would adore,
 Love's Arrow it should be;
 Endu'd with such a subtle Pow'r,
 To reach her Heart for me.

S O N G CCCXXIII.

THE MYRTLE AND ROSE.

Sung at Vauxhall.

AT once I'm in Love with two Nymphs that
 are fair,
 And to Sweets in my Garden these Nymphs I
 compare;
 Nor can Shrub, nor can Blossom, be better than
 those;
 And *Jenny's* my Myrtle, and *Chloe's* my Rose.

My *Chloe* is fond all her Charms to display;
 With the Rose in her Cheek, she to all would be
 gay;

On all paler Beauties she looks down with Pride,
 And can bear not a Flow'ret to grow by her Side.

She thinks not how quickly these Charms will
 expire,

That with *May* they first came, and with Summer
 retire;

That Pride, so soon over, is foolish and vain,
 And Love, built on Beauty, can't hold with a
 Swain.

But *Jenny*, my Myrtle, ne'er changes her Face,
 No Season nor Age can her Features displace;
She

She covets no Praise, nor with Envy is stung,
She always is pleas'd, and is pleasing and young.

Then, *Chloe*, I sudden must make my Retreat,
Thy Rose is too blooming, too short-liv'd and
sweet;

But *Jenny*, thy Myrtle is lasting and green,
And all the Year thro' thou the same still art seen.

S O N G CCCXXIV.

The HONEY-MOON.

AS May in all her youthful Dress,
So gay my Love did once appear;
A Spring of Charms adorn'd her Face,
The Rose and Lily flourish'd there:
Thus, while th' Enjoyment was but young,
Each Night new Pleasures did create;
Ambrosial Words dropp'd from her Tongue
And am'rous *Cupids* round did wait.

But, as the Sun to West declines,
The eastern Sky does colder grow,
And all his radiant Looks resigns
To the pale Moon that rules below;
So Love, while in her blooming Hour,
My *Chloe* was all kind and gay;
But when Possession nipp'd that Flow'r,
Her Charms, like Autumn, droop'd away.

S O N G CCCXXV.

A *Scotch* BALLAD. *Sung at Marybone.*

Y E verdant Woods, and crystal Streams,
 By whose enamell'd Side
 I shar'd the Sun's refreshing Beams,
 While *Jockey* was my Guide:
 No more their Shades or Murmurs please
 Poor *Sylvia's* love-sick Mind;
 No rural Streams can give me Ease,
 Since *Jockey* proves unkind.

Come, gloomy Eve, and veil the Sky
 With Clouds of darkeſt Hue;
 Wither, ye Plants—ye Flow'rets die!
 Unhear'd with balmy Dew.
 Ye wildly-warbling Birds, no more
 Your Songs can ſoothe my Mind;
 My Hours of Joy, alas! are o'er,
 Since *Jockey* proves unkind.

I'll hie me to ſome dreary Grove,
 For fighting Sorrow made,
 Where nought but plaintive Strains of Love
 Reſound through ev'ry Shade;
 Where the ſad Turtle's melting Grief
 With *Philomela's* join'd,
 Alone ſhall yield my Heart Relief,
 Since *Jockey* proves unkind.

Be warn'd by *Sylvia's* Fate, ye Maids,
 And ſhun the ſoft Deceit,
 Tho' Love's own Eloquence perſuades,
 'Tis all a dang'rous Cheat.

Fly

Fly quickly, fly the faithless Swain,
 His treacherous Arts despise;
 So shall you live exempt from Pain,
 While hapless *Sylvia* dies.

S O N G CCCXXVI.

FAIR is the Swan, the Ermine white,
 And fair the Lily of the Vale;
 The Moon resplendent Queen of Night,
 And Snows that drive before the Gale;
 In Fairness these the rest excel;
 But fairer is my *Isabel*.

Sweet is the Vi'let, sweet the Rose,
 And sweet the Morning Breath of *May*;
 Carnations rich their Sweets disclose,
 And the sweet winding Woodbines stray:
 In Sweetness these the rest excel;
 But sweeter is my *Isabel*.

Constant the Poets call the Dove,
 And am'rous they the Sparrow call;
 Fond is the Sky-lark of his Love,
 And fond the feather'd Warblers all:
 In Fondness these the rest excel;
 But fonder I of *Isabel*.

S O N G CCCXXVII.

COLIN AND PHEBE.

Sung at Ranelagh.

WHERE the Jessamine sweetens the Bow'r,
 And Cowslips adorn the gay Green,
 The Roses, refresh'd by the Show'r,
 Contribute to brighten the Scene;

In

In a Cottage, retir'd, there live
 Young *Colin* and *Phebe* the fair ;
 The Blessings each other receive
 In mutual Enjoyments they share ;
 And the Lads and the Lasses, that dwell on the
 Plain,
 Sing in Praise of fair *Phebe*, and *Colin* her Swain.

The Sweets of Contentment supply
 The Splendor and Grandeur of Pride ;
 No Wants can the Shepherd annoy,
 While blest with his beautiful Bride ;
 He wishes no greater Delight
 Than to tend on the Lambkins by Day,
 And return to his *Phebe* at Night,
 His innocent Toil to repay ;
 And the Lads tell the Lasses, in Hopes to prevail,
 They're as constant as *Colin* who lives in the Dale.

If delighted her Lover appears,
 The Fair-one partakes of his Bliss ;
 If dejected, she soothes all his Cares,
 And heals all his Pains with a Kiss ;
 She despises the artful Deceit
 That is practis'd in City and Court ;
 Thinks Happiness no where compleat,
 But where Shepherds and Nymphs do resort :
 And the Lads tell the Lasses they die in Despair,
 Unless they are kind as *Phebe* the fair.

Ye Youths, who're accusom'd to rove,
 And each innocent Fair-one betray,
 No longer be faithless in Love,
 The Dictates of Honour obey ;

Ye

Ye Nymphs, who with Beauty are blest,
 With Virtue improve ev'ry Grace;
 The Charms of the Mind, when possesst,
 Will dignify those of the Face;
 And ye Lads and ye Lasses, whom *Hymen* has join'd,
 Like *Colin* be constant, like *Phebe* be kind.

S O N G CCCXXVIII.

WHERE is Pleasure? tell me where;
 What can touch my Soul with Joy?
 All around this spacious Sphere,
 Let my Muse her Search employ.
 Honour, let thy Chariot roll,
 Deck'd with Titles, pageant Arms,
 Thou may'st please th' ambitious Soul;
 But for me thou hast no Charms.

Wealth, thy shining Stores produce,
 Heap'd in golden Mountains rise,
 Thee let senseless Misers chuse,
 Thou canst ne'er allure mine Eyes:
 Only *Delia*, lovely Fair!
 Can the precious Boon bestow;
 Give me, ye Pow'rs, O give me her!
 She is all I ask below.

S O N G CCCXXIX.

WOULD you the charming Queen of Love
 Invite with you to dwell,
 No Want your Poverty shou'd prove,
 No State your Riches tell:

Both

Both her and Happiness to hold,
 A middle State must please;
 They shun the House that shines with Gold,
 And that which shines with Grease.

S O N G CCCXXX.

Sung at Vauxhall.

YOUNG *Thyrsis*, ye Shepherds, is gone;
 I look all around for the Swain:
 He's fled, and Joy with him is flown;
 He leaves me to Sorrow and Pain.
 Where is it I madly wou'd rove?
 Can ye tell me what's left worth my Stay?
 Too late I perceive it was Love
 All the while led my Fancy astray.

What avails if I tarry behind,
 Now my Heart he has stole quite away?
 No Comfort on Earth shall I find,
 No Rest or by Night or by Day.
 When he sung, oh! I listen'd with Glee:
 When he smil'd, how I languish'd and sigh'd!
 Ne'er thought I the Moment to see,
 Than to see I cou'd wish to have died.

But who is it comes o'er the Green?
 'Tis *Thyrsis*, the dear, wish'd-for Youth;
 Not Death e'er shall part us, I ween,
 For than Death is much stronger his Truth.
 The Muse saw them meet in the Grove;
 Saw the Maid and the Shepherd all blest:
 He vow'd to be true to his Love;
 She dares not to whisper the rest.

O

S O N G

S O N G CCCXXXI.

The P A R T I N G.

THE rising Sun thro' all the Grove
 Diffus'd a gladsome Ray;
 My *Lucy* smil'd, and talk'd of Love,
 And ev'ry Thing look'd gay:
 But oh! the fatal Hour was come
 That forc'd me from my Dear;
 My *Lucy* then, through Grief was dumb,
 Or spoke but by a Tear.

Now far from her and Blifs I roam,
 All Nature wears a Change;
 The azure Sky seems wrapt in Gloom,
 And ev'ry Place looks strange:
 Those flow'ry Fields, this verdant Scene,
 Yon Larks that tow'ring sing,
 With sad Contrast increase my Spleen,
 And make me loath the Spring.

My Books, that wont to soothe my Mind,
 No longer now can please;
 There only those Amusements find
 That have a Mind at Ease:
 Nay, Life itself is tasteless grown,
 From *Lucy* whilst I stray;
 Sick of the World, I muse alone,
 And sigh the live-long Day.

S O N G CCCXXXII.

Written by the Earl of Dorset.

LET the Ambitious Favour find
 In Courts and empty Noise,
 Whilst greater Love does fill my Mind
 With silent real Joys.

Let Fools and Knaves grow rich and great
 And the World think 'em wise,
 Whilst I lie dying at her Feet,
 And all that World despise.

Let conquering Kings new Trophies raise,
 And melt in court Delights,
 Her Eyes can give me brighter Days,
 Her Arms much softer Nights.

S O N G CCCXXXIII.

WE all to conquering Beauty bow,
 Its pleasing Power admire;
 But I ne'er knew a Face till now,
 That cou'd like yours inspire:
 Now I may say I've met with one
 Amazes all Mankind;
 And, like Men gazing on the Sun,
 With too much Light am blind.

Soft as the tender moving Sighs,
 When longing Lovers meet;
 Like the divining Prophets wife,
 Like new-blown Roses sweet;

Modest, yet gay ; reserv'd, yet free ;
 Each happy Night a Bride ;
 A Mien like awful Majesty,
 And yet no Spark of Pride.

The Patriarch, to win a Wife,
 Chaste, beautiful, and young,
 Serv'd fourteen Years a painful Life,
 And never thought it long :
 Ah ! were you to reward such Care,
 And Life so long would stay,
 Not fourteen, but four hundred Years,
 Would seem but as one Day.

S O N G CCCXXXIV.

The R I V A L.

OF all the Torment, all the Care,
 By which our Lives are curst,
 Of all the Sorrows that we bear,
 A Rival is the worst.
 By Partners in another kind
 Afflictions easier grow,
 In Love alone we hate to find
 Companions in our Woe.

Sylvia, for all the Grievs you see
 Arising in my Breast,
 I beg not that you'd pity me,
 Would you but slight the rest.
 Howe'er severe your Rigours are,
 Alone with them I'd cope,
 I can endure my own Despair,
 But not another's Hope.

S O N G CCCXXXV.

OFT on the troubled Ocean's Face
 Loud stormy Winds arise;
 The murmuring Surges swell apace,
 And Clouds obscure the Skies;

But when the Tempest's Rage is o'er,
 Soft Breezes smoothe the Main;
 The Billows cease to lash the Shore,
 And all is calm again.

Not so in fond and amorous Souls
 If tyrant Love once reigns,
 There one eternal Tempest rolls
 And yields unceasing Pains.

S O N G CCCXXXVI.

THE Graces and the wandering Loves
 Are fled to distant Plains,
 To chace the Fawns, or in the Groves
 To wound admiring Swains:
 With their bright Mistresses there they stray,
 Who turns her careless Eyes
 From daily victories; yet each Day
 Beholds new Triumphs in her Way,
 And conquers as she flies.

But see! implor'd by moving Prayers
 To change the Lover's Pain;
Venus her harness'd Doves prepares,
 And brings the Fair again.

Proud Mortals who this Maid pursue,
 Think you she'll e'er resign?
 Cease, Fools, your Wishes to renew,
 Till she grows Flesh and Blood like you,
 Or you like her divine.

S O N G CCCXXXVII.

T H E V I G I L O F M A Y .

Written by Mr. Nicholls.

NOW sweet is the Bloom on the Spray,
 How soft from the West blows the Gale!
 Now, charm'd with the Nightingale's Lay,
 The Villagers haste to the Dale!

Bright *Dian*, who silver'ft the Lawn,
 I'm come with the Shepherds to stray,
 Till your Beauty's eclips'd by the Dawn,
 A Tribute that's due to the *May*.

May no wat'ry Cloud hide thy Face,
 For *Phebe* will join the gay Throng;
 E'en now they are flocking apace,
 Hark! the Tabor, and *Corydon's* Song!

Ah! how the shrill Pipe strikes my Ear!
 How sweetly it trills with the Lay;
 I wish my dear *Phebe* was here,
 We'd hasten to welcome the *May*.

She surely will be on the Plain!
 She promis'd, ere this, to be here;
 These Pleasures but sicken and pain,
 Till the Mate of my Bosom is near.

When

When I but a Moment delay'd,
 She frown'd, and upbraided her Swain;
 Sure something's befall'n the dear Maid!
 I die till I see her again.

Ah! how my poor Bosom's alarm'd!
 But the Fair-one, who trips yonder Stile,
 Has now ev'ry Terror disarm'd;
 'Tis *Phebe*—she comes with a Smile.

But why do I keep from her Arms!
 I'll fly and salute her with Glee;
 To my Sheep has the Clover less Charms,
 Than the Taste of her Kisses to me.

SONG CCCXXVIII.

Written by Mr. MAJOR.

COME, dearest *Nancy*! bless my Eyes,
 And stop the flowing Tear;
 In you alone the Magic lies,
 To animate and cheer.

Not half so sweet the Flow'rs display
 Their variegated Hue;
 Not all the Bloom of smiling May
 Can charm so much as you.

Where'er you tread, the Warblers sweet
 Melodious fill the Grove;
 And smiling Nature seems to greet
 The Presence of my Love,

But blasted ev'ry Flow'r appears,
 When you forsake these Plains;
 No Grove the feather'd Songster cheers,
 In sweet mellifluous Strains.

Come, dearest *Nancy*! come, and stay!
 From you my Joys arise;
 Your Face gives Brightness to the Day,
 And Lustre to the Skies.

For you I sigh, and waste my Prime;
 Then haste, and let us prove,
 That rolling Years, and fleeting Time,
 Are far too short for love.

S O N G CCCXXXIX.

TELL me, *Delia*, charming Fair,
 Why I hope, or why despair?
 Why I'm blest when thou art by,
 Or whilst absent steals the Sigh?
 Ease my Breast, my Doubts remove;
 Is it Friendship? is it Love?

Friendship's Privilege I claim,
 But I fear the Lover's Name;
 Age and Fortune both conspire
 To suppress each fond Desire;
 Reason too, (but Reason's vain)
 Bids me be myself again.

Still I struggle, still pursue
 Restless Cares, and all for you:
 Then tell me, *Delia*, lovely Fair,
 Why I hope, or why despair?
 Thou can'st each fond Doubt remove;
 Is it Friendship? is it Love?

S O N G C C C X L .

THE ADVICE. *Sung at Vauxhall.*

YE Nymphs, who to the Throne of Love
 With Hearts submissive bow;
 Who hope the mutual Bliss to prove,
 That crowns the Nuptial Vow:
 Thro' Caution's Glass, by Reason lent,
 Oh! view your Lovers clearly,
 Nor think to wed, till that present
 The Man that loves you dearly.

Still blind to Wisdom's Ray, the Rake
 No social Bliss allows;
 And he who long has rov'd, must make
 A good-for-nothing Spouse:
 Nor trust the Fop, tho' piteous Sighs
 Proclaim you've touch'd him nearly;
 His own sweet Charms too much he'll prize,
 Nor can he love you dearly.

But when with ev'ry manly Grace,
 A Youth of Soul refin'd,
 Who, doating on your Form and Face,
 Thinks brighter still your Mind:
 When such shall for the Favour sue,
 Oh! yield your Hand sincerely;
 And you'll love him, and he'll love you,
 To Life's last Moment, dearly.

S O N G CCCXLI.

FANNY OF THE DALE.

Written by Mr. Cunningham.

LET the declining, damask Rose,
With envious Grief look pale;
The Summer Bloom more freely glows
In *Fanny* of the Dale.

Is there a Sweet that decks the Field,
Or scents the Morning Gale,
Can such a vernal Fragrance yield,
As *Fanny* of the Dale?

The painted Belles, at Court rever'd,
Look lifeless, cold, and stale:
How faint their Beauties, when compar'd
With *Fanny* of the Dale!

The Willow binds *Pastora's* Brows,
Her fond Advances fail:
For *Damon* pours his warmest Vows
To *Fanny* of the Dale.

Might honest Truth, at last, succeed,
And artless Love prevail;
Thrice happy cou'd he tune his Reed
With *Fanny* of the Dale!

S O N G CCCXLII.

MUTUAL LOVE. *Written by Mr. Nicholls.*

WHERE the blithe Bee her Honey sips,
 In Cowslip Dale, in Vi'let Shade;
 Dear *Chloe*, there I've kiss'd thy Lips,
 While no rude Eye my Bliss survey'd.

Kiss, Love! (you cry'd;) more Kisses give;
 Thy *Chloe's* Pleasure still increase:
 O could our Bloom for ever live,
 I'd never bid my *Damon* cease.

The Tongue that spoke your Shepherd bless'd:
 What Mortal could resist such Charms!
 Thy Bosom to my Heart I press'd,
 And, panting, dy'd in *Chloe's* Arms.

S O N G CCCXLIII.

DAPHNE. *Written by Mr. Cunningham.*

NO longer, *Daphne*, I admire
 The Graces in thine Eyes;
 Continu'd Coyneſs kills Deſire,
 And famiſh'd Paſſion dies.
 Three tedious Years I've ſigh'd in vain,
 Nor could my Vows prevail;
 With all the Rigours of Diſdain,
 You ſcorn'd my amorous Tale.

When *Celia* cry'd, How ſenſeleſs ſhe,
 That has ſuch Vows refus'd;
 Had *Damon* given his Heart to me,
 It had been kinder us'd.

The Man's a Fool that pines and dies,
 Because a Woman's coy :
 The gentle Bliss that one denies,
 A thousand will enjoy.

Such charming Words, so void of Art,
 Surprizing Rapture gave ;
 And tho' the Maid subdu'd my Heart,
 It ceas'd to be a Slave.

A Wretch condemn'd, shall *Daphne* prove ;
 While blest without Restraint,
 In the sweet Calendar of Love
 My *Celia* stands—a Saint.

S O N G CCCXLIV.

P H E B E T O S I L V I U S.

Written by Miss Biggerstaff.

WHY will you plague me with your Pain ?
 You know such Nonsense I disdain !
 Your Passion, Anguish, Tears, and Sighs,
 And all such Folly, I despise.
 If I but frown, you say, you die ;
 Sure Frowns can never hurt a Fly :
 But since my Smiles such Blessings prove,
 I'll ever smile at you and Love.

You say that I am all divine,
 My Eyes the brightest Stars outshine ;
 And I of Charms have such a Store,
 As never Girl possess'd before ;
 And when I am as mad as you,
 I may believe it to be true ;
 But never, till that Time shall be,
 Let me hear more of Love or thee.

S O N G

S O N G CCCXLV.

Written by Mr. W—LL—s.

WITH *Phillis* how oft have I stray'd,
 O'er Hill, Dale, and in the green Grove!
 How pleas'd to attend the sweet Maid!
 To tell her how fondly I love.

My *Phillis* such Charms does impart,
 Such Beauties display to the View!
 From me she has stolen a Heart;
 A Heart that will ever prove true.

She lends a kind Ear to my Tale;
 With Smiles she my Toil does reward;
 And when I my Passion reveal,
 Her Looks fully speak her Regard.

What Mortal more happy can be!
 What Cares can my Bosom alarm!
 Whilst *Phillis*, dear Girl, is so free;
 Possessing each Power to charm.

But should she e'er flight her fond Swain,
 And leave me her Loss to deplore,
 Then, *Lethe*, relieve me from Pain,
 And let me not think of her more.

Not think of her more——did I say?
 How vain such an Effort would prove!
 For, long as I live, I each Day
 Must think of her Charms, and still love.

S O N G

S O N G CCCXLVI.

A H! *Chloris*, could I now but sit
 As unconcern'd as when
 Your infant Beauty could beget
 No Happiness nor Pain!
 When I this Dawning did admire,
 And prais'd the coming Day,
 I little thought that rising Fire
 Would take my Rest away.

Your Charms in harmless Childhood lay
 As Metals in a Mine;
 Age from no Face takes more away
 Than Youth conceal'd in thine:
 But as your Charms insensibly
 To their Perfection prest,
 So Love, as unperceiv'd, did fly,
 And center'd in my Breast.

My Passion with your Beauty grew,
 While *Cupid*, at my Heart,
 Still as his Mother favour'd you,
 Threw a new flaming Dart;
 Each gloried in their wanton Part;
 To make a Beauty, she
 Employ'd the utmost of her Art;
 To make a Lover, he.

S O N G CCCXLVII.

The BEE. *Written by Mr. NICHOLLS.*

SEE *Phillidel*, that busy Bee,
 How swift she scuds from Tree to Tree,
 To kiss the sweetest Flow'r!
 Thus all the Day she loves to roam,
 At Eve she seeks her rustic Home,
 And hives a precious Store.

'Gainst hoary Winter binds the Green,
 When not a Bud or Blossom's seen
 To tempt her vagrant Wing;
 Contented with her prudent Store
 She dwells, nor seeks the Meadows more
 Till *Flora* gives the Spring.

Not so the Drone; in sunny Haunts
 He just supplies his present Wants,
 Unmindful of the Hour
 When black *December's* chilling Air
 Shall mock his timely want of Care,
 And numb each vital Pow'r.

E'en so the Youth, who thoughtless throws
 Away what Providence bestows,
 Soon feels the Hand of Need;
 Whilst those who carefully increase,
 Find, like the Bee, in Winter Peace,
 And Pleasures fair succeed.

S O N G

S O N G CCCXLVIII.

*Written by the Rev. Dr. DE LA COUR.**Occasioned by seeing a Lady in an opposite Window.*

WHILST on forbidden Fruit I gaze,
 And look my Heart away;
 Behold my Star of *Venus* blaze,
 And rise upon the Day:
 Fair as the purple-blushing Hours,
 That paint the Morning-eye;
 Or Cheek of Evening after Show'rs,
 That flush the western Sky.

I send a Sigh with ev'ry Glance,
 And drop a softer Tear;
 Hard Fate, no farther to advance,
 And yet to be so near:
 So *Moses*, from fair *Pyrga's* Height,
 The Land of *Canaan* ey'd;
 Survey'd the Region of Delight,
 He saw, came down, and dy'd.

S O N G CCCXLIX.

THE CAUTION.

PHILIR A's Charms poor *Damon* took;
 How eager he for billing!
 When, lo! the Nymph the Swain forsook,
 To shew her Pow'r of killing:
 In either Eye she sheath'd a Dart;
 He felt it, never doubt him:
 Odzooks! a Man were through the Heart,
 Ere he cou'd look about him.

But

But mark the End, with Scythe so sharp
 Time o'er the Forehead struck her,
 And all her Charms began to warp;
 Then she was in a Pucker:
 She then began to rave and curse,
 Her Time she pass'd no better;
 Yet still had Hopes, ere bad grew worse,
 Some comely Swain might get her.

Philira, ev'ry Lad she meets,
 Now makes an am'rous Trial;
 But each with Scorn her Warmness treats;
 Each frowns in cold Denial.
 Coquettes, take Warning; change your Tune,
 This woeful Case remember:
 The Bedfellow you slight in *June*,
 You'll wish for in *December*.

S O N G CCCL.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

I Like the Man whose soaring Soul
 Is gen'rous and refin'd,
 Whose Passions act beneath Controul,
 With Love and Honour join'd.
 The Oak, by Woodbines on the Plain,
 Encompass'd and caress'd,
 Is not more stedfast in its Reign,
 Nor is more sweetly dress'd.

The frothy Sons of Vice and Show,
 Like Shadows, and like Noise,
 Have nothing in themselves, we know,
 That sober Sense enjoys;

But

But pure and constant Love endears,
 And feasts both Ear and Sight,
 While ev'ry Thing that Virtue fears
 Can give no true Delight.

S O N G CCCLI.

ON THE ABSENCE OF MAY.

Written by Mr. Cunningham.

THE Rooks in the neighbouring Grove
 For Shelter cry all the long Day;
 Their Huts, in the Branches above,
 Are cover'd no longer by May.
 The Birds that so cheerfully sung,
 Are silent, or plaintive each Tone,
 And as they chirp low to their Young,
 The Want of their Goddess bemoan.

No Daiesies on Carpets of Green,
 O'er Nature's cold Bosom are spread;
 Not a Sweet-brier Sprig can be seen
 To furnish fresh Wreaths for my Head:
 Some Flow'rs indeed may be found,
 But these neither blooming nor gay;
 The fairest still sleep in the Ground,
 And wait for the coming of May.

December perhaps has purloin'd
 Her rich, though fantastical Gear,
 With Envy the Months may have join'd,
 And jostled her out of the Year.
 Some Shepherds, 'tis true, may repine
 To see their lov'd Gardens undrest,
 But I, while my *Phillida's* mine,
 Shall always have May in my Breast.

S O N G

S O N G CCCLII.

PERHAPS it is not Love, said I,
That melts my Soul when *Flavia's* nigh;
Where Wit and Sense like her's agree,
One may be pleas'd, and yet be free.

The Beauties of her polish'd Mind,
It needs no Lover's Eye to find;
The Hermit freezing in his Cell
Might wish the gentle *Flavia* well.

It is not Love——averse to bear
The servile Chain that Lovers wear;
Let, let me all my Fears remove,
My Doubts dispel—it is not Love—

Oh! when did Wit so brightly shine
In any Form less fair than thine?
It is—it is Love's subtle Fire,
And under Friendship lurks Desire.

S O N G CCCLIII.

The CONSENT. *Written by Mr. Cunningham.*

'TIS the Birth-day of *Phillis*, hark how the
Birds sing,

Their Notes are remarkably sweet;
The Villagers brought all the Honours of Spring,
And scatter'd their Pride at her Feet.

With Ribbands and Roses her Lambkins are
crown'd,

Awhile they respectfully stand,
Then o'er the green Lawn with a Frolic they bound,
But first take a Kiss from her Hand.

'Mongst

'Mongst Shepherds in all the gay Round of the
Year,

This, this is their principal Day;
It gave *Phillis* birth, and pray what can appear
More lovely, more pleasingly gay?
Hark, hark! how the Tabor enlivens the Scene,
Ye Lads with your Lasses advance;
'Tis charming to sport on a daisy-dress'd Green,
And *Phillis* shall lead up the Dance.

The Sun, (and he shines in his brightest Array,
As if on this Festival proud)
In order to give us a beautiful Day,
Has banish'd each travelling Cloud:
The Priest pass'd along, and my Shepherdess sigh'd,
Sweet *Phillis*! I knew what she meant:
We stole from the Pastimes, I made her my Bride;
Her Sigh was the Sigh of Consent.

S O N G CCCLIV.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

I See it, *Mira*, know it well,
That Love has reach'd your Heart;
For what your Tongue denies to tell,
Your willing Eyes impart.
When Damon wrestles on the Green,
Your Looks your Passion prove,
For in your Eyes is plainly seen
The partial Joy of Love.

When *Sukey* gave her lily Hand
To *Damon* of the Vale,
Say, could you then your Fears command?
Did not your Cheeks turn pale?

Cease

Cease then, dear Maid, to teize the Youth,
 But plainly own your Flame ;
 For Love consists of honest Truth,
 And will itself proclaim.

S O N G CCCLV.

THE FRUITLESS ENDEAVOUR.

WHEN gentle *Harriot* first I saw,
 Struck with a reverential Awe,
 I felt my Bosom mov'd :
 Her easy Shape, her charming Face ;
 She smil'd, and talk'd with so much Grace ;
 I gaz'd, admir'd, and lov'd.

Up to the busy Town I flew,
 And wander'd all its Pleasures thro',
 In Hopes to ease my Care :
 The busy Town but mocks my Pain,
 Its gayest Pleasures all are vain,
 For *Harriot* haunts me there.

The Labours of the learned Sage,
 The comic Clamour of the Stage,
 By Turns my Time employ ;
 I relish not the Sage's Lore,
 The Stage's Humours please no more,
 For *Harriot*'s all my Joy.

Sometimes I try'd the jovial Throng,
 Sometimes the female Train among,
 To chace her Form away :
 The jovial Throng is noisy, rude,
 Nor other Females dare intrude,
 Where *Harriot* bears the Sway.

Since,

Since, then, nor Art nor Learning can,
 Nor Company of Maid or Man,
 For want of thee atone;
 O come, with all thy conqu'ring Charms,
 O come, and take me to thy Arms,
 For thou art all in one.

S O N G CCCLVI.

A R N O ' S V A L E .

Written by the Duke of DORSET.

WHEN here, *Lucinda*, first we came,
 Where *Arno* rolls his silver Stream,
 How blithe the Nymphs, the Swains how gay!
 Content inspir'd each rural Lay:
 The Birds in livelier Concert sung,
 The Grapes in thicker Clusters hung;
 All look'd as Joy could never fail
 Among the Sweets of *Arno's Vale*.
 But since the good *Palemon* died,
 The Chief of Shepherds, and their Pride,
 Now *Arno's* Sons must all give Place
 To northern Men, an iron Race:
 The Taste of Pleasure now is o'er;
 Thy Notes, *Lucinda*, please no more;
 The Muses droop, the *Goths* prevail;
 Adieu the Sweets of *Arno's Vale*!

S O N G CCCLVII.

PHILLIS, the Goddess of the Plain,
 Admir'd by ev'ry youthful Swain,
 Who us'd to laugh at *Cupid's* Dart,
 And scorn each captivated Heart;

To

To *Strephon* now hath giv'n her own,
And silent doth its Loss bemoan.

Tho' now 'tis past, there was a Time,
When I lov'd her, as she loves him :
But when I knelt and told my Pain,
With Frowns she sent me back again,
And told me each returning Day,
Wou'd help to wear the Chains away.

Since now, dear *Phillis*, thou art caught,
Pray use the Precepts you have taught ;
Convince me that your Charms decay,
As each new Hour rolls away ;
Then I your Dictates will pursue,
And die content as well as you.

SONG CCCLVIII.

GENTLY touch the warbling Lyre,
Chloe seems inclin'd to Rest ;
Fill her Soul with fond Desire,
Softest Notes will sooth her Breast.
Pleasing Dreams assist in Love,
Let them all propitious prove.

On the mossy Bank she lies,
(Nature's verdant Velvet-bed)
Beauteous Flowers meet her Eyes,
Forming Pillows for her Head.
Zephyrs waft their Odours round,
And indulging Whispers found.

S O N G CCCLIX.

GENTLY stir and blow the Fire,
 Lay the Mutton down to roast :
 Get me, quick, 'tis my Desire,
 In the Dripping-pan a Toast,
 That my Hunger may remove ;
 Mutton is the Meat I love.

On the Dresser see it lies ;
 O the charming White and Red !
 Finer Meat ne'er met my Eyes,
 On the sweetest Grass it fed :
 Swiftly make the Jack go round,
 Let me have it nicely brown'd.

On the Table spread the Cloth,
 Let the Knives be sharp and clean ;
 Pickles get of ev'ry Sort,
 And a Sallad crisp and green :
 Then with small Beer, and sparkling Wine,
 O ! ye Gods ! how I shall dine.

S O N G CCCLX.

TELL my *Strephon* that I die ;
 Let Echoes to each other tell,
 Till the mournful Accents fly
 To *Strephon's* Ear, and all is well.

But gently breathe the fatal Truth,
 And soften every harsher Sound,
 For *Strephon's* such a tender Youth,
 The softest Words too deep will wound.

Now Fountains, Echoes, all be dumb;
 For should I cost my Swain a Tear,
 I should repent it in my Tomb,
 And grieve I bought my Rest so dear.

S O N G CCCLXI.

THO' cruel you seem to my Pain,
 And hate me because I am true;
 Yet, *Phillis*, you love a false Swain,
 Who has other Nymphs in his View.

Enjoyment's a Trifle to him,
 To me what a Heaven 'twould be!
 To him but a Woman you seem,
 But, ah! you're an Angel to me.

Those Lips which he touches in Haste,
 To them I for ever could grow;
 Still clinging around that dear Waist,
 Which he spans as beside him you go.

That Arm, like a Lily so white,
 Which over his Shoulders you lay,
 My Bosom could warm it all Night,
 My Lips they could press it all Day.

Were I like a Monarch to reign,
 Were Graces my Subjects to be,
 I'd leave them, and fly to the Plain,
 To dwell in a Cottage with thee.

But if I must feel your Disdain,
 If Tears cannot Cruelty drown;
 Oh! let me not live in this Pain,
 But give me my Death in a Frown.

S O N G CCCLXII.

YE little Loves that round her wait,
 To bring me Tidings of my Fate,
 As *Celia* on her Pillow lies,
 Ah! gently whisper—*Strephon* dies.

If this will not her Pity move,
 And the proud Fair disdains to love,
 Smile and say, 'Tis all a Lye,
 And haughty *Strephon* scorns to die.

S O N G CCCLXIII.

Written by the Earl of Rochester.

ALL my past Life is mine no more,
 The flying Hours are gone;
 Like transitory Dreams given o'er,
 Whose Images are kept in store
 By memory alone.

The Time that is to come, is not;
 How, then, can it be mine?
 The present Moment's all my Lot,
 And that, as fast as it is got,
Phillis, is only thine.

Then talk not of Inconstancy,
 False Hearts, and broken Vows;
 If I, by Miracle, can be
 This live-long Minute true to thee,
 'Tis all that Heaven allows.

S O N G CCCLXIV.

Written by Mr. Tomlins.

BLEST be the Man whose Bosom beats
 To hear the anxious Tale of Woe,
 Whose gen'rous Heart with Pity melts,
 And bids the tender Tear to flow :

Whose bounteous Hand has wip'd the Dew
 From Poverty's afflicted Cheek ;
 Whose Search Misfortune's Haunt has found,
 And eas'd Distress that fear'd to speak.

When he to Fate resigns his Breath,
 Regretted and rever'd by all,
 Then oft, full oft, upon his Tomb,
 The Tear of Gratitude shall fall.

S O N G CCCLXV.

CUPID, instruct an amorous Swain
 Some Way to tell the Nymph his Pain,
 To common Youths unknown :
 To talk of Sighs, and Flames, and Darts,
 Of bleeding Wounds, and burning Hearts,
 Are Methods vulgar grown.

What need'st thou tell ! (the God reply'd)
 That Love the Shepherd cannot hide,
 The Nymph will quickly find ;
 When *Phæbus* does his Beams display,
 To tell Men gravely that 'tis Day,
 Is to suppose them blind.

S O N G CCCLXVI.

WHY, *Celia*, should you so much strive
 Your kindling Passion to conceal?
 Your Lips, tho' they Denial give,
 Yet all your actions Love reveal.

In vain you strive, in vain, alas!
 The charming Passion to disguise;
 It glows, it blushes on your Face,
 And sparkles in your swimming Eyes.

Your Eyes, those Emblems of the Heart,
 Still contradict whate'er you say;
 And tho' your Lips deny the Smart,
 Your Eyes are more believ'd than they.

S O N G CCCLXVII.

IN vain, dear *Chloe*, you suggest,
 That I, inconstant, have possess'd,
 Or lov'd a fairer She;
 Would you with ease at once be cur'd
 Of all the Ills you've long endur'd,
 Consult your Glafs and me.

If then you think that I can find
 A Nymph more fair, or one more kind,
 You've Reason for your Fears;
 But if impartial you will prove
 To your own Beauty, or my Love,
 How needless are your Tears!

If in my Way I should by chance
 Receive or give a wanton Glance,
 I like but while I view;
 How slight the Glance, how faint the Kiss,
 Compar'd to that substantial Bliss
 Which I receive from you!

With wanton Flight the curious Bee
 From Flower to Flower still wanders free,
 And where each Blossom blows,
 Extracts the Juice from all he meets;
 But, for his Quintessence of Sweets,
 He ravishes the Rose.

So, my fond Fancy to employ
 On each Variety of Joy,
 From Nymph to Nymph I roam;
 Perhaps see fifty in a Day;
 These are but Visits that I pay,
 For *Chloe* is my Home.

S O N G CCCLXVIII.

STELLA and *Flavia* ev'ry Hour
 Do various Hearts surprise!
 In *Stella's* Soul lies all her Pow'r,
 And *Flavia's* in her Eyes!

Like *Britain's* Monarch, *Stella* reigns
 O'er cultivated Lands!
 Like eastern Tyrants, *Flavia* deigns
 To rule o'er barren Sands.

More boundless *Flavia's* Conquests are,
 And *Stella's* more confin'd;
 All can discern a Face that's fair,
 But few a beauteous Mind!

Then boast, vain *Flavia*! boast thy Face,
 Thy Beauty's slender Store!
 Thy Charms will every Day decrease,
 Each Day give *Stella* more.

S O N G CCCLXIX.

THE MIDSUMMER WISH.

Written by Dr. Croxall.

WAFT me, some soft and cooling Breeze,
 To *Windſor*'s shady, kind Retreat;
 Where ſylvan Scenes, wide-spreading Trees,
 Repel the raging Dog-ſtar's Heat:
 Where tufted Graſs, and moſſy Beds,
 Afford a rural, calm Repoſe;
 Where Woodbines hang their dewy Heads,
 And fragrant Sweets around diſcloſe.

Old oozy *Thames*, that flows faſt by,
 Along the ſmiling Valley plays,
 His glaſſy Surface cheers the Eye,
 And thro' the flow'ry Meadows ſtrays:
 His fertile Banks, with Herbage green,
 His Vales with golden Plenty ſwell;
 Where'er his purer Streams are ſeen,
 The Gods of Health and Pleaſure dwell.

Let me thy clear, thy yielding Wave,
 With naked Arms once more divide;
 In thee my glowing Boſom lave,
 And cut the gently-rolling Tide.
 Lay me with damask Roſes crown'd
 Beneath ſome Ofier's duſky Shade;
 Where Water-lilies deck the Ground,
 And bubbling Springs refresh the Glade.

Let

Let dear *Lucinda* too be there,
 With azure Mantle slightly drest :
 Ye Nymphs, bind up her flowing Hair ;
 Ye Zephyrs, fan her panting Breast.
 O haste away, fair Maid, and bring
 The Muse, the kindly Friend to Love !
 To thee alone the Muse shall sing,
 And warble through the vocal Grove.

S O N G CCCLXX.

HARK, *Daphne*, from the Hawthorn-bush
 The spotted Finches sing ;
 In artless Notes the merry Thrush
 Salutes the blooming Spring :
 On verdant Bed the Vi'let lies,
 To woo the western Gale ;
 While tow'ring Lilies meet our Eyes,
 Like Love-sick Virgins pale.

The Rill that gushes o'er the Shore,
 Winds murm'ring thro' the Glade ;
 So Heart-struck *Thyrsis* tells his Moan,
 To win his clay-cold Maid :
 The golden Sun in fresh Array,
 Flames forward on the Sphere ;
 Around the May-pole Shepherds play,
 To hail the flow'ry Year.

Say, shall we taste the breezy Air,
 Or wander thro' the Grove ;
 There talk of *Sylvia's* wild Despair,
 The Prey of lawless Love ?
 Ah, no ! she cries ; o'er *Sylvia's* Fall
 Exult not, tho' 'twas just ;
 Dash not the Sinner's Name with Gall,
 Nor triumph o'er her Dust.

True Virtue scorns to fling the Dart,
 Herself above all Fear;
 When Justice flings the guilty Heart,
 She drops the gen'rous Tear:
 Then own, ye Nymphs, this godlike Truth
 Is on your Hearts imprest;
 On brightest Patterns form your Youth,
 And be for ever blest.

S O N G CCCLXXI.

YE Woods and ye Mountains unknown,
 Beneath whose pale Shadows I stray;
 To the Breast of my Charmer alone,
 These Sighs bid sweet Echoes convey:
 Wherever he pensively leans,
 By Fountain, or Hill, or in Grove;
 His Heart will explain what she means,
 Who sings both from Sorrow and Love.
 More soft than the Nightingale's Song,
 Oh! waft the sad Sound to his Ear;
 Or say, tho' divided so long,
 The Friend of his Bosom is near:
 Then tell him what Years of Delight,
 Then tell him what Ages of Pain,
 I felt while I liv'd in his Sight;
 I feel till I see him again.

S O N G CCCLXXII.

A Scotch Ballad. Sung at Vauxhall.

YOUNG Jockey fought my Heart to win,
 And woo'd as Lovers woo;
 I, vers'd in all our Sex's Art,
 Did just as Maidens do:

Whate'er

Whate'er he'd sigh, whate'er he'd vow,
 I'd study to be shy at;
 And when he press'd his Fate to know,
 'Twas, Pr'ythee, Fool be quiet.

Month after Month, of am'rous Pain
 He made a mighty Fuss;
 Why if, you know, one loves a Swain,
 'Tis wrong to say one does:
 He told me Passion could not live
 Without more pleasing Diet;
 And pray what Answer could I give,
 But, Pr'ythee, Fool, be quiet?

At length he made a bold Essay,
 And like a Man he cry'd,
 Thy Hand, my Dear, this very Day
 Shall *Celia* be my Bride:
 Convinc'd he would have teiz'd me still,
 I could not well deny it;
 And now, believe me, when I will,
 I make the Fool be quiet.

S O N G CCCLXXIII.

AS *Celia* in her Garden stray'd,
 Secure, nor dream'd of Harm,
 A Bee approach'd the lovely Maid,
 And rested on her Arm.

The curious Insect thither flew,
 To taste the tempting Bloom;
 But with a thousand Sweets in View,
 It found a sudden Doom.

Her nimble Hand of Life bereav'd
 The darling little Thing;
 But first her snowy Arm receiv'd,
 And felt the painful Sting.

Once only could that Sting surprize,
 Once be injurious found:
 Not so the Darts of *Celia's* Eyes,
 They never cease to wound.

Oh! would the short-liv'd burning Smart
 The Nymph to Pity move,
 And teach her to regard the Heart
 She fires with endless Love!

S O N G CCCLXXIV.

OBERVE the Rose-bud ere it blows,
 While the Dawn glimmers o'er the Sky,
 Observe its filken Leaves unfold,
 As fond of Day's majestic Eye!

At Noon, more bold, in fullest Bloom,
 It spreads a Gale of Sweets around;
 At Eve it mourns the setting Sun,
 And sheds its Honour on the Ground.

So Beauty's bashful Bud appears,
 So blushes in the Eye of Praise;
 So ripens in the Noon of Life,
 And wither'd so in Age decays.

Time is the Canker-worm of Youth,
 It bites the Blossom as it grows,
 It blasts the Flow'r that blooms at full,
 And rudely sheds the falling Rose.

See,

See, Beauty, see ! how Love and Joy
 On Youth's light Pinions haste away ;
 How swift the Moments glide along,
 And Age advances with Delay !

Now, Beauty, crop the Rose-bud now,
 And catch the Effence as it flies ;
 Let Pleasure revel in its Bloom,
 Let Time possess it when it dies.

S O N G CCCLXXV.

Written by the Earl of CHESTERFIELD.

WHEN *Fanny* blooming Fair
 First caught my ravish'd Sight,
 Pleas'd with her Shape and Air ;
 I felt a strange Delight :
 Whilst eagerly I gaz'd,
 Admiring ev'ry Part,
 And ev'ry Feature prais'd,
 She stole into my Heart.

In her bewitching Eyes
 Ten thousand Loves appear ;
 There *Cupid* basking lies,
 His Shafts are hoarded there.
 Her blooming Cheeks are dy'd
 With Colour all their own,
 Excelling far the Pride
 Of Roses newly blown.

Her well-turn'd Limbs confess
 The lucky Hand of *Jove* ;
 Her Features all express
 Theauteous Queen of Love :

What Flames my Nerves invade,
 When I behold the Breast
 Of that too charming Maid
 Rise, suing to be prest?

Venus round *Fanny's* Waist,
 Has her own *Cestus* bound,
 Three guardian *Cupids* grace,
 And dance the Circle round.
 How happy must he be
 Who shall her Zone unloose!
 That Bliss to all, but me,
 May Heaven and she refuse!

S O N G CCCLXXVI.

YOUNG *Dorilas*, an artless Swain,
 And *Daphne*, Pride of western Plain,
 Their Flocks together drove:
 Gay Youth sat blooming on his Face,
 She no less shone with ev'ry Grace;
 Yet neither thought of Love.

With equal Joy each Morn they meet;
 At Mid-day, seek the same Retreat,
 And shelter in one Grove;
 At Ev'ning haunt the self-same Walk,
 Together innocently talk,
 But not a Word of Love.

Hence mutual Friendship firmly grew,
 Till Heart to Heart spontaneous flew,
 Like Bill to Bill of Dove;
 Both feel the Flame which both conceal,
 Both wish the other would reveal,
 Yet neither speaks of Love.

She

She hung with Rapture o'er his Sense ;
He doated on her Innocence :

Thus each did each approve.

They vow'd, and all their Vows observ'd ;
The Maid was true, the Swain ne'er swerv'd,
Then ev'ry Word was Love.

S O N G CCCLXXVII.

TELL me no more of pointed Darts,
Of flaming Eyes and bleeding Hearts,
The Hyperboles of Love :
Be honest to yourself and me,
Speak truly what you hear and see,
And then your Suit may move.

Why call me Angel ? why divine ?
Why must my Eyes the Stars outshine ?
Can such Deceit prevail ?
For shame, forbear this common Rule ;
'Tis low, 'tis Insult, calls me Fool ;
'With me 'twill always fail.

Would you obtain an honest Heart,
Address my nobler, better Part ;
Pay Homage to my Mind ;
The passing Hour brings on the Day,
And Beauty quickly fades away,
Nor leaves a Rose behind.

Let then your open, manly Sense,
The moral Ornaments dispense,
And to my Worth be true ;
So may your Suit itself indear,
Not for the Charms you say I wear,
But those I find in you.

S O N G

S O N G CCCLXXVIII.

MY Shepherd is gone far away o'er the Plain,
While in Sorrow behind I am forc'd to re-
main ;

Tho' Blue-bells and Vi'lets the Hedges adorn,
Tho' Trees are in Blossom, and sweet blows the
Thorn ;

No Pleasure they give me, in vain they look gay,
There's nothing can please now my *Jockey's* away ;
Forlorn I sit singing, and this is my Strain,
Haste, haste, to my Arms my dear *Jockey* again.

When Lads and their Lasses are on the Green met,
They dance and they sing, they laugh and they
chat,

Contented and happy, with Hearts full of Glee ;
I can't without Envy their Merriment see :
Those Pleasures offend me, my Shepherd's not
there,

No Pleasure I relish that *Jockey* don't share ;
It makes me to sigh, I from Tears scarce refrain,
And wish my dear *Jockey* return'd back again.

But Hope shall sustain me, nor will I despair,
He promis'd he would in a Fortnight be here ;
On fond Expectation my Wishes I'll feast,
For Love my dear *Jockey* to *Jenny* will haste :
Then farewell each Care, adieu each vain Sigh ;
Who'll then be so blest, or so happy as I ?
I'll sing on the Meadows, and alter my Strain,
When *Jockey* returns to my Arms back again.

S O N G CCCLXXIX.

AT TEND all ye Nymphs and ye Swains of
the Green,

For you I have rov'd the Plains round ;
Whole Months I've been prying, and now I have
seen

Where smiling Content's to be found.
Come quickly with me, and I'll shew you the Way
To the Spot where he chose his Retreat ;
You must fly from these Plains, to be easy and
gay,

And near him must take up your Seat.

I sought him 'mongst Crowds, and in each gaudy
Place,

But those were the Mansions of Care ;
In the Palace of Greatness unknown was his Face,
Contentment had never been there :

I hied me to Roofs that invited to Joys,

Hope tempted me thither to rove ;
But rude was their Wit, and their Pleasure was
Noise,

Though they beckon'd to Peace and to Love.

And at last, near a Brook, to a Cottage I stray'd,
With a few simple Sheep on the Green ;
The Rose and the Woodbine their Sweetness dis-
play'd,

Not Plenty, but Health, blest the Scene :
Good-nature appear'd, and unlatcht me the Door,
Nor knew what my coming there meant ;
How great my Surprise ! here my Search was all
o'er,

He told me his Name was Content.

S O N G

S O N G CCCLXXX.

SHEPHERDS, I have lost my Love,
 Have you seen my *Anna*?
 Pride of ev'ry shady Grove
 Upon the Banks of *Banna*.
 I for her my Home forsook,
 Near yon misty Mountain;
 Left my Flock, my Pipe, my Crook,
 Greenwood Shade, and Fountain.

Never shall I see them more,
 Until her returning;
 All the Joys of Life are o'er,
 From Gladness chang'd to Mourning.
 Whither is my Charmer flown?
 Shepherds, tell me whither?
 Ah! Woe for me, perhaps she's gone
 For ever, and for ever.

S O N G CCCLXXXI.

Written by Mr. HAWKINS.

LET Poets praise the Pasture Mead,
 The Moss-clad Hill, the Dale;
 The Shepherd piping on the Reed,
 The Maid with Milking-pail.

The Lark who soars on Pinions high,
 With mellifluous Note;

The Sheep, the Herd, the Butterfly,
 The frisky Fawn, the Goat.

The

The bubbling Brook, the Grot, the Grove,
 The blooming Flow'rs so gay ;
 The Wood, the Brake, the sweet Alcove,
 Or smiling Dawn of Day.

While I a loftier Theme rehearse,
 And think on these no more ;
 But Praise, in fond and faithful Verse,
 The Object I adore.

Her Skin is like the Lily white,
 Her Cheeks red Roses are ;
 Her Eyes outshine the Sun-beams Light,
 Her Shape most debonair.

Her Manners mild as Turtle-dove,
 In Ringlets flow her Hair ;
 She looks—she is the Queen of Love,
 And fairest of the Fair.

Her Breath like spicy Odours sweet
 That scent the eastern Clime ;
 Her Mind, her Ways, are all compleat,
 And Source of all sublime.

To dwell with her through Life's short Space,
 And view her heav'nly Charms ;
 Are all the Joys I wish to trace,
 Then die within her Arms.

S O N G CCCLXXXII.

THE BRAES OF BELLADINE.

A favourite Scotch Song, sung by Mrs. Hudson.

Set by Mr. Hook.

BENEATH a green Shade a lovely young Swain
One Evening reclin'd to discover his Pain ;
So sad, yet so sweetly, he warbled his Woe,
The Winds ceas'd to breathe, and the Fountains
to flow ;

Rude Winds with Compassion could hear him
complain,

Yet *Chloe*, less gentle, was deaf to his Strain.

How happy, he cry'd, my Moments once flew,
Ere *Chloe*'s bright Charms first flash'd in my View !
Those Eyes then with Pleasure the Dawn could
survey,

Nor smil'd the fair Morning more cheerful than
they ;

Now Scenes of Distress please only my Sight ;—
I'm tortur'd in Pleasure, and languish in Light.

Through Changes, in vain, Relief I pursue,
All, all but conspire my Grievs to renew ;
From Sunshine to Zephyrs and Shades we repair,
To Sunshine we fly from too piercing an Air ;
But Love's ardent Fever burns always the same ;
No Winter can cool it, no Summer inflame.

But, see the pale Moon all clouded retire ;
The Breezes grow cool, not *Strephon*'s Desire ;
I fly

I fly from the Dangers of Tempest and Wind,
 Yet nourish the Madness that preys on the Mind:
 Ah! Wretch, how can Life be worthy thy Care?
 To lengthen its Moments but lengthens Despair.

S O N G CCCLXXXIII.

The CHEERFUL SPRING. *Set by Mr. Gardner.*

SHARP Winter melts, and spreads her Wing;
 A pleasing Change, a smiling Spring;
 The Trees their varied Blossoms wear,
 And op'ning Flowers perfume the Air;
 Sweet *Philomela* tunes her Strain,
 And warbling charms the list'ning Plain.

The Sun encreases every Round,
 The Snow is vanish'd from the Ground,
 With Songs the vocal Forests ring,
 All to adorn the cheerful Spring;
 The Meadows all around are seen,
 Cover'd o'er with lovely Green.

The dusky Clouds so swiftly fly,
 And leave behind the azure Sky,
 The Mountains smile, the Hills are gay;
 And Vallies boast the Pride of *May*;
 The Streams that overflow'd their Mounds,
 Now gently glide within their Bounds.

S O N G CCCLXXXIV.

The COMPLAINING MAID.

Sung by Miss Jameson, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Hook.

Y E Shepherds, who stray with my Swain ;
 Companions in Sport, and in Youth ;
 O ! tell him, how great is my Pain !
 How I grieve for the Loss of his Truth !
 O ! tell him, how oft has he swore
 He never would cease to be mine !
 Or leave me his Faith to deplore,
 Or with Heart-breaking Anguish repine.

Remind him how oft in the Grove,
 At my Feet he in Raptures would kneel,
 And implore me to pity his Love,
 Till he taught me, fond Fool, how to feel !
 O ! tell him, 'tis now he must come,
 For more my fond Heart cannot bear ;
 Or the Maidens will carry me Home,
 The Victim of Love and Despair.

S O N G CCCLXXXV.

A favourite new Air. By Mr. Harrington of Bath.

G ENTLE Airs sweet Joys impart,
 Balm to heal the wounded Mind ;
 Soothing Sounds relieve the Heart,
 Sorrows here their Comfort find.

Musie

Músic still thy Charms dispense,
O! still this Vale of Tears attend;
Lead to chearful Innocence,
Reason's Aid, and Virtue's Friend.

S O N G CCCLXXXVI.

Sung by Mrs. Weichsell.

WHEN I see my *Strephon* languish,
With his tender Love oppress'd
When I see his Pain and Anguish,
Pity moves my tender Breast.

Strephon's plain and humble Nature
Mov'd me first to hear his Tale;
Strephon's Truth, by every Creature,
Is proclaim'd thro' all the Vale.

I love and am belov'd again,
No more shall *Strephon* sigh in vain,
I've try'd his Faith, and find it true,
And all my Coyness bid Adieu.

S O N G CCCLXXXVII.

Sung by Mr. Dubellamy.

WHEN *Fanny* I saw, as I trip'd o'er the
Green,
Fair, blooming, artless, and kind,
Fond Love in her Eyes, Wit and Sense in her
Mien,
And Warmness with Modesty join'd:

With

With sudden Amazement I stood,
Fast rivetted down to the Place;
Her delicate Shape, easy Motion I view'd,
And wand'ring o'er every Grace.

Ye Gods! what Luxuriance of Beauty I cry!
What Raptures must dwell in her Arms!
On her Lips I could feast, on her Breast I could
die;
O! *Fanny* how sweet are thy Charms!

Whilst thus in Idea my Passion I fed,
Soft Transports my Senses invade;
Young *Damon* step'd up, with the Substance he
fled,
And left me to kiss the dear Shade.

S O N G CCCLXXXVIII.

Sung by Miss Jameson, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Worgan.

THE Fairest Flow'rs the Vale prefer,
And shed ambrosial Sweetness there;
While the tall Pine and Mountain Oak,
Oft feel the Tempest's ruder Stroke.

So in the lowly moss-grown Seat,
Dear Peace and Quiet dwell,
The Storms that wreck the Rich and Great
Fly o'er the Shepherd's Cell.

S O N G CCCLXXXIX.

*Sung by Master Blundell, at Ranelagh.**Composed by Mr. Barthelemon.*

TWAS in that Season of the Year,
 When all Things gay and sweet appear,
 That *Colin* with the Morning Ray,
 Arose and sung his rural Lay;
 Of *Nanny's* Charms the Shepherd sung,
 The Hills and Dales with *Nanny* rung,
 While *Roslin Castle* heard the Swain,
 And echo'd back the chearful Strain.

Awake, sweet Muse, the breathing Spring
 With Rapture warms, awake and sing;
 Awake and join the vocal Throng,
 Who hail the Morning with a Song!
 To *Nanny* raise the cheerful Lay;
 Oh! bid her haste and come away,
 In sweetest Smiles herself adorn,
 And add new Graces to the Morn.

O hark! my Love, on ev'ry Spray,
 Each feather'd Warbler tunes his Lay;
 'Tis Beauty fires the ravish'd Throng,
 And Love inspires the melting Song.
 Then let my raptur'd Notes arise,
 For Beauty darts from *Nanny's* Eyes,
 And Love my rising Bosom warms,
 And fills my Soul with sweet Alarms.

O come, my Love, thy *Colin's* Lay
 With Rapture calls, O come away!
 Come while the Muse this Wreath shall twine,
 Around that modest Brow of thine;

O! hither

O! hither haste, and with thee bring
 That Beauty blooming like the Spring;
 Those Graces that divinely shine,
 And charm this ravish'd Breast of mine.

S O N G CCCXC.

Sung by Mr. VERNON.

YES *Delia*, 'tis at length too plain,
 My boasted Liberty how vain,
 Thy Eyes triumphant prove:
 My Freedom now I cease to boast,
 But think that Freedom nobly lost,
 By serving thee and Love.

I talk'd, I laugh'd, with ev'ry Fair;
 No jealous Pang, no anxious Care,
 Did e'er my Heart perplex;
 Till I beheld, too lovely Maid!
 In thee, with ev'ry Grace display'd,
 The Charms of all thy Sex.

S O N G CCCXCI.

HOW heavy the Time rolls along,
 Now *Julia* is out of my Sight!
 How dull is the Nightingale's Song,
 That formerly gave such Delight!
 The Meadows that seemed so green,
 Now lose all their Verdure of *May*;
 The Cowslip and Violet are seen
 To droop, fade, and wither away.

Bright

Bright *Phæbus* no longer can please,
 Gay Prospects no longer can charm ;
 E'en Musick affords me no Ease,
 Tho' wont ev'ry Passion to calm :
 My Flocks too disorderly stray,
 And bleat their Complaints in my Ear ;
 No more they leap, frolick, and play,
 But sad like their Master appear.

But ah ! if my *Julia* were seen,
 My Lambs they'd rebound on the Plain :
 Each Flowret wou'd spring on the Green,
 And Nightingales charm me again :
 Return then, my Fair-one, return,
 Your coming no longer delay ;
 O ! leave not your Shepherd to mourn,
 But hasten, my Charmer, away.

S O N G CCCXCII.

*A favourite Scotch Song, sung by Mr. Vernon, at
 Vauxhall Gardens.*

Set by Mr. Hook.

I Love, I doat, I rave with Pain,
 No Comfort's in my Mind ;
 There ne'er could be a happier Swain,
 Were *Sylvia* less unkind.
 For when (as long her Chains I've worn)
 I seek Relief from Smart,
 She only gives me Looks of Scorn ;
 Alas ! 'twill break my Heart.

My Rival, rich in worldly Store,
 May offer Heaps of Gold;
 But surely I a Heaven adore,
 Too precious to be sold.
 Can *Sylvia* such a Coxcomb prize
 For Wealth, and not Desert,
 And my poor Sighs and Tears despise?
 Alas! 'twill break my Heart.

When, like some panting hov'ring Dove,
 I for my Blifs contend,
 And plead the Cause of eager Love,
 She coldly calls me Friend.
 Ah! *Sylvia*, thus in vain you strive
 To act a Healer's Part;
 'Twill keep but ling'ring Pain alive,
 Alas!—and break my Heart.

But, *Sylvia*, when this Conquest's won,
 And I am dead and cold,
 Renounce the cruel Deed you've done,
 Nor glory when 'tis told.
 For ev'ry lovely gen'rous Maid
 Will take my injur'd Part,
 And blame thee, *Sylvia*, I'm afraid,
 For breaking my poor Heart.

S O N G CCCXCIII.

WHEN I survey thee, matchless Fair,
 Adorn'd with ev'ry Charm;
 O! how can I from Love forbear?
 Or how the Passion calm?

Such beauteous Charms in thee appear,
 Bright as the Morning Sun:
 Why gaze I, simple Shepherd, here,
 And seek to be undone?

But Nature ne'er design'd us Harm,
 When she such Skill employ'd;
 Each heav'nly Grace, and beauteous Charm,
 Were giv'n to be enjoy'd.
 Then let your cheerful Smiles confess
 Complacency of Mind,
 And ev'ry soft Desire express;
 And as you're fair, be kind.
 Then you, replete with ev'ry Grace,
 Will shew how you despise
 Those little Arts Coquettes embrace,
 To catch unguarded Eyes.
 So may you then with Justice claim
 The Loss they must deplore,
 Unblemish'd Manners, purest Fame,
 When Beauty is no more.

S O N G CCCXCIV.

The INCONSTANT.

Sung by Mr. Phillips, at Marybone Gardens.

Set by Dr. Arne.

YOUNG *Damon*, with seducing Art,
 His well-feign'd Passion pleads;
 Bids *Sylvia* take his constant Heart,
 She loves, and he succeeds:
 Yet he her kiss-imprinted Lips
 Forfakes within the Hour,
 And apes the roving Bee, that sips
 The Sweets of ev'ry Flow'r.

New Objects now attract his Eyes,
 Subdu'd by other Charms;
 While hapless *Sylvia* vainly tries
 To lure him to her Arms.
 Of this, ye blooming Fair, be sure,
 If Virtue once give Way,
 The Heart you think you hold secure,
 No longer owns your Sway.

S O N G CCCXCV.

Sung by Mrs. Barthelemon, at Ranelagh.

Set by Mr. Barthelemon.

TELL me, Lasses, have you seen,
 Lately wand'ring o'er the Green,
 Beauty's Son, a little Boy,
 Full of Frolic, Mirth and Joy?
 If you know his Shelter say,
 He's from *Venus* gone astray:
 Tell me, Lasses, have you seen,
 Such a one trip o'er the Green?

By his Marks the God you'll know,
 O'er his Shoulder hangs a Bow,
 And a Quiver fraught with Darts,
 Poison sure to human Hearts:
 Tho' he's naked, little, blind,
 He can triumph o'er the Mind.
 Tell me, Lasses, &c.

Subtle as the Lightning's Wound,
 Is his piercing Arrow found;
 While the bosom'd Heart it pains,
 No external Mark remains;

Reason's

Reason's Shield itself is broke,
By the unsuspected Stroke.

Tell me, Lasses, &c.

Oft the Urchin's feen to lie
Basking in the sunny Eye,
Or his destin'd Prey he seeks
On the Maiden's rosy Cheeks :
Snowy Breasts, or curling Hair,
Oft conceal his pleasing Snare.

Tell me, Lasses, &c.

She that the Recess reveals
Where the God himself conceals,
Shall a Kifs receive this Night
From him who is her Heart's Delight;
To *Venus* let her bring the Boy,
She shall taste Love's sweetest Joy.

Tell me, Lasses, &c.

S O N G CCCXCVI.

THE MILK MAID.

Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Potter.

'T WAS at the cool and fragrant Hour,
When Evening steals upon the Sky,
That *Susan* chose the Woodbine Shade,
And *William* taught that Grove to sigh :
The sweetest Damsel she on all the Plains,
The softest Lover he of all the Swains.

He took her by the Lily Hand,
 Which oft had made the Milk look pale,
 Her Cheeks with modest Blushes glow'd,
 As thus he breath'd his tender Tale ;
 (The list'ning Streams awhile forgot to flow,
 The Doves to murmur, and the Breeze to blow.)

“ O smile, my Fair, thy dimpled Smiles
 “ Shall lengthen on the setting Ray :
 “ Thus let us melt the Hours in Bliss,
 “ Thus sweetly languish Life away ;
 “ Thus sigh ourselves into each others Breast,
 “ Loving as Turtles, and as Turtles blest.”

She sigh'd and blush'd a sweet Consent,
 He thank'd her on his bended Knee,
 And warmly press'd her Virgin-Lip ;
 Was ever Youth so blest as he ?
 The Moon to light the Lovers homeward rose,
 And *Philomela* lull'd them to Repose.

SONG CCCXCVII.

THE MISERIES OF ABSENCE.

To Delia.

A DIEU, ye Streams ! that smoothly flow,
 Ye vernal Airs, that softly blow ;
 Ye Plains by blooming Spring array'd ;
 Ye Birds that warble thro' the Shade ;

Unhurt from you my Soul could fly,
 Not drop one Tear, nor heave one Sigh,
 But forc'd from *Delia's* Charms to part,
 All Joy deserts my drooping Heart.

O fairer

O fairer than the dewy Morn,
 When Flow'rs the verdant Fields adorn;
 Unfullied as the genial Ray,
 That warms the balmy Breeze of *May*!

Thy Charms divinely bright appear,
 And add new Splendor to the Year;
 Improve the Day with fresh Delight,
 And gild with Joy the dreary Night.

S O N G CCCXCVIII.

*By the Author of the SHIPWRECK, a much
 esteemed Poem.*

THE smiling Plains, profusely gay,
 Are drest in all the Pride of *May*,
 The Birds around in every Vale,
 Breathe Rapture on the vocal Gale.

But ah! *Miranda*, without thee,
 Nor Spring nor Summer smiles on me!
 All lonely in the secret Shade,
 I mourn thy Absence, charming Maid.

O soft as Love! as Honour fair!
 More gently sweet than vernal Air,
 Come to Arms, for you alone
 Can all my Anguish past atone!

O come! and to my bleeding Heart,
 Th' ambrosial Balm of Love impart!
 Thy Presence lasting Joy shall bring,
 And give the Year eternal Spring.

S O N G CCCXCIX.

Set by Mr. Hudfon.

SINCE ev'ry Charm on Earth combine
 In *Chloe's* Face, in *Chloe's* Mind,
 Why was I born, ye Gods, to see
 What robs me of my Liberty?

Until that fatal hapless Day,
 My Heart was lively, blythe, and gay,
 Cou'd sport with every Nymph but she
 Who robs me of my Liberty.

Think then, dear *Chloe*, ere too late,
 That Death must be my hapless State,
 If Love and you do not agree
 To set me at my Liberty.

Now to the darksome Woods I rove,
 Reflecting on the Pains of Love,
 And envy every Clown I see
 Enjoy the Sweets of Liberty.

We'll follow *Hymen's* happy Train,
 And every idle Care disdain;
 We'll live in sweet Tranquillity,
 Nor wish for greater Liberty.

S O N G CCCC.

Set by Mr. BACH.

BY my Sighs you my discover
 What soft Wishes touch my Heart;
 Eyes can speak and tell each other,
 What the Tongue cannot impart.

Blushing

Blushing Shame forbids revealing
 Thoughts your Breast may disapprove;
 But 'tis hard and past concealing,
 When we truly, fondly love. [Da Capo.

S O N G C C C C I.

Set by Dr. Arne. Words from the Italian.

S Y L V I A, wilt thou waste thy Prime,
 Stranger to the Joy of Love?
 Thou hast Youth, and that's the Time
 Ev'ry Minute to improve:
 Round thee wilt thou never hear
 Little wanton Girls and Boys
 Sweetly sounding in thy Ear,
 Sweetly sounding in thy Ear,
 Infant's Prate, and Mother's Joys?

Only view that little Dove,
 Softly cooing to his Mate;
 As a farther Proof of Love,
 See her for his Kisses wait:
 Hark! that charming Nightingale,
 As he flies from Spray to Spray,
 Sweetly tunes an am'rous Tale,
 Sweetly tunes an am'rous Tale,
 I love, I love, he strives to say.

Could I to thy Soul reveal
 But the least, the thousandth Part
 Of those Pleasures Lovers feel,
 In a mutual Change of Heart;

Then, repenting, wouldst thou say,
 Virgin-Fears, from hence remove!
 All the Time is thrown away,
 All the Time is thrown away,
 That we do not spend in Love.

S O N G CCCCII.

The SHEPHERD.

Set by Dr. Arne.

NO more the festive Train I'll join!
 Adieu! ye rural Sports, adieu!
 For what, alas! have Grievs like mine
 With Pastimes or Delights to do?
 Let Hearts at Ease such Pleasures prove,
 But I am all Despair and Love.

Ah well-a-day! how chang'd am I!
 When late I seiz'd the rural Reed,
 So soft my Strains, the Herds hard by
 Stood gazing, and forgot to feed;
 But now my Strains no longer move,
 They're Discord all, Despair and Love.

Behold around my straggling Sheep,
 The fairest once upon the Lea;
 No Swain to guide, no Dog to keep,
 Unshorn they stray, nor mark'd by me:
 The Shepherds mourn to see them rove;
 They ask the Cause, I answer, Love.

Neglected

Neglected Love first taught my Eyes
 With Tears of Anguish to o'erflow;
 'Tis that which fill'd my Breast with Sighs,
 And tun'd my Pipe to Notes of Woe;
 Love has occasion'd all my Smart,
 Dispers'd my Flocks, and broke my Heart.

S O N G CCCCIII.

Set by Dr. Boyce.

ON thy Banks, gentle *Stour*, when I breath'd
 the soft Flute,
 To *Chloe's* sweet Accents attentive sat mute;
 To her Voice with what Transport I swell'd the
 flow Strain,
 Or return'd dying Measures in Echoes again;
 Little *Cupid* beat Time, and the Graces around
 Taught with even Divisions to vary the Sound.

From my *Chloe* remov'd, when I bid it complain,
 Or warble smooth Numbers to sooth love-sick
 Pain,
 How much alter'd it seems, as the rising Notes
 flow,
 Or the soft falling Strains, how insipidly flow!
 I will play then no more—for 'tis her Voice alone
 Must enrapture my Soul to enliven its Tone.

S O N G CCCCIV.

PATTY OF THE MILL.

Sung by Mr. Hudson, at Ranelagh.

FAR sweeter than the Hawthorn Bloom,
 Whose Fragrance sheds a rich Perfume,
 And all the Meadows fill:
 Much fairer than the Lily blows,
 More lovely than the blushing Rose,
Is Patty of the Mill.

The neighbouring Swains her Beauty fir'd,
 With Wonder struck they all admir'd,
 And prais'd her from the Hill;
 Each strove, with all his rustic Art,
 To sooth and charm the honest Heart
Of Patty of the Mill.

But vain were all Attempts to move
 A fixed Heart more true to Love
 Than Turtles when they bill;
 A cheerful Soul, a pleasing Grace,
 And sweet Content smiles in the Face
Of Patty of the Mill.

The Good a Friend in Fortune find,
 Exalts the honest virtuous Mind,
 And guards it from all Ill;
 Ye Fair, for ever constant prove,
 Be ever kind, be true to Love,
Like Patty of the Mill.

S O N G CCCCXV.

The RECANTATION. *Set by Mr. Bates.*

BY Love too long depriv'd of Rest,
 Fell Tyrant of the human Breast,
 His Vassal long, and worn with Pain,
 Indignant late I spurn'd the Chain !
 In Verse, in Prose, I sung and swore
 No Charms should e'er enslave me more ;
 Nor Neck, nor Hair, nor Lip, nor Eye,
 Again should force one tender Sigh.

Then Freedom's Praise inspir'd my Tongue,
 With Freedom's Praise the Vallies rung,
 And every Night, and every Day,
 My Heart thus pour'd th' enraptur'd Lay :
 " My Cares are gone, my Sorrows cease,
 My Breast regains its wonted Peace,
 And Joy and Hope returning prove,
 That Reason is too strong for Love."

Such was my Boast ; but, ah ! how vain !
 How short was Reason's vaunted Reign !
 The firm Resolve I form'd a while,
 How weak oppos'd to *Clara's* Smile !
 Chang'd is the Strain ; the Vallies round
 With Freedom's Praise no more resound ;
 But every Night and every Day,
 My full Heart pours the alter'd Lay.

S O N G CCCCVI.

THE PERPLEX'D VIRGIN.

The Words by Mr. Boyce.

YOUNG *Colin* to our Cottage came,
 And vow'd how much he lov'd;
 I own I felt a secret Flame,
 Yet not his Suit approv'd.
 A thousand tender Tales he told,
 I seem'd to think untrue,
 And made believe my Heart was cold;
 What cou'd a Virgin do?

The artless Mind is soon impress'd
 With Thoughts, before unknown;
 When *Cupid* wounds the Female Breast,
 He's sure to keep his Throne.
 In vain our Fortitude we try,
 When Love's resolv'd to sue;
 'Tis hard, thro' Pity, to deny;
 What can a Virgin do?

The Maxim, "Marry while you're young."
 I think shall be my Guide;
 Tho' *Colin's* seems a flatt'ring Tongue,
 Yet Virtue is my Pride.
 Should *Colin*, when he wooes again,
 Have *Hymen's* Bands in View;
 I then shall with the sprightly Swain
 Know what I've got to do.

S O N G CCCCVII.

Set by Dr. Arne.

I Met in our Village a Swain t'other Day:
He stopp'd me, and begg'd me a Moment to
stay:

Then blush'd, and, in Language I ne'er heard
before,

He talk'd much of Love, and some Pains that he
bore:

But what was his Meaning I know not, I vow;
Yet, alas! my poor Heart felt, I cannot tell how.

Each Morning the Jessamin, Vi'let and Rose,
He brings me, and ev'ry sweet Flower that grows;
The sweetest, and gayest, he picks from the rest,
And begs me to wear these fine Things in my
Breast:

But what is his Meaning, I know not, I vow;
Yet, alas! my poor Heart feels, I cannot tell how.

At my Feet the young Shepherd for ever I see,
Protesting he never lov'd any but me;
He gazes with Transport, and kisses me too,
And swears that he'll ever be constant and true:
But what is his Meaning, I know not, I vow,
Yet, alas! my poor Heart feels, I cannot tell how.

I oft see the Tears streaming fast from his Eyes,
And hear him, poor Youth! breathe a thousand of
Sighs;

He tells me, no Nymph in the World is like me,
Nor Shepherd alive so unhappy as he:

But what is his Meaning, I know not, I vow;
Yet, alas! my poor Heart feels, I cannot tell how.

Why

Why does the dear Shepherd to me thus complain,
 And say that my Eyes are the Cause of his Pain?
 Indeed, ever since, his sad Fate I deplore,
 And I wish I knew how he might suffer no more.
 I'd do all I can to relieve him, I vow,
 That my Heart might have Ease, tho' I cannot tell
 how.

S O N G CCCCVIII.

A favourite CANTATA. Set by Dr. Arne.

A I R.

WHY *Damon*, wilt thou strive in vain,
 My firm Resolves to move;
 My Heart, alas! may feel the Pain,
 But scorns the Guilt of Love.

RECITATIVE.

Perfidious too, like all the Rest,
 Is faithless *Damon* grown:
 Ah! can'st thou seek to wound the Breast,
 That pants for thee alone?

A I R.

No—for a Thought so meanly base,
 Ungrateful thou shalt find,
 The Heart that could admire thy Face,
 Can hate thee for thy Mind.

S O N G

S O N G CCCCIX.

In L' Allegro il Penferoso.

LET me wander not unseen,
 By Hedge-row Elms on Hillocks green :
 There the Ploughman, near at Hand,
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd Land ;
 And the Milkmaid singeth blythe,
 And the Mower whets his Scythe :
 And ev'ry Shepherd tells his Tale
 Under the Hawthorn in the Dale.

Or let the merry Bells ring round,
 And the jocund Rebecks found,
 To many a Youth and many a Maid
 Dancing in the chequer'd Shade.

S O N G CCCCX.

Set by Dr. Boyce. Sung at Vauxhall.

AS *Thyrsis* reclin'd by her Side he lov'd best,
 With a Sigh, her soft Hand to his Bosom
 he prest,

While his Passion he breath'd in the Grove :
 As the Bird to his Nest still returns for Repose,
 As back to its Fountain the constant Stream flows,
 So true and unchang'd is my Love.

If e'er this Heart roves, or revolts from its Chains,
 May *Ceres* in Rage quit the Vallies and Plains,
 May *Pan* his Protection deny ;
 In vain would young *Phillis* and *Laura* be kind ;
 On the Lips of another no Rapture I find ;
 With thee as I've liv'd, so I'll die.

More

More still had he swore, but the Queen of the *May*,
 Young *Jenny* the wanton, by Chace, tript that Way,
 And sought sweet Repose in the Shade :
 With Sorrow, young Lovers, I tell the soft Tale,
 The Lads was alluring, the Shepherd was frail,
 And forgot ev'ry Vow he had made.

To comfort the Nymph, and her Loss to supply,
 In Form of *Alexis* young *Cupid* drew nigh,
 Of Shepherds the Envy and Pride :
 Ah ! blame not the Maid if o'ercome by his Truth,
 Her Hand and her Heart she bestow'd on the Youth,
 And the next Morn beheld her his Bride.

Learn rather from *Sylvia*'s Example, ye Fair,
 That a pleasing Revenge shall take Place of Despair ;
 Give Sorrow and Care to the Wind.
 If faithful the Swain, to his Passion be true ;
 If false, seek Redress in a Lover that's new,
 And pay each Inconstant in Kind.

S O N G CCCCXI.

Sung by Miss Catley, and Mrs. Mattocks.

In LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

Miss Catley.

HOPE ! thou Nurse of young Desire,
 Fairy Promiser of Joy,
 Painted Vapour, Glow-worm Fire,
 Temp'rate Sweet that ne'er can cloy.

Mrs.

Mrs. Mattocks.

Hope! thou Earnest of Delight,
Softest Soother of the Mind,
Balmy Cordial, Prospect bright,
Surest Friend the Wretched find.

Both.

Kind Deceiver, flatter still;
Deal our Pleasures unpossess;
With thy Dreams my Fancy fill,
And in Wishes make me blest.

S O N G CCCCXII.

Set by Dr. Arne.

COME, *Rosalind*, oh! come and see
What Pleasures are in Store for thee;
The Flow'rs in all their Sweets appear,
The Fields their gayest Beauties wear;
The Fields their gayest Beauties wear:
The joyful Birds, in ev'ry Grove,
Now warble out their Songs of Love,
Now warble out their Songs of Love;
For thee they sing, and Roses bloom,
And *Colin* thee invites to come;
And *Colin* thee invites to come.

Come, *Rosalind*, and *Colin* join;
My tender Flocks and all are thine:
If Love and *Rosalind* be near,
'Tis *May* and Pleasure all the Year;
'Tis *May* and Pleasure all the Year.
Come, see a Cottage and a Swain:
Can'st thou my Love or Gifts disdain?
Can'st thou my Love or Gifts disdain?

Leave

Leave all behind, no longer stay,
 For *Colin* calls, then haste away;
 For *Colin* calls, then haste away.

S O N G CCCCXIII.

Set by Mr. Holcombe.

YOU tell me I'm handsome, (I know not how
 true)

And easy and chatty, and good-humour'd too;
 That my Lips are as red as the Rose-bud in *June*,
 And my Voice, like the Nightingale's sweetly in
 Tune:

All this has been told me by twenty before;
 But he that would win me, must flatter me more;
 But he that would win me, must flatter me more.

If Beauty from Virtue receive no Supply,
 Or Prattle from Prudence, how wanting am I!
 My Ease and Good-humour short Raptures will
 bring,

My Voice, like the Nightingale's, know but a
 Spring;

For Charms such as these then your Praises give o'er,
 To love me for Life, you must still love me more:
 To love me for Life, &c.

Then talk not to me of a Shape, or an Air;
 For *Chloe* the Wanton can rival me there:
 'Tis Virtue alone that makes Beauty look gay,
 And brightens Good-humour as Sunshine the Day:
 For if that you love me, your Flame may be true,
 And I, in my Turn, may be taught to love too;
 And I, in my Turn, may be taught to love too.

S O N G

S O N G CCCCXIV.

The LOVER'S RECANTATION. *A Cantata.**Sung at Vauxhall.*

RECITATIVE.

THE kind Appointment *Cælia* made
 And nam'd the Myrtle Bow'r;
 There, fretting, long poor *Damon* stay'd
 Beyond the promis'd Hour:
 No longer able to contain
 This anxious Expectation,
 With Rage he sought t'allay his Pain,
 And vented thus his Passion:

A I R.

To all the Sex deceitful
 A long and last Adieu,
 Since Women prove ungrateful
 As long as Men prove true.
 The Pains they give are many,
 And, oh! too hard to bear;
 The Joys they give—if any,
 Few, short, and unsincere.

RECITATIVE.

Now *Cælia*, from Mamma got loose,
 Had reach'd the calm Retreat:
 With modest Blush she begg'd Excuse,
 And chid her tardy Feet.
 The Shepherd, from each Doubt releas'd,
 His Joy could not restrain,
 But, as each tender Thought increas'd,
 Thus chang'd his railing Strain.

A I R.

A I R.

How engaging, how endearing,
 Is a Lover's Pain and Care!
 And what Joy the Nymphs appearing
 After Absence or Despair!
 Women wise increase Desiring,
 By contriving kind Delays;
 And, advancing or retiring,
 All they mean is—more to please.

S O N G CCCCXV.

WHEN *Jessy* smil'd, her lovely Look
 My wand'ring Heart a Pris'ner took,
 And bound it with so strong a Chain,
 I ne'er expect it back again.

Then, *Jessy*, treat a Captive true
 With gentle Usage—'tis its Due:
 It pants for thee alone:
 Then take it kindly to thy Breast,
 And give the weary Wand'rer Rest
 And keep it near thy own.

S O N G CCCCXVI.

STREPHON AND PHOEBE.

Set by Dr. Arne.

YOUNG *Strephon* long doated on *Phæbe* the Fair,
 Whose Heart of his Anguish did secretly
 share;
 But fearing his Passion wou'd changeable prove,
 She prudently check'd the soft Dictates of Love.

The

The Beauties you fancy, the Fair-one wou'd say,
Are Charms of a Moment, and doom'd to decay;
Love founded so slightly can never prove true;
The Bloom disappearing, the Passion dies too.

O wrong not your Beauty, reply'd the fond Swain;
Its lasting Impression will ever remain:
Tho' Age, like the Winter, may blast thy fair Prime,
Yet Virtue, still blooming, gains Vigour by Time.

The Strength of my Eyes with your Charms will
decline,
Nor gaze at a Face that is younger than thine;
While this faithful Heart, ever true to my Vow,
Preserves thy dear Image, as bright as 'tis now.

Then banish, dear *Phæbe*, each Doubt, and each
Fear,
That make fancy'd Evils like real ones appear;
The swift-flying Moments with Ardour improve,
And grant the Reward that is due to my Love.

Kind *Phæbe* assenting, believ'd the fond Youth,
Who prov'd that his Passion was founded on Truth;
And, tho' envious Age may her Beauty impair,
Her Virtue and Honour will ever be fair.

S O N G CCCCXVII.

COLIN and PHILLIS. *A Pastoral Dialogue.*

Sung in The Arcadian Nuptials.

C O L I N.

H A R K ! hark ! o'er the Plains what glad
Tumults we hear !
How gay all the Nymphs and the Shepherds appear !
With

With Myrtles and Roses new deck'd are the Bow'rs,
 And ev'ry Bush bears a Garland of Flow'rs.
 I can't, for my Life, what it means understand :
 There's some rural Festival surely at Hand ;
 Not Harvest, nor Sheep-sheering, now can take
 Place ;
 But *Phillis* will tell me the Truth of the Case.

[*Phillis enters.*]

PHILLIS.

The Truth, honest Lad?—why surely you know
 What Rites are prepar'd in the Village below,
 Where gallant young *Thyrsis*, so fam'd and ador'd,
 Weds *Daphne*, the Sister of *Corin* our Lord ;
 That *Daphne*, whose Beauty, Good-nature, and
 Ease,
 All Fancies can strike, and all Judgments can
 please ;
 That *Corin*—but Praise must the Matter give o'er ;
 You know what he is—and I need say no more.

COLIN.

Young *Thyrsis* too claims all that Honour can lend,
 His Countrymen's Glory, their Champion and
 Friend,
 Tho' such flight Memorials scarce speak his Deserts ;
 And, trust me, his Name is engrav'd on their Hearts.

PHILLIS.

But hence, to the Bridal, behold how they throng !
 Each Shepherd conducting his Sweetheart along :
 The joyous Occasion all Nature inspires
 With tender Affections and cheerful Desires.

DUETTO.

Ye Pow'rs, that o'er conjugal Union preside,
 All-gracious look down on the Bridegroom and
 Bride, That

That Beauty, and Virtue, and Valour may shine
In a Race like themselves, with no End to the
Line :

Let Honour and Glory, and Riches and Praise,
Unceasing attend them thro' numerous Days ;
And, while in a Palace Fate fixes their Lot,
Oh ! may they live easy as those in a Cot !

S O N G CCCCXVIII.

PASTORAL BALLAD.

Set and sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.

STREPHON arose at early Dawn,
And fought as wont his fleecy Care ;
His fleecy Care, alas ! were gone,
Nor knew the hapless Shepherd where :
In vain each Hill, in vain each Dale,
Each Dell, each Brake he travers'd round ;
Each pathless Wood and flow'ry Vale,
But not one Lambkin could be found.

Cælia, he cry'd, my Flocks are fled,
How shall I e'er thy Grief assuage ?
How shall I cheer thy drooping Head,
If Poverty should mark my Age ?
Said she, my Love, Misfortune's Dart
Is pointed, and is spent in vain ;
While I possess my Shepherd's Heart,
I laugh at Ills, and smile at Pain.

Tho' ev'ry Lambkin devious stray,
And grace our envious Neighbours Folds,
Nought can thy *Cælia's* Soul dismay,
While *Strephon* to her Breast she holds :

R

Said

Said he, my warmest Thanks, O! take,
 Hence shalt thou be my only Care;
 If I thy Virtues e'er forsake,
 May Heav'n regardless hear my Pray'r.

If from thy lovely Form mine Eyes
 Should swerve but in the least Degree;
 Thy dear Idea will arise,
 And lead the Wand'rer back to thee.
 Thus long they liv'd, and long they lov'd,
 As oft I've heard the Story told;
 Kind Heav'n their Fortitude approv'd,
 And amply fill'd the Shepherd's Fold.

S O N G CCCCXIX.

SOLICITUDE. *A Pastoral.*

Sung at Vauxhall. Set by Dr. Arne.

WHY will you my Passion reprove?
 Why term it a Folly to grieve?
 Ere I tell you the Charms of my Love,
 She is fairer than you can believe:
 With her Mien she enamours the Brave;
 With her Wit she engages the Free;
 With her Modesty pleases the Grave:
 She is ev'ry Way pleasing to me.

When *Celadon* tries in the Dance
 Some Favour with *Phyllis* to find,
 O! how with one trivial Glance
 Might she ruin the Peace of my Mind!
 In Ringlets he dresses his Hair,
 And his Crook is bestudded around;
 And his Pipe—O! may *Phyllis* beware
 Of a Magic there is in the Sound!

Let his Crook be with Hyacinths bound,
 So *Phillis* the Trophy despise;
 Let his Forehead with Laurels be crown'd,
 So they shine not in *Phillis's* Eyes:
 The Language that flows from the Heart,
 Is a Stranger to *Celadon's* Tongue;
 Yet may she beware of his Art,
 Or sure I must envy the Song.

S O N G CCCCXX.

A favourite Song in TAMERLANE.

TO thee, O! gentle Sleep, alone
 Is owing all our Peace;
 By thee our Joys are heighten'd shown,
 By thee our Sorrows cease.

The Nymph whose Hand by Fraud or Force
 Some Tyrant has possess'd,
 By thee obtaining a Divorce,
 In her own Choice is blest'd.

Oh! stay, *Arpasia* bids thee stay,
 The sadly weeping Fair
 Conjures thee not to lose, in Day,
 The Object of her Care.

To grasp whose pleasing Form she sought:
 That Motion chas'd her Sleep:
 Thus by ourselves are oftneft wrought
 The Grievs for which we weep.

S O N G CCCCXXI.

WHY will *Florella*, when I gaze,
 My ravish'd Eyes reprove,
 And chide them from the only Face
 They can behold with Love?

To ease my Pain, and sooth my Care,
 I seek a Nymph more kind,
 And as I rove from Fair to Fair,
 Still gentle Usage find.

But, oh! how weak is ev'ry Joy
 Where Nature has no Part?
 Fresh Beauties may my Eyes employ,
 But you alone my Heart.

Thus wretched Exiles, when they roam,
 Meet Pity ev'ry where;
 But languish for their native Home,
 Though Death attends them there.

S O N G CCCCXXII.

Set by Dr. Arne.

MY roving Heart has oft, with Pride,
 Dissolv'd Love's filken Chains;
 The wanton Deity defy'd,
 And scorn'd his sharpest Pains.

But from thy Form, resistless, stream
 Such Charms as must controul;
 In thee the fairest Features Beam,
 The noblest, brightest Soul.

Pleas'd

Pleas'd in thy Converse all the Day,
Life's Sand unheeded runs;
With thee I'd hail the rising Ray,
And talk down Summer's Suns.

Our Loves congenial still the same,
With equal Force shall shine,
No cloy'd Desires shall damp the Flame,
Which Friendship will refine.

S O N G CCCCXXIII.

Sung by Mrs. Morton, in The Siege of Gibraltar.

Generous *Britain* scorns to bind,
In servile Chains, the freeborn Mind:
Her Sons are brave, her Daughters fair,
And Freedom lives a Phoenix there.
Generous *Britain*, good as brave,
Bestows that Blessing on the Slave.

How slight are Gems, how poor is Gold,
In Climes where Man is bought and sold!
A brighter Jewel Freedom shines,
Than ever glow'd in *Indian* Mines.
Generous *Britain*, good as brave,
Bestows that Jewel on the Slave.

S O N G CCCCXXIV.

Sung by Mr. Vernon, in Selima and Azor.

DIDST thou but know the killing Smart,
The anxious Doubts that rack my Breast,
Didst thou but feel Love's fatal Dart,
Thoud'st hope for Joy, but know no Rest.

Prostrate and humble at your Feet
Behold a Wretch for Favour sue,
With Love and Fear at once replete,
Alas, he trembles more than you.

'Tis not a Face, or flowing Hair,
Should win a Look from Worth like thine,
Nor artful Words, or easy Air,
Thy generous Heart to Love incline;
'Tis not a Form, or feigned Sigh,
Or, what the Vulgar Beauty call,
Nor yet the Lustre of an Eye,
But 'tis the Soul which lights them all.

Prove then my Passion, know my Worth,
To outward Shew true Love is blind,
Gently he'll lead thee to such Truth,
As warms my Heart, be thou but kind;
Breathe but a Wish to make me blest,
That Wish a pitying Sigh will move,
Which heaving in thy gentle Breast,
Shall kindle Pity into Love.

S O N G CCCCXXV.

Sung in Damon and Phillida.

WHAT Woman could do, I have try'd, to
be free,
Yet do all I can,
I find I love him, and tho' he flies me,
Still, still he's the Man.
They tell me, at once, he to twenty will swear,
When Vows are so sweet, who the Falshood can fear?
So, when you have said all you can,
Still—still he's the Man.

I caught

I caught him once making Love to a Maid,
 When to him I ran,
 He turn'd, and he kiss'd me, then who could
 So civil a Man? [upbraid
 The next Day I found to a Third he was kind,
 I rated him soundly; he swore, I was blind;
 So, let me do what I can,
 Still—still he's the Man.

All the World bids me beware of his Art:
 I do what I can;
 But he has taken such hold of my Heart,
 I doubt he's the Man!
 So sweet are his Kisses, his Looks are so kind,
 He may have his Faults, but if I none can find,
 Who can do more than they can?
 He——still is the Man.

S O N G CCCCXXVI.

Sung by Miss Brown, in Rose and Colin.

I Lost my poor Mother
 When only a Child;
 And I fear'd such another,
 So gentle and mild,
 Was not to be found.
 But I saw my Mistake,
 For scarce was she gone,
 But I prov'd I had Father and Mother in one.
 And though, at this Minute, he makes
 my Heart ach,
 There's not such another, search all
 the World round.

I'd reach'd my Teens fairly,
 As blythe as a Bee,
 His Care, late and early,
 Being all to please me.
 No one Thing above Ground
 Was too good for his *Rose*;
 At Wake or at Fair,
 I was dress'd out so gaily, Lord, Peo-
 ple would stare;
 And I say it again, though he's peevish,
 God knows,
 There's not such another, search all
 the World round.

But Love, who, they tell us,
 Does many strange Things,
 Makes all the World jealous
 And mad—even Kings,
 They say, he can wound.
 This Love is the Sore
 Since *Colin* came here,
 This Father, so kind, is a Father
 severe;
 Yet still will I say, though he scolds
 more and more,
 There's not such another, search all
 the World round.

S O N G CCCCXXVII.

Sung in Rose and Colin.

HERE's all her Geer, her Wheel, her Work,
 These little Bobbins to and fro;
 How oft I've seen her Fingers jirk,
 Her pretty Fingers white as Snow!

Each

Each Object to me is so dear,
 My Heart at Sight on't throbbing goes;
 'Twas here she sat her down—and here—
 She told me she was *Colin's Rose*.

This Posy, for her, when she's dress'd,
 I've brought, alas! how happy I!
 Could I be, like these Flowers, carefs'd;
 And, like them, on her Bosom die.

The Violet and Pink I took,
 And every pretty Flower that blows;
 The Rose too, but how mean 'twill look,
 When by the Side of my sweet *Rose*!

SONG CCCCXXVIII.

*Sung by Mrs. Mattocks, in The Shepherdess
 of the Alps.*

SWEET melancholy Bird, again,
 As thou art wont at every Eve
 My hopeless Sorrow in soft Strain,
 Ah echo to me, and relieve.

Alas! to answer my sad Woe,
 In Sympathy all Nature grieves;
 The Rivers seem with Tears to flow,
 The Zephyr sighs amidst the Leaves.

S O N G CCCCXXIX.

*Sung by Mr. Wilfon, in The Shepherdes
of the Alps.*

IN the Month of *May*;
The Morning grey,
First peeps a doubtful Light :
Three strikes the Clock,
The Village Cock
Next crows with all his Might.
Each waking Bird,
Chirping is heard ;
Tinges of Red the Sky adorn ;
Bird, Man, and Beast,
Regard the East,
And, pleas'd, salute the rising Morn.
The Shepherd now his Flock unfolds ;
Night, like a Thief, steals flow away ;
His dingy hue,
Ugly to view,
Is chang'd to a delightful Blue ;
All Nature's gay ;
And now the Villager beholds
His Mowers mow, his Ploughers plough,
Sheep bleat, Birds sing, and Oxen low :
Each rural Sound salutes his Ears ;
He whistles to make one :
And now,
Usher'd by all this fine Parade,
In ev'ry splendid Pomp array'd,
Appears
The radiant Sun.

So, after abundance of Toilet Affairs,
 And *Betty* has nine Times run up and down
 Stairs,
 For Lappets and Ribbands, and one Thing
 and t'other,
 And the House, Top and Bottom's alarm'd
 with the Pother,
 And a hundred Things more are done equally
 rifible,
 The Lady, at last, condescends to be visible.

S O N G CCCCXXX.

*Sung by Mrs. Wilson, in The Shepherdess
 of the Alps.*

AH Men, what silly Things you are,
 To Woman thus to humble ;
 Who, Fowler-like, but spreads her Snare,
 Or at her timid Game,
 Takes Aim,
 Pop, pop, and down you tumble.

She marks you down, fly where you will,
 O'er Clover, Grass, or Stubble ;
 Can wing you, feather you, or kill,
 Just as she takes the Trouble.

Ab Men, &c.

Then fly not from us, 'tis in vain,
 We know the Art of setting,
 As well as shooting, and can train
 The shyest Man our Net in.

Ab Men, &c.

S O N G CCCCXXXI.

*Sung by Mr. Vernon, in The Shepherdes
of the Alps.*

BRIGHT Gems that twinkle from afar,
Planets, and every lesser Star,
Who darting each a downward Ray,
Console us for the Loss of Day.

Begone, even *Venus* who so bright,
Reflects her Visions pure and white;
Instant begone, and quit the Skies,
For lo! the Moon begins to rise.

Ye pretty Warblers of the Grove,
Who chant such artless Tales of Love;
The Throistle, gurgling in his Throat;
The Linnet, with his silver Note,

The soaring Lark, the whistling Thrush,
The merry Blackbird, Goldfinch, hush,
Fly, vanish, disappear, take Wing,
The Nightingale begins to sing.

S O N G CCCCXXXII.

*Sung by Mrs. Mattocks, in The Shepherdes
of the Alps.*

HERE sleeps in Peace, beneath this rustic
Vase,

The tenderest Lover a Husband could prove;
Of all his Distress, alas, I am the Cause;
So much I ador'd him, Heaven envied my Love.

The

The Sighs I respire ev'ry Morn I arise,
 The Misery I cherish, the Grief, and the Pain ;
 The thousand of Tears that fall from my Eyes,
 Are all the sad Comforts, for me, that remain.

When, his Colours display'd, Honour call'd him
 to Arms,
 By tender Persuasions I kept him away ;
 His Glory forgetting for those fatal Charms ;
 And, to punish me, he is depriv'd of the Day.

Since when to his Memory I've rais'd this sad Tomb,
 Where to join him, alas ! I shall shortly descend ;
 Where Sorrow, nor Pain, nor Affliction can come,
 And where both my Love, and my Crime shall have
 End.

S O N G CCCCXXXIII.

Sung by Mr. Parsons, in The School for Fathers.

ZOUNDS, Sir ! then I'll tell you, without any
 Jest,

The Thing of all Things, which I hate and detest ;

A Coxcomb, a Fop,

A dainty Milk-sop ;

Who, essenc'd and dizen'd from Bottom to Top,

Looks just like a Doll for a Milliner's Shop.

A Thing full of Prate,

And Pride and Conceit :

All Fashion, no Weight ;

Who shrugs and takes Snuff,

And carries a Muff ;

A minikin,

Finikin,

French powder-puff :

And now Sir, I fancy, I've told you enough.

SONG

S O N G CCCCXXXIV.

Sung by Mr. Dodd, in The School for Fathers.

IN *Italy, Germany, France* have I been ;
 Where Princes I've liv'd with, where Monarchs
 I've seen ;
 The Great have carefs'd me,
 The Fair have address'd me ;
 Nay, Smiles I have had from a Queen.

And, now, shall a pert,
 Insignificant Flirt,
 With Insolence use me,
 Presume to refuse me ?
 She fancies my Pride will be hurt.

But tout au contraire,
 I'm pleas'd, I declare,
 Quite happy, to think, I escape from the Snare :
 Serviteur, Mam'selle ; my Claim I withdraw.
 Hey ! where are my People ? Fal, lal, lal, lal, la.

S O N G CCCCXXXV.

Sung by Mrs. Wrighten, in The Deserter.

SOMEHOW my Spindle I mislaid, and lost it
 underneath the Grass,
Damon advancing, bow'd his Head, and said, what
 seek you, pretty Lass ?
Damon advancing, bow'd his Head, and said, what
 seek you, pretty Lass ?

A little

A little Love but urg'd with Care, a little Love
 but urg'd with Care,
 Oft leads a Heart and leads it far, oft leads a
 Heart and leads it far;
 A little Love but urg'd with Care, oft leads a
 Heart and leads it far.

'Twas passing by yon spreading Oak that I my
 Spindle lost just now;
 His Knife then *Damon* kindly took, and from the
 Tree he cut a Bough,
 His Knife then *Damon* kindly took, and from the
 Tree he cut a Bough,
 A little Love when urg'd with Care, a little Love
 when urg'd with Care,
 Will lead a Heart and lead it far, will lead a Heart
 and lead it far;
 A little Love when urg'd with Care, will lead a
 Heart and lead it far.

Thus did the Youth his Time employ, whilst me
 he tenderly beheld,
 He talk'd of Love, I leap'd for Joy, for ah! my
 Heart did fondly yield;
 He talk'd of Love, I leap'd for Joy, for ah! my
 Heart did fondly yield;
 A little Love when urg'd with Care, a little Love
 when urg'd with Care,
 Will lead a Heart and lead it far, will lead a Heart
 and lead it far;
 A little Love when urg'd with Care, will lead a
 Heart, and lead it far.

S O N G CCCCXXXVI.

Sung by Mr. Webster, in The Camp.

MY Nancy leaves the rural Train, a Camp's
 Distress to prove,
 All other Ills she can sustain, but living from
 her Love ;

Yet dearest, tho' your Soldier's there, will not
 your Spirit fail ;

To mark the Hardships you must share, dear
 Nancy of the Dale :

Dear Nancy, dear Nancy, dear Nancy of the Dale.

Or should yet Love each Danger scorn, ah ! how
 shall I secure

Your Health mid Toils which you were born to
 soothe, but not endure ;

A thousand Perils I must view, a thousand Ills
 assail ;

Nor must I tremble, e'en for you, dear Nancy of
 the Dale :

Dear Nancy, dear Nancy, dear Nancy of the Dale.

S O N G CCCCXXXVII.

Sung by Mr. Vernon. Set by Mr. Arnold.

BREATHE soft, ye Winds, be calm ye Skies,
 Arise, ye flow'ry Race, arise ;

Ye silver Dews, ye vernal Show'rs,

Call forth a blooming Waste of Flowers.

The fragrant Rose, a beauteous Guest,

Shall flourish on my Fair-one's Breast,

Shall grace her Hand, or deck her Hair,

The Flow'r most sweet, the Nymph most fair.

S O N G

S O N G CCCCXXXVIII.

Sung by Mrs. Weichfel. Set by Mr. Bach.

AH! Why should Love with tyrant Sway,
 Oppress each youthful Heart?
 Must all his rigid Laws obey
 And feel his pointed Dart?

On Reason's Aid in vain we call,
 To break the slavish Chain;
 The potent God disdains it all,
 And triumphs in our Pain.

S O N G CCCCXXXIX.

*Sung by Miss Davis, at Vauxhall.**Set by Mr. Samuel Howard.*

O GIVE me that social Delight,
 Which none but true Lovers receive,
 When Luna bedecks the still Night,
 And glances her Smiles on the Eve;
 When to the fair Meadows we go,
 Where Peace and Contentment retire;
 Or down the smooth Current we row
 In Time with the Flutes and the Lyre.

By Nature these Pictures are drawn,
 How sweet is each Landscape dispos'd!
 The Prospect extends to the Lawn,
 Or by the tall Beeches is clos'd.
 Come, *Strephon*, attend to the Scene,
 The Clouds are all vanish'd above;
 The Objects around are serene,
 As model'd to Music and Love.

S O N G

S O N G CCCCXL.

The H A P P Y S H E P H E R D.

Sung by Mr. Fawcett, at Ranelagh.

W I T H *Phillis* I'll trip o'er the Meads,
 And hasten away to the Plain,
 Where Shepherds attend with their Reeds,
 To welcome my Love and her Swain :
 The Lark is exalted in Air,
 The Linnet sings perch'd on the Spray ;
 Our Lambs stand in need of our Care,
 Then let us not lengthen Delay.

What Pleasures I feel with my Dear,
 While gamefome young Lambs are at Sport,
 Exceed the Delights of a Peer,
 'That shines with such Grandeur at Court :
 When *Colin* and *Strephon* go by,
 They form a Disguise for a while ;
 They see how I'm blest with a Sigh,
 But Envy forbids them to smile.

Let Courtiers of Liberty prate,
 T' enjoy it take infinite Pains ;
 But Liberty's primitive State
 Is only enjoy'd on the Plains :
 With *Phillis* I rove to and fro,
 With her my gay Minutes are spent ;
 'Twas *Phillis* first taught me to know,
 That Happiness flows from Content.

S O N G CCCCXLI.

Sung by Miss Wearman, at Vauxhall.

Set by Signor Giardini.

GENTLE Gales, in Pity bear
My Sighs, my tender Sighs away;
To my cruel *Strephon's* Ear
All my soft Complaints convey.

Near some mossy Fountain's Side,
Or on some verdant Bank reclin'd,
Where bubbling Streams in Murmurs glide,
You will the dear Deluder find.

Gentle Gales, in Pity bear
My Sighs, my tender Sighs away;
To my cruel *Strephon's* Ear
All my soft Complaints convey.

Tell the False-one how I mourn,
Tell him all my Pains and Woes;
Tell, ah! tell him to return,
And bring my wounded Heart Repose.

Gentle Gales, in Pity bear
My Sighs, my tender Sighs away;
To my cruel *Strephon's* Ear
All my soft Complaints convey.

S O N G CCCCXLII.

The I D E S of M A Y.

Sung by Miss Davies, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Samuel Howard.

THE Prospect clear'd, around is heard
 The Music of the Hive;
 The Blossoms blow, the Spirits flow,
 And Nature's all alive:
 In ev'ry Grove the Work is Love,
 The Word is, "Sing and play;"
 From Eve to Morn the Sages warn,
 "Ye Maids, beware of May!"

Each lively Scheme, each am'rous Theme,
 Our Nymphs and Poets chuse;
 The Dance delights, the Song invites,
 As Mirth provokes the Muse:
 The War's no more, our Chief's come o'er;
 Again the grave Ones say,
 "Wheree'er ye tread, Temptation's spread,
 "Beware the Ides of May!"

S O N G CCCCXLIII.

Set by Mr. Dibdin.

ONE Summer Eve, as Nancy fair
 Sat spinning in the Shade,
 While soaring Sky-larks shook the Air,
 In warbling o'er her Head;

In tender Cooes the Pigeons woo'd,
 (Love's Impulse all must feel,)
 She sung, but still her Work pursu'd,
 And turn'd her Spinning-wheel.

“ While thus I work with Rock and Reel,
 “ So Life by Time is Spun;
 “ And as runs round my Spinning-wheel,
 “ The World turns up and down:

“ Some rich To-day, To-morrow low,
 “ While I no Changes feel,
 “ But get my Bread by Sweat of Brow,
 “ And turn my Spinning-wheel.

“ From me let Men and Women too
 “ This home-spun Lesson learn,
 “ Not mind what other People do,
 “ But eat the Bread they earn:

“ If none were fed, were that to be,
 “ But what deserv'd a Meal,
 “ Some Ladies then, as well as me,
 “ Must turn the Spinning-wheel.”

The rural Toast, with sweetest Tone,
 Thus sung her witless Strain,
 When o'er the Lawn limp'd gammer Joan,
 And brought home *Nancy's* Swain:

“ Come, cries the Dame, “ Nance, here's
 thy Spouse;
 “ Away throw Rock and Reel:”
 Blithe *Nancy*, with the bonny News,
 O'erfret her Spinning-wheel.

SONG

SONG CCCCXLIV.

Set by Dr. Boyce.

THO' *Chloe's* out of Fashion,
 Can blush and be sincere;
 I'll toast her in a Bumper,
 If all the Belles were here.

What tho' no Di'monds sparkle
 Around her Neck and Waist,
 With ev'ry shining Virtue
 The lovely Maid is grac'd.

In modest, plain Apparel;
 No Patches, Paint, nor Airs;
 In debt alone to Nature,
 An Angel she appears:

From gay Coquettes, high finish'd,
 My *Chloe* takes no Rules,
 Nor envies them their Conquests,
 The Hearts of all the Fools.

Who wins her must have Merit,
 Such Merit as her own;
 The Graces all possessing,
 Yet knows not she has one;

Then grant me, gracious Heav'n,
 The Gifts you most approve,
 And *Chloe*, charming *Chloe*,
 W^h blefs me with her Love.

S O N G CCCCXLV.

A FAVOURITE RONDEAU.

Sung at Vauxhall Gardens. Set by Mr. Bach.

CEASE a while ye Winds to blow,
Cease ye roaring Streams to flow;
Hush'd be ev'ry other Noise,
I want to hear my Lover's Voice.

Where's the Brook, the Rock, the Tree?
Hark, a Sound—I think 'tis he!
'Tis not he; yet Night comes on,
Where's my lovely Wand'rer gone?

Loud I'll speak, to make him hear,
'Tis I who call, my Love, my Dear!
The Time is come. Why this Delay?
Alas! my Wand'rer's lost his Way.

S O N G CCCCXLVI.

Set by Mr. Jarvis.

BEHOLD! my Fair-one, on each Spray
The Linnet warbles forth his Lay,
To charm his little Mate;
Attentive to his pleasing Strains,
She listens, till her Love he gains,
And leaves the rest to Fate.

Together

Together now their Nest they build;
 With mutual Love each Bosom's fill'd
 For their yet callow Brood;
 But when, by Time's maturing Hand,
 Their tender Pinions they expand,
 To fly in Search of Food;

No longer then do they with Care
 Their former Nourishment prepare,
 But lead them to the Field;
 Where what escap'd the Reaper's Hand,
 Or from the Sheaves the Wind hath fann'd,
 Repasts do amply yield.

Let us, by their Example taught,
 Disdain each mercenary Thought,
 And Love alone attend;
 So shall Life's Current peaceful flow,
 And banish from us far each Woe,
 And all our Cares shall end.

S O N G CCCCXLVII.

Set by Mr. Jarvis.

I SAID on the Banks by the Stream,
 I've pip'd for the Shepherds too long.
 O! learn me, ye Muses, a Theme,
 Where Glory may brighten my Song,
 But *Pan* bid me stick to my Strain,
 Nor Lessons too lofty rehearse;
 Ambition befits not a Swain,
 And *Phillis* loves Pastoral Verse.

The

The Rose, tho' a beautiful Red,
 Looks faded to *Phillis's* Bloom;
 The Breeze from the Bean-flower Bed,
 To her Breath's but a feeble Perfume:
 The Dew-drop, so limpid and gay,
 That loose on the Violet lies,
 Tho' brighten'd by *Phæbus's* Ray,
 Wants Lustre, compar'd to her Eyes.

A Lily I pluck'd in full Pride,
 Its Freshness with hers to compare,
 And foolishly thought, till I try'd,
 The Flow'ret was equally fair.
 How, *Corydon*, could you mistake?
 Your Fault be with Sorrow confest;
 You said the white Swan on the Lake,
 For Softness might rival her Breast.

While thus I went on in her Praise,
 My *Phillis* past sportive along;
 Ye Poets, I covet no Bays;
 She smil'd a Reward for my Song.
 I find the God *Pan's* in the Right,
 No Fame like the Fair-one's Applause,
 And *Cupid* will crown with Delight
 The Shepherd that sings in his Cause.

S O N G CCCCXLVIII.

Sung at Vauxhall. Set by Mr. Bach.

A H! seek to know what Place detains
 The Object of my Care,
 If still his Breast unchang'd remains,
 If I his Converse share.

S

Tell

Tell me if e'er he gently sighs
 At Mention of my Name;
 If e'er, when tender Passions rise,
 His Lips his Truth proclaim?

S O N G CCCCXLIX.

Sung in CYMON.

YET awhile, sweet Sleep, deceive me,
 Fold me thy downy Arms,
 Let not Care awake to grieve me,
 Lull it with thy potent Charms.

I, a Turtle, doom'd to stray,
 Quitting young the Parent's Nest,
 Find each Bird a Bird of Prey;
 Sorrow knows not where to rest.

S O N G CCCCL.

Sung by Miss Catley, in Love in a Village.

'TIS not Wealth, it is not Birth,
 Can Value to the Soul convey:
 Minds possess superior Worth,
 Which Chance nor gives, nor takes away.
 Like the Sun true Merit shews,
 By Nature warm, by Nature bright;
 With inbred Flames he nobly glows,
 Nor needs the Aid of borrow'd Light.

SONG

S O N G CCCCLI.

DUETTO, *in the Oratorio of JOSEPH.**Set by Mr. Handel.*

WHAT's sweeter than the new-blown Rose,
 Or Breezes from the new-mown Clofe?
 What's sweeter than an *April* Morn,
 Or *May*-day's silver fragrant Thorn?
 What than *Arabia*'s spicy Grove?
 Oh! sweeter far the Breath of Love.

S O N G CCCCLII.

THE GOLDFINCH TO CHLOE.

RECITATIVE.

TO *Handel*'s pleasing Notes, as *Chloe* sung
 The Charms of heavenly Liberty,
 A gentle Bird, till then with Bondage pleas'd,
 With Ardour panted to be free:
 His Prison broke, he seeks the distant Plain;
 Yet, ere he flies, tunes forth this parting Strain.

A I R.

Whilst to the distant Vale I wing,
 Nor wait the slow Return of Spring,
 Rather in leafless Groves to dwell
 Than in my *Chloe*'s warmer Cell;
 Forgive me, Mistress, since by thee
 I first was taught *sweet Liberty*.
 Soon as the welcome Spring shall chear,
 With genial Warmth, the drooping Year,
 I'll tell upon the topmost Spray,
 Thy sweeter Notes improv'd my Lay,

S 2

And

And in my Prison learn'd from thee
 To warble forth *sweet Liberty*.
 Waste not on me an useless Care,
 That kind Concern let *Strephon* share;
 Slight are my Sorrows, slight my Ills,
 To those which he, poor Captive! feels,
 Who, kept in hopeless Bonds by thee,
 Yet strives not for his Liberty.

S O N G CCCCLIII.

Sung by Miss Jameson, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Hook.

ERE Love did first my Thoughts employ,
 Returning Day still saw me blest;
 Each happy Hour came wing'd with Joy,
 Each Night was crown'd with balmy Rest:
 But now, alas! no longer gay
 I rise to hail the chearful Light;
 I sit and sigh the live-long Day,
 And pass in Tears the sleepless Night.

Come lovely *Strephon*, hither haste;
 Sure thou hast long perceiv'd my Mind;
 I fear my Words I vainly waste,
 That thou art cruel and unkind:
 Or, if some Maid of happier Fate
 More favoured lives, more lov'd than I;
 Oh! free me from this anxious State,
 Pronounce my Fate, and let me die.

S O N G CCCCLIV.

Sung in the Masque of Alfred. Set by Dr. Arne.

AS Calms succeed when Storms are past,
And still the raging Main ;
So Love will have its Hour at last,
And borrow Sweets from Pain.

No more we'll shun the Face of Day,
Within these Shades to mourn ;
All Joys with *Alfred* fled away,
All meet in his Return.

S O N G CCCCLV.

F A N N Y'S C H A R M S.

WHAT tho' the Bloom of Spring is gone,
And Nature feels decay ;
Tho' Winter now her Garb puts on,
And casts a Gloom on Day :
Tho' silent stands the lazy Rill,
And mute the Sylvan Throng,
Yet *Fanny's* Charms, unfading still,
Shall flourish in my Song.

Tho' now no more on sunny Plains,
The Shepherds tend their Care,
And each in emulating Strains,
Forgets to praise his Fair ;
Tho' unfrequented ev'ry Shade,
That catch'd the vernal Breeze,
Yet *Fanny's* Smiles (enchanted Maid !)
Can charm me more than these.

When

When Spring, in varied Beauty dress,
 Does all its Sweets disclose,
 Compare the Lily to her Breast,
 And to her Lips the Rose:
 Her Breast the Lily's White outvies,
 Tho' whitest of the Vale,
 And to her Lips (in *Damon's* Eyes)
 The reddest Rose looks pale.

No more shall Flow'rs bedeck the Meads,
 Or Birds frequent the Spray;
 Or Larks forsake their dewy Beds,
 And hail the dawning Day:
 No more on yonder Mountain's Brow,
 Shall bleating Lambkins rove,
 And she no more prove fair or true,
 When I forget to love.

S O N G CCCCLVI.

The ARCH DENIAL.

Set by Dr. Arne.

SAYS *Damon* to *Phillis*, suppose my fond Eyes
 Reveal with what Ardour I glow,
 Reveal with what Ardour I glow,
 Well, what if they do? there's no Harm, sure,
 she cries;

I can but deny you, you know, you know;
 I can but deny you, you know.

Suppose I should ask of those Lips a sweet Kiss,
 Say, would you the Favour bestow?
 Say, would you the Favour bestow?
 Lord bless me! said she, what a Question is this!
 I can but deny you, you know, you know;
 I can but deny you, you know.

Suppose,

Suppose, not contented, I still ask for more,
 For Pleasure from Pleasure will grow,
 For Pleasure from Pleasure will grow?
 Suppose what you will, she reply'd as before,
 I can but deny you, you know, you know;
 I can but deny you, you know.

Come then, my dear Love, to the Wood let's repair,
 Cry'd *Damon*, and offer'd to go;
 Cry'd *Damon*, and offer'd to go:
 No, no, with a Blush, answer'd *Phillis*, for there
 I could not deny you, you know, you know;
 I could not deny you, you know.

S O N G CCCCLVII.

Sung at Ranelagh.

I TOLD my Nymph, I told her true,
 My Fields were small, my Flocks were few;
 While fault'ring Accents spoke my Fear,
 That *Flavia* might not prove sincere.

Of Crops destroy'd by vernal Cold,
 And vagrant Sheep that left my Fold,
 Of these she heard, yet bore to hear;
 And was not *Flavia* then sincere?

How, chang'd by Fortune's fickle Wind,
 The Friends I lov'd became unkind,
 She heard, and shed a gen'rous Tear;
 And is not *Flavia* then sincere?

How, if she deign'd my Love to bless,
 My *Flavia* must not hope for Dress:
 This too she heard, and smil'd to hear;
 And *Flavia* sure must be sincere.

Go shear your Flocks, ye jovial Swains;
 Go reap the Plenty of your Plains:
 Despoil'd of all which you revere,
 I know my *Flavia's* Love's sincere.

S O N G CCCCLVIII.

Sung by Mr. Vernon, in Selima and Azor.

AND has she then fail'd in her Faith?
 The beautiful Maid I adore!
 Shall I never again hear her Voice,
 Nor see her lov'd Form any more.
 Ah *Selima*, cruel you prove,
 Yet sure my hard Fate you'll bewail;
 I could not presume you would love,
 Yet Pity I hop'd might prevail.

A Moment my Sorrows subside,
 Revenge stalks along in my Sight;
 Dread Spectre! how could'st thou intrude
 Begone to the Realms of black Night.
 Since Hatred alone I inspire,
 Life henceforth is not worth my Care;
 Death now is my only Desire,
 I give myself up to Despair.



FINIS.

